

THE PALACE OF MI
AT KNOSSOS

THE PALACE OF MINOS
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FRONTISPICE: PL. XIV



PAINTED STUCCO RELIEF OF 'PRIEST-KING': RESTORED
(See p. 775 *seca*)

THE PALACE OF MINOS

A COMPARATIVE ACCOUNT OF THE SUCCESSIVE
STAGES OF THE EARLY CRETAN CIVILIZATION
AS ILLUSTRATED BY THE DISCOVERIES
AT KNOSSOS

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IN THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

VOLUME II: PART II

TOWN-HOUSES IN KNOSSOS OF THE NEW ERA AND
RESTORED WEST PALACE SECTION, WITH ITS ~~STATE~~
APPROACH.

*WITH FIGURES 224-559 IN THE TEXT, PLANS,
COLOURED AND SUPPLEMENTARY PLATES,
AND GENERAL PLANS OF THE PALACE IN
POCKET AT THE END OF THE VOLUME*

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CONTENTS

VOL. II, PART II

	PAGE
§ 50. 'HOUSE OF THE CHANCEL SCREEN' AND 'ROYAL VILLA'	391
<p>M. M. III <i>a</i> features of South-East House; Neighbouring 'House of Chancel Screen'; Entrance and Plan; 'Megaron' with 'Chancel Screen' and dais for 'Seat of Honour'; Parallel with 'Royal Villa'; Earliest Pottery on floors M. M. III <i>b</i>; The 'Royal Villa'—its dramatic discovery; Plan of House; Double flights of Stairs; Fine Painted Jar in 'Palace Style' on landing; Lower Entrance System; Small private Court for householder; The 'Megaron'—Platform and niche within Balustrade; 'Seat of Honour'; Interspace designed as light-well; Analogies with Christian Basilica; Pillar Crypt—Grooves and Vats for liquid offerings; Timber beams restored from indications preserved; One-columned Sanctuary above, connected by special staircase; Upper flights of main stairs; Principal Entrance probably from Upper Terrace; Upper 'Megaron' with Balustrade and Double Window (restored); Upper 'Megaron' within hall of Lower; Careful Choice of Site; Villa well adapted to be Summer Pleasance of Priest-Kings.</p>	
§ 51. THE NORTH-EAST HOUSE AND THE IMPORT OF ITS CONTENTS— M. M. III <i>b</i> AND L. M. I <i>a</i> : 'PITHOID JAR' TYPE AND MINOAN 'AMPHORAS'	414
<p>Private Houses on North border of Palace; the 'North Pillar-Crypt'—part of considerable building; 'North-West House'—its Bronze Hoard; Discovery of North-East House—dated by contents M. M. III <i>b</i>—L. M. I; Its ground-plan; Upper and lower entrances; Series of Magazines with 'Medallion' and conventional roped <i>pithoi</i>—both M. M. III <i>b</i>; Inscribed sealing presenting Lion's head 'rhyton' like that from Fourth Shaft Grave, Mycenae; Seal-impressions with conventional façade of building—typical of M. M. III; Was the building used for Palace Stores? Except <i>pithoi</i>, great bulk of pottery L. M. I <i>a</i>; 'Pithoid amphora' type; Preserves tradition of <i>pithoi</i> of earlier Magazines; Bronze 'pithoid amphora' borne by Minoan in Sennut Tomb; Parallel class of 'pithoid jars' with two, instead of three, rows of handles; Originates in a primitive 'two-storied' class; Handles derived from 'pithoid jars' survive on L. M. I <i>b</i> 'amphoras'—these disappear before L. M. II; Specimen of 'pithoid amphora', L. M. I <i>b</i>, from Tylissos, with 'marine' and festoon ornaments; Beaded festoons and floral pendants derived from jewels of fresco figures.</p>	
(Note on the Origin of the Class of 'Two-storied' Pots	428)
§ 52. THE 'HOUSE OF THE FRESCOES'	431
<p>Town area North-West of Palace—earlier and later group of houses; Exploration of 'House of the Frescoes'; Within zone of Greek and Roman Occupation; Entrance system of House and general plan; Stack of painted stucco fragments; Underlying stratum of 'Repositories' date; Room of painted Vases—Double-Axe decoration; Pottery M. M. III <i>b</i> and L. M. I <i>a</i>; Votive Stone 'Ladle' and inscribed</p>	

Liberation Table; Recurring ritual formula and lion's head sign; Painted linear characters on fragments of wall plaster—their great size; Linear Type of Class A; Wall inscriptions probably of religious character; Painted stucco decoration preserved on walls of two lower rooms; The Fresco Deposit; Reconstitution of designs from stacked fragments; Wild natural scenes—rocks, flowers, and animal forms; Monkeys, copied from West African Green monkey derived through Egyptian medium; The monkey in the papyrus thicket; Parallel with desert belts on Egyptian paintings in Tomb of Kenamón; On which side was the indebtedness? Minoan suggestion in colour tone of Kenamón paintings; Minoan features in monkey panel; Treatment of rock-work—cut stones; Convention of rocks descending from above; Landscape with Blue Bird—a Roller; Wild roses and *Punarātīm* lily; Crocus clumps mechanically repeated; Width and position of friezes—their frames; Fresco depicting *jet d'eau*—Minoan skill in hydrostatics; Discovery of conduit from spring of Mavrokolybo; Evidences of greater rainfall—change in flora; Artistic variations in details and colouring of flowers—the 'Sacral Ivy'; Marine types less common in 'House of the Frescoes'; The cultured home of a small burgher.

§ 53. INFLUENCE OF NATURAL AND OTHER DESIGNS OF M. M. III WALL

PAINTINGS ON LATE MINOAN CERAMIC DECORATION 468

Artistic continuity unbroken by Catastrophe; Middle Minoan tradition of wall painting maintained in restored buildings; Reflection of floral types on walls upon L. M. I *a* pottery; Madonna Lily type; Olive sprays—imitated at Tell el Amarna; Papyrus, symptom of renewed intimacy with Egypt; Dependence of L. M. I ceramic types of papyrus on frescoes; The 'Sacral Ivy' motive, its appearance on wall-paintings; Origin from canopied papyrus wand (*wuz*)—M. M. III examples; Sacral Ivy spray springs from Minoan 'Tree of the World' on Ring of Nestor; Comparison with 'Golden Bough'; It forms a character of Minoan scripts; Cypriote *lu?*; 'Sacral Ivy-leaf' on L. M. I vases; Ivy-leaf also naturally reproduced; Its divergent stalks derived from geometrical pattern; The 'Ogival Canopy' motive—outgrowth of 'Sacral Ivy'; Palm-Tree motive; Triple group on M. M. II vase; Survival of pictorial tradition of group of three date-palms on L. M. I *b* vases and on gold mouthpiece from Old Paphos (L. M. III *a*); Grass-like excrencences of later types traced to inflorescence of date-palm; Late Mainland degenerations; Sea pieces and ceramic imitations; Fully developed at Knossos in M. M. II *b*; Seal impression and fine relief on steatite 'rhyton'; Marine reliefs taken over in repoussé work; Bronze Minoan amphora from Cyprus and golden bowl from Midea; Metal reliefs also influence vases in marine style—'Marseilles ewer'—from Egypt—probably of Knossian fabric; Knossos a centre of L. M. I *b* vases in this style; Marine ceramic style also existent before close of L. M. I *a*; Its progressive degeneration—break up of composite designs; L. M. III stage.

§ 54. 'THE LITTLE PALACE' AND ITS PILLAR CULT: THE BULL'S HEAD 'RHYTONS'

Discovery of 'Little Palace'; Belongs to beginning of New Era, but with traces of earlier structures—section of S. façade; Site and Plan of building; Entrance system; Peristyle and Megaron—magnificent suite of halls; Lobby and main staircase; High gypsum door-jambs in place of wood—symptom of timber shortage; Crude bricks from upper stories; Sunken Lustral Area—later used as Fetish Shrine; Impressions of fluted columns; Stone lamp with quatrefoil pedestal—Egyptian architectural type; Clay sealings with religious types; Ante-room and dependencies of Lustral Area; Deep basement with Pillar Crypts—corresponding Upper Halls; Pillar Crypt in S.W. Angle; Double-Axe stand and bull's head 'rhyton' from chamber above; The inlaid 'rhyton' of black steatite—attachments for horns and ears; Crystal eye with painted pupil and iris; Rayed medallion over bull's forehead

CONTENTS

vii

PAGE

—taken over from goldsmith's work ; Comparison with silver 'rhyton' from Mycenae ; Parallel fragment of steatite 'rhyton' from Knossos ; Bull's head 'rhytons' on inscribed tablet—associated with 'Vapheio' Cups ; Both vessels among gifts from Kefiu to Egyptian Viziers ; 'Rhytons' in form of animals' heads in Rekhmara Tomb ; Minoan artificer with bull's head 'rhyton' in train of Syrian Prince ; New evidence from Tomb of User-amon ; Sacrificial import of bull's head 'rhytons'—chthonian allusion ; Bull's head 'rhyton' of painted clay and other ritual vessels from neighbouring deposit ; Leaden figurine of Snake Goddess from Pillar Crypt ; Special significance of Pillar Crypts in relation to Earthquakes ; 'Little Palace' largely a sanctuary ; Have we here 'Expiatory Chapels' ? Paved back-yard between 'Little Palace' and Unexplored Mansion—possible bridge between ; History of 'Little Palace' repeats later course of greater Building ; Partial overthrow at end of L. M. II ; Partial reoccupation of Building.

§ 55. EXTENSION OF THE TOWN OF KNOSSOS: MONUMENTAL REMAINS
AND EARLY CEMETERY BEYOND THE KAIRATOS

545

'Unexplored Mansion', West of 'Little Palace' ; Knossian *Quartier St. Germain* on Hellenikà slope—M. M. I a Well ; Extension of Remains over later (Greco-Roman) Acropolis ; Hill of Gypsàdes a Residential Quarter—Houses A and B ; Pillar Crypt in House B with offertory cups ; Houses set closely together ; Well below Gypsàdes with M. M. III a and L. M. I a pottery ; Extension, North, of Minoan Town beneath the Greco-Roman ; Cemetery of Zafer Papoura, shows no break at end of Palace Period—gradual decadence of L. M. III ; Was there a later Palace ? Cemetery of Isopata and 'Royal Tomb'—rather connected with Harbour Town ; Houses along left river-bank ; Roman bridge and probable Minoan route ; Slight Minoan traces at Matium, by Karteros mouth ; Important Quarter of Knossos on right bank of Kairatos ; Terraced roadway ; Colossal walls of structure running into steep ; Traces of Minoan houses ; 'Tomb of the Cow', Middle Minoan chamber tombs along terraces of rocky steep by Mavro Spelio ; Earliest Contents M. M. II b but continuously used to L. M. III b ; Stone vessels and M. M. III b 'rhyton' ; L. M. III b interments with balance and weights ; Figurine of Mother Goddess holding out infant son ; Inscribed gold signet-ring of M. M. III date ; Chamber Tombs prototypes of Mycenaean—derived from Middle Empire Egyptian source.

§ 56. THE 'BROAD KNOSSOS' OF HOMERIC TRADITION: GOLDEN AGE OF
MINOAN CRETE

559

Great extension of Minoan Town of Knossos ; Inner 'Residential' area ; Poorer outer zone ; Threesold composition of Knossos ; Houses of 'Residential' Quarter, free-standing ; Block system of Provincial Towns ; Estimates of house dimensions—Were they legally graded ? Estimate of number of 'residential houses' and of burgher population ; Poorer Quarters compared with Provincial agglomerations in blocks ; Great preponderance of poor interments in Zafer Papoura Cemetery ; Estimated population of Minoan Knossos—Unique centre of human habitation ; Primitive Mainland centres, like Dimini, compared ; Variety and originality of Knossian houses—cultured taste of occupants ; Diminished use of timber construction—symptom of deforestation ; Epic tradition of 'broad Knossos' verified ; Great crowds on grand stands of frescoes ; Already populous site in remote Neolithic times ; General contemporary outburst of building activity at beginning of New Era—Mansions of Tylissos and Niru Khanî—similar phenomena at Zakro and Palaikastro ; Mycenaean 'meguron' plan of four columns round central square ; Great diffusion of wealth—Bronze hoards of H. Triada, Tylissos, Pseira, and Knossos ; Uniformity of architectural and cultural types ; Indications of Central Control ; The Golden Age of Minoan Crete—Compared with *Pax Romana*.

Eton and Oxford

FROM WORSLEY'S I went straight to Eton. I had really worked at Worsley's and was captain of the school. In the entrance examination I took Remove, but I am afraid that I knew more Latin at the age of thirteen than I did after my first year at Eton. That was not the fault of Eton; I suppose that every healthy young animal aspires to shine in the pursuit that will bring him the greatest advantage, and in my time at Eton one was a greater man as Captain of the Boats or of the Eleven than as Captain of the Oppidans. "Saps"—that is, boys who worked—were thought little of.

The great world beyond was too remote for the ordinary schoolboy's ambition. After-life would take care of itself, and so the majority of us went up automatically from Remove to Sixth Form by just scraping through "trials," and our real energies were concentrated on the playing-fields or the river. Mine, of course, was on the river, because I had two older brothers as wet-bobs before me and at Bishopthorpe I had been brought up on a river. When, as Second Captain, I had almost attained the proud position I had aspired to, my mother took me to the Foreign Office party, a great social function in those days, and introduced me to Lord Dufferin who had stopped to speak to her. With characteristic vagueness she murmured, "He is the Captain of the Boats," and Lord Dufferin said, "I hope you realise that to whatever giddy heights you may rise in future life you will never be in such a position of power and responsibility as you are now."

George Curzon was two or three years my senior, and he took life very seriously even at that age. Mr. Gladstone, whom even then we called the "G.O.M.," came down to Eton and was shown round by Dr. Hornby, the Headmaster. We had formed a sort of jeering party on the opposite side of the street, and some one said, "How long will it be before George Nathaniel Curzon scrapes up an acquaintance?" At that very moment Curzon crossed the

road and the headmaster called him up and introduced him. From that moment until the statesman left for London he was in constant attendance.

It was easy to laugh at Curzon, as some of his contemporaries did, but he took our breath away by his brilliant speeches at house suppers and in the Literary Society: yet somehow he never seemed to have had any boyhood. At any rate, he lacked some quality which made for fellowship with his contemporaries. I knew him in after-life, and I could never understand why he had acquired a reputation for stateliness except, perhaps, in presiding over a meeting. He was a graceful after-dinner speaker, light in hand in conversation and quick to see a joke, but his English was perhaps too literary for these slangy latter days, and so he was styled "pompous," and the adjective stuck to him. But to be a "superior person" was abhorrent to his nature. Gifted with considerable powers of oratory and literary expression, with great ambition and an industry that was, in the futility of the short span of human life, a curse rather than a blessing, it was inevitable that he should stand head and shoulders above his contemporaries. He lived to attain all his youthful ambitions except one—to be Prime Minister.

Queen Victoria used occasionally to drive through Eton. During the critical days of training for Henley I had the misfortune to be afflicted with attacks of nose-bleeding which came on while I was rowing No. 4 in the boat. I was unconscious of the attack until I heard Pease, our coxswain, announce to stroke, "Four's nose has started bleeding again." "Damn Four's nose," was the reply; "carry on." But on a white zephyr the affliction was not a pretty sight, and my crowning discomfiture came when Queen Victoria, who had seen the Eton Eight landing on the raft below Windsor Bridge, sent down from the castle to inquire whether the boy she had seen was much hurt. I was not allowed to hear the end of that episode for weeks.

My father and mother were bidden to Windsor Castle about that time, and we boys were sent for to be presented. The important part of the entertainment to us was not the presentation, but the collation, which was on a magnificent scale. Baroness Burdett-Coutts showed us round part of the Castle.

In the ordinary human animal, ambition does not stretch far at seventeen. I thrilled with pride when the Captain of the Boats,

Grenville-Grey, a far greater personage in my estimation than the Prime Minister, stopped me as we were coming out of Chapel and said casually, "Will you take an oar?" which was the formula ther for conferring a place in the Eton Eight. My heart stopped beating : the promotion was so far beyond my dreams, for I was only an oar in the "Prince of Wales." Not many weeks later he broke it to me that he wanted me to join him in entering for the School "Pulling," the pair-oar race which every wet-bob regards as the blue ribbon, and we won it in what was then the record time—nineteen minutes, twenty-two seconds. My eldest brother had won the "Pulling" the year before, and as I emerged from the Brocas I was met with the inquiry : "Has your mother any more of you?"

I rowed at Henley, but that was all I saw of the regatta. The proud moment was the driving off in light blue flannel, donned for the first time, in glorious weather. As soon as we arrived we were put to bed over the boathouse, four on a bed, and told to sleep if we could. Distant cheering prevented me from doing more than count the races until our turn for the Ladies' Plate came round. F. Croft was stroke and G. C. Bourne bow; I was rowing 4. We lost the toss, and Jesus College, Cambridge, a much heavier crew, would in all probability give us their wash. I rowed the race in a dream. Croft set the stroke at fifty, and we led for half the course, but then weight began to tell; Jesus wore us down, pulled up with us, passed us by half a length, and all was over. So, for a space, was our training, and on the drive back to Eton in the summer dusk we stopped to dine, free to eat and drink whatever we liked. And we did.

It was to be my last Henley. The subsequent training for the school Pulling and the race itself over a three-mile course—a course, I suppose, too long for growing boys—stretched a valve in my heart. I discovered it first when climbing a modest hill in Scotland, and the doctors forbade me any further racing. So at the Henley of 1879 I drove with the Eight and had to stand by as a spectator. I was then second captain of the boats, President-Elect of "Pop" and captain of Luxmoore's House, with every prospect of becoming Captain of the Boats, but Dr. Warre intervened, and the coveted distinction went to L. West, who had had no commerce with doctors.

Perhaps it was as well. I had ideas of reform quite out of keeping with the Eton spirit of my day, and one of them, I tremble to confess,

was the abolition of the "long glass." I understand that it has now gone the way of "tap," the establishment of Mr. Hobbs, where boys above Remove could have beer and a Welsh rarebit or a chop at any unseasonable hour of the day. The "long glass" was drunk by the elect of the Captain of the Boats in Mr. Hobbs's upper chamber. It was a glass vessel, shaped like a trumpet, with a bulb at the lower end, and the whole contained a quart of shandygaff. When all were assembled round the table with a knife to cut their bread and cheese, the long glass was filled and the new entrant into that exclusive society was called out to drink it. He stood up clear of the table, and since no human throat is constructed to swallow liquid as fast as it issued from the trumpet-shaped end, a napkin was provided for the neophyte's left shoulder and the liquor poured from the left corner of his mouth on to the napkin and thence to the floor. As long as the cascade lasted the company shouted and beat upon the table with their knife-handles. I do not know who invented this meaningless ceremony or how many generations of Etonians went through it, but though it was esteemed a great distinction in my time it has quite properly disappeared. I have seen the vessel itself in the house of the late Lord Herschell in the Isle of Wight.

The debates in "Pop" were a useful institution because, though a few of the members were flippant, the majority took them seriously and the speakers "mugged up" some modern history for the purpose of their speeches. It was a point of order that the proposer and the seconder took opposite sides in the debate and that the President, who was enthroned on a dais, summed up. Such vital questions as the character of Napoleon Bonaparte were the most modern of the subjects in my day. The knowledge that the Treasurer would call upon you to write out your speech in the Minutes during the ensuing week, detracted a little from the temptation to forensic eloquence, but that was not altogether lacking; and some of Sir Arthur Lawley's speeches were models for imitation. "Pop" was a club as well as a debating society: one of its cherished amenities in my day was that it paid the postage on the correspondence of its members.

In 1920 I was asked to give a lecture at Eton to Upper School and I was invited to visit "Pop." Its very obliging Secretary conducted me to the room, which had not changed at all. He turned up the old minute books of forty years before and permitted me to read the

transcript of my speeches delivered at the age of 18. They were an appalling revelation of slovenliness in handwriting and I blushed to decipher them.

What my father thought of me at this time is set out in a critical survey of his growing family, which he sent to his old friend, Lady Mary Currie, in 1878:

Basil is strong in two things which have the advantage of being wholly useless: music and boating. But he is a very nice fellow to deal with and has a slight touch of the artistic temperament. In boating he has obtained, as his brother did before him, the best distinction that Eton can give.

I was so unwell in the summer of 1879 that I missed my last half at Eton and had three months' rest before going on to New College, Oxford, where my elder brother had preceded me. One of the tutors was Dr. Spooner—who, by the way, had never been heard to utter any of the Spoonerisms which undergraduates were so busy in coining and attributing to him. He has many more to disclaim now.

Rowing at New College was at a low ebb, and at an ill-timed moment I undertook to row stroke in the Torpid in which there chanced to be six other Eton wet-bobs. Remembering Croft's policy at Eton, I resolved to set a fast stroke and row out my crew before we came to the "gut," in the hope of making our bump before we reached that critical spot. I set a stroke of about forty-eight, with the result that we went up five places in six nights. Actually we made six bumps, but the coxswain of Queen's refused to acknowledge our first bump, though I felt the shock at stroke and stopped rowing. We gritted our teeth and resolved that there should be no such mistake on the succeeding night, and there was not. Not content with bumping them, we rowed our bows right over their stern and slewed them across the river.

The bump supper followed the last race, and the usual orgy did not bring out the Warden, Dr. Sewell, with his "Gentlemen, gentlemen, this is New College," because I believe that even his conservative spirit was infected with triumph at seeing New College regaining her lost place on the river. In my day they told a story of his Toryism. A member of New College brought up a proposal to embellish the famous garden with live peacocks. The Warden opposed it on the

ground that there had never been peacocks in New College, that the birds were not of British origin and, by implication, were not of a serious academic mind. He was out-voted, and the birds were introduced. They did everything that serious-minded fowl should not do. The cocks fought and scratched up the flower-beds, and when rain was coming they screamed, to the exasperation of men reading for Greats in the Garden Quad. Six months later, as was inevitable with such birds in such a college, a proposal was brought up to abolish the peacocks: the mover counted on the support of the Warden, but to his great surprise, Dr. Sewell said that the peacocks had become an institution of New College and institutions must not lightly be set aside. He must therefore record his vote against him. This time, so the story went, the Warden found himself in a minority of one.

I do not know whether it was the Torpids or my own natural torpidity, but at the end of my second term I had another breakdown and the doctors advised a life in the open air, preferably abroad. I cannot confess that I was sorry to leave Oxford. After Eton it seemed a flat and depressing place, and the prospect of going through the three years' mill in questionable health, with a clerkship in the civil service to follow, filled me with depression. All my desultory reading had been the history of travel. I could have passed an examination with honours in the conquests of Mexico and Peru, and, if I had ambitions, they were to carve out fortune in the forgotten back-waters of the world, preferably in Mexico. I was taken to Biarritz for the winter, and I spent the time in learning Spanish from my father's courier, who was reputed to speak ten modern languages—all imperfectly.

I felt that I was a disappointment to my father. My eldest brother had been a success both at Eton and at New College; my second had won mathematical prizes and passed high into Woolwich; he had just won distinction as a gunner subaltern in the Zulu campaign, where he had shared a tent with the Prince Imperial. He had been selected through the influence of Lord Grimthorpe, Chancellor of the York diocese, as one of the astronomers for the Transit of Venus and was actually in Barbados on his mission, and here was I, at the age when careers are embarked upon, with no qualifications except facility in learning languages and no prospective career.

I was a disappointment, but my father made no complaint: all he

did say was that if I was to become a planter or a farmer in the Far West my education was likely to be wasted. His plans for his children had been to give them the best education available and leave them to fend for themselves, since he could not hope to leave his large family more than the slenderest provision. I was glad afterwards that he just lived to hear of my selection for the mission in Tonga. If he despaired of me, it made no difference to his habit through life of writing a weekly letter to each of his absent children.

The Tame Wild West

AT LAST, partly on medical advice, it was decided to indulge my bent. At that time the future fortunes of Paraguay were being advertised in England, but here my father put his foot down firmly. If I was to seek fortune abroad it should not be under a half-civilised government with a prospect of a revolution every six months or so. Such was then the supposed character of the South American republics.

There was at that time a firm called Close, Benson & Company, which had bought up land in Iowa and Minnesota, then on the confines of civilisation in the United States. They advertised for agricultural pupils at a premium, and they sold the pupils parcels of land when their education was held to have been completed. In the middle of one Indian summer in 1880 I found myself at the station of Le Mars, Iowa, with a twenty-five-mile jolt over the prairies in a springless wagon before me. The mules took their time. The prairie seemed limitless, with nothing to remind one of mankind except the wheel-tracks. Even then there were rings where buffalo bulls had fought together and the horns could still be picked up. Rattlesnakes abounded near the creeks, but one might travel for twenty miles without seeing a human habitation. The ranch was a two-story wooden building where we slept three in a room and did all the farm work in the intervals of shooting, hunting and billiards.

Every pupil had his own horse. At first my job was to herd cattle with a twenty-foot stock-whip, which generally got entangled round my neck and threatened to hang me until I had learned to manage it. There were old ranchers in the neighbourhood who could flick a sixpence off the end of a stick at twenty paces, or lay open the side of a recalcitrant bullock; but the brutes I had to herd and keep off an unfenced patch of ripe maize had taken my measure. I had taken Pliny's letters in my pocket, thinking that I should have a quiet time for reading, but I had no sooner driven my herd a safe distance than they were into the maize, and the whole comedy had to be repeated.

Prairie wolves abounded. They used to come and howl outside the ranch at night, and sometimes they consorted with our dogs, with the result that we had a litter half wolf and half dog born in the stables. The puppies were delightful little animals, but as they grew up they became dangerous, and more than once we were called upon to deal with them with revolvers. We managed to raise a pack of hounds to hunt the wolves. Foxhounds proved to be too slow; greyhounds not powerful enough; so we combined the two breeds in our pack and ran the wolves by scent into view when the greyhounds took up the running and worried them until the heavier dogs came up. On one occasion deer were reported, but before taking out the pack we engaged the services of a professional tracker. He must have been living on his reputation for years. He certainly looked the part, with his long locks and a pony as unkempt and dishevelled as himself. When we came upon the deer's track in the snow he dismounted, felt and smelt the footprint and pronounced our quarry to be a hind and fawn and the spoor to be two hours old. We were deeply impressed, but our confidence in the gentleman's power of scent was rudely shaken a few minutes later when we skirted a hill and came into view, not of a hind and fawn, but of a stag which had made the tracks less than five minutes before.

When the creeks were frozen, the Omaha Indians appeared and made holes in the ice to spear beaver. I used to spend the night with the thermometer at zero, sitting over these holes with the Indians, but I never got a beaver, probably because I did not keep still enough.

My first encounter with a skunk was inglorious. The thermometer was below zero, and the creek was frozen hard. I rode down to it with my gun and tied my horse to a tree while I went down to the ice to see whether there were any beaver holes. On my way back I saw a beautiful little beast sitting at the foot of a tree. It was larger than a squirrel, black with little white stripes, with a bushy black tail. The undergrowth was dense, the distance fifty yards, and, like the brute I felt myself to be, I fired at it sitting. It never moved, and no wonder, for I found that my shot had not troubled the little creature. It was frozen stiff. Not knowing what it was, I cantered home, holding it by the tail. Suddenly my nostrils were assailed by the most penetrating and nauseating stench—a concentrated essence of polecat and fox—which frightened even my horse. He put his

head down and shook it as he galloped. I suppose that the jolting had broken the bag in which the skunk stores his defence against his enemies. It must be potent against them all. Paddy, the Irish labourer, told me what it was that I had by the tail ("Why, that's a pisscat,") and pronounced sentence on my clothes. I disrobed out of doors and presented him with the entire outfit, and I heard that he had given them decent burial in a field for three weeks, after which period he hoped that they would be fit for wearing.

We had two blizzards that winter, and though we had no casualties on the ranch, men were frozen to death a few miles off. It was quite easy to lose one's way in the thirty yards that lay between the stables and the house.

In the spring and autumn all the geese and ducks in the world used to migrate over our heads, and we sat in haystacks till our guns became too hot to hold. It is one of the tragedies of natural history that among these migrants were flocks of carrier pigeons so thick that they obscured the sun and that within the last fifty years or so "sportsmen" have taken such toll of them that the species has become extinct.

Just below the ranch ran a very muddy creek, and on Sundays one would see wagons trailing over the prairie to the muddiest part of it, where a Baptist minister stood up to his waist and dipped young people backwards into the icy water. They were then enveloped in fur wraps and driven many miles back to their homes before they could get a change of clothes, but one never heard of pneumonia.

The great attraction of New College, Oxford, in my day had been the music in Chapel. Taylor, the organist, was, I think, the finest church musician of his day, and the choir could scarcely have been surpassed. Music had been my passion from very early years, and I had wasted many hours in trying to learn to play the piano and to write music, but beyond publishing a song or two of very indifferent merit, I had never got beyond the stage of playing wind instruments and producing noise on the violoncello. I had organised a band in Bishopthorpe village. I managed to organise a band in Quorn, Iowa, where there was a lot of latent musical talent, and when I left, the band cudgelled its brains to choose a parting gift to the bandmaster. It was a pistol.

Just before I left, the village of Quorn itself walked away. There

had been complicated negotiations between Close, Benson & Company and the railway company. The railway company's perquisite for constructing a new line was the free grant of alternate square miles (sections) of land on either side of the track, and all the land about Quorn had already been taken up by Close, Benson & Company. If the line had come through Quorn, the fortunes of the farm would have been made, but the railway company decided to put the station some three miles distant, where they could acquire the land cheaper, and the wooden houses were hoisted upon wheels to be dragged slowly across the prairie to the new station. In a few weeks the village had vanished, leaving nothing but empty meat tins and bottles to mark its site.

From my experiences that winter, I should say that there was no worse way of instructing the young in the mysteries of agriculture than to herd a number of idle young men together on a ranch. Our boss, Captain Robinson, really did understand his business, but he was no disciplinarian, and he left us very much to our own resources. I do not think that the neighbouring farmers, sober-minded Germans, altogether appreciated us. They were reputed to conduct life on economical principles; that is to say, they had two suits of clothes, and the only difference they made between winter and summer was to put the second suit over the first to keep warm. Washing, of course, they regarded as dangerous to health, and, in any case, with all the water frozen hard they could scarcely have washed had they wanted to—except when the Baptist took them in hand and dipped them, head under, in a muddy creek.

We were invited once to a house-warming at a neighbouring farm. Rows of buggies were hitched to the hitching-posts when we drove up, and the little barn was crammed to overflowing. There was a supper, of which I recall only one course—a soup made of tinned oysters, which made some of us very ill—and there was a dance afterwards in heavy boots to the music of an old piano tuned for the occasion by an amateur with a defective ear. There were whispers, of course, that the young people of Iowa did not rely upon dissipations of this kind for their amusement; that in the summer they went to religious camp meetings in the woods as a sort of annual holiday and had a good time, but I imagine that everything was outwardly

extremely decorous and that the Baptist minister combined with his holy office that of social worker and policeman.

There was nothing of the Wild West about Iowa in those days, and I have sometimes wondered since whether the Wild West as depicted in films ever existed in any part of the world. True, we had bucking horses and stock-whips and revolvers, but we were not in the least picturesque to look at; I do not think our feats in horsemanship would have attracted a large audience, nor were we called upon to use our revolvers upon other people. There was, it is true, in Le Mars a certain deputy sheriff who shot an Englishman under circumstances that amounted to murder, and a lynching party was organised at the English Club, but it evaporated in talk.

Two incidents of the intense cold that winter remain in my memory. Three men were cramped into a rather narrow sleigh, and at a sharp turn one of them fell out. The other two pulled up the horses and tried to get him in again, but his legs were so stiff with the cold that he could not rise and they were unable to get out of the sleigh unaided. All three were sober. The two left in the sleigh implored him not to go to sleep and said they would drive on to the nearest ranch to get assistance, but when they came back two hours later they found him frozen to death. I remember riding to a distant ranch with my friend Stevens, one of my fellow-pupils. On the ride home we passed an American, who pulled up his horse and addressed me. "I don't know who your friend is, but his nose is froze." I looked at Stevens and saw that the nostrils were white. I got him down off his horse and rubbed his nose with snow in spite of his loud protests and eventually he was none the worse, but when I got home he discovered that my ear was frozen, and I had to submit to the same painful operation. One of my fellow pupils, an old Cambridge Blue, insisted on wearing ordinary boots when corn-husking and lost all the toes of one foot.

In those long winter months idleness was very bad for us. We took to practical joking. It happened that a young Scotsman—a "mother's darling"—had been sent out to Quorn to make a man of him, and I fear that the process was a little too intensive. There was nothing that he would not believe. We assured him that gigantic rats visited the stable and taught him how to set traps for them. He set his trap, and when he visited it next morning he found a barn-door hen caught

in it. This, we assured him, was a prize bird belonging to Captain Robinson and worth many hundred dollars, and we promised to support him when he made his confession. Of course, the hen had been slain and put into the trap by one of the practical jokers for the purpose. The next step was to take him out peccary shooting. The nearest peccary was probably to be found some five thousand miles away, but he went with a double-barrelled gun trembling in his hands, expecting that a herd would charge upon him from every thicket. It was my duty to conduct him, and I had taken the precaution to draw all the shot from his cartridges. Everything went according to plan. We were following the banks of a creek surrounded by low hills when a blood-curdling whoop arrested us, and there on the skyline appeared the feathered heads of Indian braves. I had prepared him to some extent for this danger, but now that it was upon us he did not behave at all well.

"I have brought you into this mess," I said. "Run for your life. I will sell mine as dearly as I can." I expected, of course, that he would say, in proper film language, that we would die together, but he did not. He ran as I had never seen a man run, and the Indians, consisting of three disreputable fellow-pupils, bore down upon me and proceeded to scalp me to appropriate outcries. But this little practical joke nearly had a sequel. The victim swam the creek and appeared in Quorn half-demented, yelling, "Run for your lives. The Indians are coming!" and the good shopkeepers and saloon loafers gazed at him open-mouthed as he ran down the street, for in Quorn there had been nothing within the memory of man but a few tame Omahas begging for empty bottles. He was found afterwards in a loft at the farm hiding under some straw, and we were reprimanded by Captain Robinson for going too far. Thereafter his education was less strenuous. We induced him to call one of our number out in a duel. The seconds measured the ground and he was given a pistol loaded with blank cartridge. The signal was to be given by handkerchief, and I regret to say that our victim fired before that handkerchief fell. Thereupon his adversary said, "I'll have his b-l-o-o-d!" and advanced upon him with a levelled weapon, and the poor boy again took to his heels.

Some time later, however, my companions persuaded him that they had all been converted to Sun worship, and vestments were improvised,

chants were practised, an altar was erected in the stockyard and the youth was led out to witness the initiation ceremony of B—, who we assured him was the latest convert to the cult. B— was draped in a long white nightgown reaching to his toes. Concealed in it was a bladder full of bullock's blood obtained from the local butcher. H—, who wore an impressive beard, was the High Priest and looked the part in his vestments improvised from blankets and a bed quilt. The choir chanted gibberish in an unknown tongue. In the same gibberish he questioned the neophyte, and B— assented. On this the High Priest produced a highly polished hunting-knife, lifted the nightgown and appeared to perform an operation, contriving at the same moment to slash the bladder, and the nightgown was deluged with blood. Our only disappointment was that B— did not seem to feel the operation adequately: we had enjoined howling and writhing. The High Priest then carried to the rough stone altar some offal supplied by the butcher and offered it up to the patron deity with appropriate chants in the same unknown tongue. It was after the Sun worship incident that our victim's uncle came out because the mother had been receiving such terrible accounts of the manners and customs and the religious excesses of the Middle West in her boy's letters that she could bear it no longer. The uncle took him home, and we heard afterwards that he had joined the ministry.

My horse, Herod, was a trial. He was a fine, upstanding four-year-old, a chestnut with white stockings, sound and a beautiful mover, but on my first day with him he baulked suddenly at a hand gallop and turned a half-somersault, throwing me over his head and scattering the contents of my saddlebags all over the prairie. One never knew when the fit might take him to dig his forefeet into the ground and refuse to budge. Whip or spur only made the fit last longer. Everything was tried, from driving him in double harness to lighting straw under his belly; he was incurable. It was a case of hallucination; he seemed to see a chasm yawning before him, and as long as the delusional fit lasted he stood fast.

The Le Mars races were approaching, and a wily friend suggested that I should enter Herod for the selling race under the conditions that the owners should be up and that the horses should be sold by auction at the end of the race. "The brute is certain to win even if he baulks once, and if he baulks at the start no one will see it from

the grand stand." It was my first and only experience as a jockey. My friend was right. Herod baulked at the start, but in the excitement of seeing fifteen other horses before him the delusion of the open chasm passed away, and he let go with twenty lengths to the bad. But he was neck and neck with the leading horse at the turn; he won easily by three lengths, and I was rid of him for more than I paid for him. I blushed when they congratulated me on my riding, and I gave evasive answers to the question, "But what happened to you at the start?" It was my last appearance on the turf.

The United States was far from prohibitionist in those days, and I had a good opportunity in Quorn (pronounced "Korn" by our American neighbours) for judging the evils of the saloon. Ours was a dirty weatherboard barn kept by a lank American-Irishman who was always in his shirt-sleeves. He sold a poisonous maize whisky at his counter, and his clients sat on wooden forms to consume it. No bargain seemed to be complete without a drink, and in the intervals of serving customers our bartender did his electioneering—always, of course, in the Republican interest. There was a good deal of steady drinking and a little gambling, but very little open drunkenness.

In the spring of 1883, my agricultural education being held to be complete, the local representative of the Close, Benson firm suggested that I should buy 1,280 acres of the company's land in southern Minnesota. Speculation in land was rife at the time; I was assured that whether I farmed it, made hay from the prairie grass or held it for a rise I must make a fortune. There was a railway station at the corner of the section, and it would cost me only six and a half dollars an acre. I fell, and after cabled negotiations with my father the land was purchased. But my stay in the Middle West came to a sudden end. Private affairs at home had suddenly taken a dramatic turn for me, and I worried until I became ill. When I had partially recovered, I received a cable from my father calling me home. His discontent at finding that, through me, he had become a land speculator, an enterprise quite unsuited to an Archbishop, was not allayed by my assurance that the investment was a sound one, but I proved to be right, for not many years later the land which had cost six and a half dollars an acre was sold for thirty-five.

The South Pacific Islands:

I BECOME AN " INDESCRIBABLE SOMETHING "

I SPENT most of that summer of 1883 crippled with rheumatism. It happened that the Colonial Office had decided to recruit the civil service in Fiji by giving cadetships to a few young Englishmen who had been through a public school on the condition that they passed an examination in the native language and customs within two years. Through Lord Stanmore, the retiring governor, I was nominated, and this was the beginning of my long association with the South Sea islands. I sailed in December, thrilled with the thought that I was at last to see one of the countries of my dreams. I was to spend a month in Egypt, visiting Florence, Rome and Pompeii by the way and joining my steamer at Naples. At Suez I broke my journey for a month. British troops were embarking for Suakim and, with the impudence of youth, I applied to the General for leave to visit the theatre of war. This was quite properly refused and I determined to spend my time in seeing Egypt in my own way. A few days in Cairo were enough and I then set off on foot into the desert. I walked for hours and hours, but I made no impression on the hills that looked so near in the clear air. So I hired a dragoman to buy donkeys and lay out a journey for me. The Battle of Tel-el-Kebir had just been fought and British prestige stood high with the Turkish and Egyptian officers. I do not know what status my dragoman gave me, but at every walled town the Turkish officer commanding the garrison rode out to meet me; the Mudir and notables turned out to receive me at the gate and invited me to dine with them, allowing me to understand that I was conferring an honour in accepting their hospitality. It was all new, and even the swarm of fleas that jumped from the carpets as they were unrolled for the foreign visitor did not interfere with my enjoyment. In one or two places the Turkish officers provided me with an escort and insisted on lending me their horses to carry me to the next stage.

Lord Cromer was all-powerful in Cairo, and among his young men was Sir Gerald Portal, an Eton contemporary, who would have done great things as an administrator had he lived. The British Colony in Cairo was then so small that it could all be lodged in Shepheard's Hotel. I came to know Lord Cromer well in later years, after his retirement. On racial and historical questions he was the most stimulating talker I have ever listened to. We met on the common ground of comparative anthropology. Though so much of his life had been passed in the Near East he was as keen about native historical tradition in the Pacific Islands as I was. He was a great scholar as well as a great public servant and diplomatist.

At the end of this month of wonderland I left for Suez to await my steamer, the *Oroya*, and found on board six of my fellow cadets.

Those who dreamed of romance at the antipodes were soon to have it damped down by the Australian cities. It was a shock in those days to land at Circular Quay in Sydney and meet a London hansom cab face to face. There the resemblance with London ceased. Apart from its lovely setting in one of the most beautiful harbours in the world, Sydney in those days seemed a depressing place, with an air of suburban vulgarity about it that made one shiver. We had a week or so to wait for a steamer, and I went down to see the vessels discharging their fruit cargo from the islands. The smell of bananas coming out of a ship's hold is enough to turn most stomachs, and I cannot say that we looked forward to a nine days' voyage against the trade wind with pleasurable anticipation. It was curious to find that Australians regarded the "Islands" as being as romantic and remote as we did in England, and with reason, since the voyage in those days took nearly twice as long as a voyage from Southampton to New York, with more than twice the discomfort.

What a voyage it was! The ocean that for three centuries has been miscalled the Pacific was behaving quite in a normal way—that is to say, great seas driven before the tireless south-east trade wind met us as we left Sydney Heads and continued for nine whole days and nights. Most of us were driven below.

There was a break at Nouméa in New Caledonia. In those days the regime of a French penal colony was more severe than it was at a later date before the prison was closed. A pathetic attempt had been made with convict labour to convert New Caledonia into a counter-

feit of southern France. Magnificent roads had been made and *libérés* of both sexes were keeping little wayside *auberges* and small plantations in different parts of the island, but the natives were still a danger to outlying settlements, and while we were there an expedition was campaigning against them in the mountains. They are Melanesians of a disposition less tractable even than that of the Solomon Islanders. Before the arrival of the French missionaries they were constantly at war, and they practised cannibalism on their fallen enemies. French colonisation had pushed them out of their planting lands, and their resentment against the white man can easily be understood.

Unlike most of the other South Sea groups, New Caledonia is of ancient geological formation and there are productive mines in the mountains of the interior, which French companies were turning to account.

The convict band which played in the public square was a very fine one of forty instruments, but the physiognomies of the bandsmen, after making every allowance for the hideous convict uniform, were repulsive. I visited Nouméa several times in after years. The convict regime was becoming more easy-going long before transportation ceased. The dark cells, a terrible punishment in a tropical climate, which were in use on my first and second visits were abolished. My guide obligingly locked me into one of them, and I found myself in a darkness that could be felt.

Before the convict prison was closed, New Caledonia was made the scene of a little comedy. Among the deputy commissioners for the Western Pacific was one whose occasional visits to Fiji were a source of great entertainment to the members of the club. In earlier days he had been a stipendiary magistrate in Fiji and had caused a sensation among the natives by his boxing bouts with his negro servant, for he was an immensely powerful man of swarthy complexion and his negro was a giant. He had a strong sense of humour, a picturesque pen and a lively imagination. His contributions to the *Times* were always printed: he described cannibal orgies and hairbreadth escapes which, if they had been true, would have justified my poor mother's alarm when she read them. The same imaginative adventures appeared in his dispatches to the High Commissioner, which were sent on to the Colonial Office without comment, I suppose, as literary fiction which was too good to lose.

wide verandas which were the government offices, among which we were distributed. A mile away was Government House, a really imposing building entirely suited to the climate. It was of one story, built at different levels according to the lie of the ground, upon piles which gave ventilation under the floors. A very wide veranda open to the breeze cooled the air and, though successive Governors grumbled about its inconveniences, it was probably a far more comfortable building than most of the Government Houses in tropical colonies. It caught fire in 1922 and was burned to the ground. The wonder is, considering the carelessness of native servants, that it was not consumed many years before.

The Governor at the time of our arrival was Sir William des Voeux, who happened to be engaged in warfare with his Chief Justice, Sir Henry Wrenfordsley. Both, of course, as is usually the case in these official combats, were in the wrong, the Chief Justice even more than the Governor, but His Excellency had acquired renown as a writer of dispatches, and he would stride up and down the room dictating sonorous periods about the quarrel by the hour. Sir Henry also was afflicted with "*cacoëthes scribendi*," and the correspondence was so voluminous that the Governor was constrained to look about for a trustworthy custodian of the documents.

He selected me and made me a sort of honorary extra private secretary in addition to my ordinary duties in the office of the Colonial Secretary. Office hours were from ten to four, and after that we were free to do as we liked. Some played tennis, some cricket, and I suppose it was natural that I should acquire a fast sailing boat in which I explored the islets that lay at the mouth of the river and the various streams that discharged into the bay. We had all to pass an examination in the language and manners and customs of the natives two years after our arrival, but there was little chance of learning anything in Suva, where the language was either English or Fijian English. I was longing to get out of the place and explore. It was not that life in Suva was altogether unexciting. A few days after our arrival there was a terrible gale and a ship carrying some hundreds of coolies from India to work in the sugar plantations was wrecked on Naselai Reef, a few miles off. Late that evening, Dr. Macgregor (afterwards Sir William Macgregor) looked into Sturts to call for volunteers for a rescue party. We worked all that night. It was a pitiful business,

because many of those who perished could have survived if they had had the pluck to stand up in the shallow sea. Many of the women and a few of the men were demented with fear and simply lay down on the reef or on the beach and were drowned by the spent waves. We had to drag them into the boats by main force. They would not help us by a single movement. About seventy were drowned and the remainder were camped for days on Naselai Island to recover. They were alleged to be the sweepings of Calcutta streets and they certainly looked it. Dr. Macgregor received the gold medal of the Royal Humane Society for this exploit.

The health of both combatants, the Governor and the Chief Justice, was such that they were eventually ordered a change and, by one of those topsy-turvy dispensations in new colonies the two families took ship in the same steamer with a nine days' voyage before them. I was told afterwards that the Captain put the families at opposite ends of the table, where they sat glaring at one another between the courses. They had opposite sides of the deck, and neither party was guilty of speaking to the other during the whole voyage. They never returned to Fiji. The Governor received another appointment, and Sir Henry left the service.

In the meantime, Sir John Thurston, the Colonial Secretary, became Administrator of the colony. He was a remarkable product of the Pacific. It was said that he arrived in the islands as a sailor before the mast. That may or may not have been true, for he never talked of his early beginnings, but when King Thakombau was compelled to form a government of European ministers not long before annexation, Thurston became his chief adviser.

When Sir Arthur Gordon (afterwards Lord Stanmore) came out as the first Governor in 1875, it was natural to turn for advice to one who knew the Europeans as well as the chiefs. Mr. Thurston became Colonial Secretary. He had, of course, many enemies—ancient colleagues who envied him his success and represented him as a monster of duplicity and pretension—but I came to know him well enough to be satisfied that these were slanders. He was self-educated and an omnivorous reader. He had a real knowledge of botany, and he professed to have an equal knowledge of other things, and, provided one was not with him too long, he was never found out, for he could talk admirably, though rather superficially, on many subjects.

He had one curious obsession, which was that he could speak Fijian faultlessly and that the natives were so much in awe of him that they dared not lie. I remember once when I had learned the language and was a Commissioner in the provinces, investigating a very complicated case of murder. Thurston heard of it and asked me to bring the principal native witness to his office. This man had sworn that he had written a certain document which was produced in Court. Before he came into the room Thurston said, "Now you are going to hear the truth. This chief will never dare lie to me." I was not so sure. His Excellency planted himself in a chair and tried to look as like the Deity on the Judgment Seat as he could. The old chief came into the room with bent knees and uttered the *tama*, which is the cry of respect. He assured the Governor that he had written the document. I asked whether I might be allowed to put the witness to a test. Assent was given, and I put pen and ink and paper before the old man and dictated a verse of the Fijian version of the Bible to him. His pen travelled rather slowly over the paper and when I looked over his shoulder I found that it resembled the crawl of a fly that has fallen into an inkpot. It was the only time when I saw His Excellency discomfited. The fact was that he knew as much of the people as any European can know, but he thought that he knew everything, and that was fatal. What he did know was the mind of the early settler and he was not much loved by that portion of the community.

When Sir John Thurston was appointed Governor a few weeks later, Dr. (afterwards Sir William) Macgregor, the Chief Medical Officer, became Colonial Secretary. He was of quite humble parentage in Aberdeen, and the few words which he permitted himself to utter were delivered in a strong Scottish accent. He was a man of iron frame, untiring in his work and of more than considerable culture. Behind his reserve, as I discovered long afterwards when I was down with fever in New Guinea, there was a fund of tenderness and unselfish devotion which he tried awkwardly to conceal behind an impassive exterior. As a clerk in his office, with the dull work of copying outgoing letters, I fancied that he had taken a dislike to me, and I avoided him. Our chief clerk, James Stewart, was a Scot of great ability, but his life was poisoned by the consciousness that Nature had written "clerk" all over him and that he could only express his thoughts on paper. Nevertheless, he would have risen high

in the Colonial Service had he lived. The second clerk was a man nearing fifty, a legacy from King Thakombau's government, a very amusing but rather disreputable person who spoke evil of dignitaries.

The only telephone in the colony at that time ran from the Colonial Secretary's back room to Government House a mile away. The mysterious instrument was continually going wrong, and we had always to wait for the next visit of a man-of-war to get it put right. Once when the Governor was, to judge from certain discordant sounds that were wafted to me, threatened with rage apoplexy, a ship put in and a petty officer attended with a bluejacket to overhaul the entire plant. When all was ready he sent the bluejacket to Government House to test it by conversation. As long as I was in the room his tone was honeyed. It was, "Can you hear me, Wilkins? . . . Will you speak a trifle louder, Wilkins? . . . Thank you." Then I went into the next room, and he thought he was alone, not knowing that the rooms had no ceiling. A new voice that I had never heard began to thunder into the instrument. "Wilkins, you b—— son of a gun. Why the h—— can't you raise your b—— voice? Have you got the b—— palsy, or what?" I went back to see what had provoked this outburst, and the tone changed again to milk and honey: "No, thank you, Wilkins: I won't trouble you any more this morning. Kindly slip down here and we'll go on board." It was the first time that I learned that bluejackets speak two languages. I suppose that Wilkins at the other end understood both and guessed at the cause of the quick changes.

We cadets were known throughout the Colony as "indescribable somethings." Defending the Government from an attack by the unofficial members of the Legislative Council, who very naturally wanted the appointments for their own sons, Sir John Thurston had pleaded that there was an "indescribable something" about us which justified the Government in appointing us, and the term stuck to us. The examination in the native language and customs which would be upon us in less than two years had begun to weigh heavily upon me. We saw next to nothing of the natives. Even the hotel servants were "Polynesians," as the Melanesian immigrant labourers from the Solomons and New Hebrides were called. We had all tried our hands with the dictionary, without making any progress. One morning, when I had been five months in Suva, Dr. Macgregor called me in and

said I was to go to Government House for an interview with the Governor, but he thought it well to prepare me. It had been decided to form a new stipendiary magistracy in the province of Nandronga, at the south-west corner of Vitilevu, and I had been selected for the post. Would I go? It was a backward province under a powerful and rather dictatorial chief. I should have to build my own house, court-house and police station, enrol police, and £30 would be allowed.

“ But I know scarcely a word of the language, sir,” I said.

His eyes twinkled, and he said, “ The Governor is expecting you. You had better explain that difficulty to him.”

I found Sir John Thurston in a flattering mood. When I pleaded ignorance of the language he said, “ Then go and learn it. You can have an interpreter until you can do without him.” The same day I was introduced to my interpreter, Mr. C—, from the native office. I had seen him from time to time, a beardless living skeleton, who had, I was told, spent his early life as “ secretary ” to the powerful chief, Tui Thakau (lit. : King of the Reefs), in Taveuni and had seen men and women killed and eaten. He must therefore have been nearing sixty, though he would have passed for any age, from sixteen upward.

Within a week, the two of us took ship in a native cutter and landed at the chief’s town late the same evening. The chief received us hospitably. He was a bright-eyed, black-bearded man of thirty-five, with a quick, incisive manner. His dependents hung upon his word and executed his slightest order at a run. We were lodged in one of his houses, and the next day he came with us to choose a site for the station. We chose a plot of land near the village overlooking the sea, called Na Nggele Ndamu (Red Earth) and immediately a gang of housebuilders was assigned to us. In three weeks a hollow square of seven buildings was erected, with a bamboo fence surrounding the whole; a sergeant and six constables were sworn in, and I was free to hold my first Provincial Court. When this was over we rode off to explore every village in the province and take a census of them. Many of them had never been visited by a white man before, and our arrival on horseback was signalled by loud shrieks from the naked children playing about the road, who thought that the monsters on four legs would devour them at a mouthful. The country was wild and mountainous, bare of the forest that made the hills about Suva

so monotonous, because we were now on the dry side of the island, where trees do not flourish.

The station had been left to the sergeant and the prisoners provided by the Provincial Court, who had no distinguishing mark except their cropped hair but were free to run away if they liked, because they were not locked up at night. Though there was not a lock in any part of the station we never lost anything.

Quite early in our association I learned that my interpreter was working against me. Like many former beachcombers, he was more native in mind than the natives. We had our meals together, and externally he was always genial, but behind my back he was trying to sow distrust in the mind of the chief, whose kava parties he attended. The chief himself called upon me and, after warning me against my interpreter, urged me to send him back to Suva, assuring me that I already knew quite enough Fijian to dispense with him. As to native custom, he himself would be my teacher.

I took his advice, and I can recommend the same course to all who have to learn a native language in a limited time. In three months I could speak Fijian fluently. In a year I could speak it as well as English, as well as understand the local dialect. As to native custom, one drank that in, so to speak, through the skin, and when I had to pass my examination eighteen months later before the Native Commissioner, Mr. James Blyth, I ventured to differ from him upon the native law of inheritance. His lore was accumulated in another part of the group, where the rules differed from those of the west. We argued the point for some time, and then, with great fairness, he called in an educated native from Nandronga, who bore out my view. I was accorded full marks in all the questions: it was almost my first experience of passing an examination with credit.

No account of the South Sea islands would be complete without a description of the national drink, called *yanggona* by the Fijians and *kava* by the Polynesians. It consists of the root of a pepper plant (*piper methysticum*) chewed or pounded to a pulp, infused with water in a wooden bowl, strained and served in a goblet of cocoanut shell. It is drunk ceremonially, the Chief presiding, and the rest of the company sitting in a wide oval with the bowl at its lower apex. My first kava party in the house of Roko Tui Nandronga on the evening of my arrival was a trial. I had heard that the root was chewed, but

when I saw four young men industriously munching, saw them disgorge a lump of pulp into the empty bowl and realised that I was presently to drink the compound or offend my host, my spirits sank. As soon as six or eight lumps were in the bowl the kava maker tilted it towards the Chief and his Master-of-the-Ceremonies gave the order to pour in the water. The kava maker had water poured over his hands to wash them and then kneaded the mass into a yellowish muddy liquid. At the same time he immersed the strainer, a bunch of hibiscus fibre.

This was the signal for the choir sitting behind the bowl to begin the *yanggona* chant, swinging their bodies and their arms to the lilt of the song, which is inspiring. The man at the bowl pursues the work of straining methodically, squeezing out the liquid and shaking the solid fibre out on a mat, afterwards combing the hibiscus fibre straight with the fingers of his left hand. Then, when the liquid is strained, he claps his hands three times and the order is given to "pour out." A cup bearer crawls forward; the shell is filled by using the strainer as a sponge, and the cup is tendered to the Chief or his principal guest, and afterwards to every one in the circle in order of his rank—in fact, the *yanggona* party is a perfect table of precedence. After the Chief drank he ejaculated a toast: "A fair wind!"—"A good harvest!" or some subtle witticism which made every one laugh. Thereafter, tongues are loosened and gossip flies far into the night.

I confess with shame that I soon forgot all about the chewing. The taste of *yanggona* is not unpleasant, and it quenches thirst as no other beverage does. It is said to be exhilarating, though I felt no stimulating effect. Some Europeans, like a few of the older natives, drink it to excess, and it is alleged that it makes the legs erratic, though the head remains clear, and that in the end it produces scaliness in the skin.

By the Tongans the root now is never chewed: by an edict of King George, the root must be dry and pounded between stones. The ring of these stones is one of the characteristic sounds of a Tongan village. The ceremonial is even more elaborate, though there is no chanting as in Fiji. All the talking is done by the Chief's *matabule*, as his hereditary herald and Master-of-the-ceremonies is called. If there is a guest the *matabule* questions him in a loud voice, and at every answer says "*Koé*" (Yes), as if he were recording the replies.

Among the native delicacies in the mountain district are dried lizards and snakes. I have eaten both to see what they tasted like. The lizards were not nice; the snakes seemed to combine the taste of eel and chicken; but it was an effort to forget what one was eating. Before the introduction of woven materials the fabric for clothing, turbans and curtains was bark cloth, called *gnatu* in Malayo-Polynesia and *tapa* in Fiji. It is the inner bark of the native mulberry tree, soaked for days in fresh water and then beaten out with grooved mallets on the curved surface of an old canoe. In its raw state it is two inches wide; after this treatment the width is about twenty-four inches and it is surprisingly tough and supple. It is not rainproof. The ring of the *tapa* mallets during the process carries to a long distance from the village. In the mountain villages the work is done by the old men; on the coast it is the task of the women. It is the women, too, who stencil the finished cloth with patterns, often of great beauty. They make the stencils of banana leaf half cooked till it has the consistency of rubber. The pigments, sepia and brownish-red, are made from the sap of trees. True black is made from burnt candle-nut.

As time went on, I made a practice when travelling of retiring into my mosquito screen, as soon as the *yanggona* party was over, to eavesdrop, and I learned more about the native mind in this way than books could ever have taught me. Conversation languished until time had been allowed for me to fall asleep, and then my hosts began discreetly to question my native retainers about me. I was alone, and it is always possible to restrain laughter when there is no other to share the joke. In Fiji a retainer is accorded importance in proportion to the prestige of his chief. To say that my men lied about me would be a gross understatement. I listened to adventures by sea and land, in which I had played the part of Superman, that would have made this book worth reading and put Defoe into obscurity if they had ever happened. My coxswain, in particular, was a great loss to modern fiction, because he could improvise dialogue: the things I said in the part of the silent strong man were maxims to be treasured. And the best of the joke was that his simple hosts swallowed all his stories and the boat's crew backed him up with additional details.

I had been for twelve months among the natives without seeing a white man more than once a quarter. This was Mr. Sydney Marriott, Commissioner of the West Tholo province, which had been in armed

revolt against the Government in 1876 and had returned to heathen practices and cannibalism. The revolt was put down by Sir Arthur Gordon with native levies, and a fort was built and garrisoned at Fort Carnarvon, so named after Lord Carnarvon, Secretary for the Colonies. The province was removed from the jurisdiction of the Supreme Court, and the Commissioner had full judicial as well as executive powers. Moreover, no European was permitted to enter the province without leave. But of Fort Carnarvon, anon!

The remotest part of my district in Nandronga was the island of Vatulele, which lay thirty or forty miles south of the main island. It was a long upheaved coral reef with low cliffs at the northern end. Politically, it had been rent by war; the fortified village on the cliffs had been taken by assault, the people massacred, and the pigs and fowls had run wild in the bush. It was startling when out pig shooting in the remote bush to hear the crowing of cocks from the high trees above. They were wilder than pheasants and took to the wing as easily. The whole island was honeycombed with caves like a Gruyère cheese, and I noticed that quite recently there had been a sudden change in the levels. Stalactites and stalagmites, which formed solid columns, had been rent nine inches apart, as if they had been cut with a knife, sometimes near the roof, sometimes midway and, in one or two instances, near the bottom. The floor and roof of the caves had been shaken nine inches further apart. There was no native tradition of this earthquake, which must have been felt like a convulsion.

Near the northern end of Vatulele there was a cave called Korolamalama in which the tide rose and fell, and it was filled with large red prawns called, on account of their colour, *mbuta* (boiled). Purposing to take some of these over alive, I went to the cave provided with a landing net and a bottle, but my guides implored me passionately to desist. They said that the last time one of these sacred prawns had been caught the vessel in which the perpetrators of sacrilege had travelled was wrecked and that the gods always avenged the insult in this way. As they were all good Wesleyans I pressed them, somewhat unfairly, about their belief in the minor gods—the *genii loci*—and I gathered that, though there was no question about the supremacy of Jehovah, some of the heathen gods might still be lurking round the corner in a very un-Christian spirit for those mortals who had ceased to believe in them. Snapping my fingers at the gods of Vatulele, I

caught three prawns, bottled them and took them on board without telling my native captain and crew what had happened—and the extraordinary part of the story is that I *was* wrecked. The vessel was known all over the country as the *Tomcat*. She was built of hard wood in the most solid manner. We cleared Vatulele for Wakaya, in the Yasawas, on a calm day with a fair wind and, just before anchoring, swung her into the wind, which was then blowing fresh. Down went the anchor; the cable parted, and a man who was sipping off green turtle fat leapt over me to cut away the second anchor, but so rotten was all the running gear that that cable parted, too, and in a moment the *Tomcat* was on the rocks, bumping heavily on her beam ends. We—the crew and passengers—were peppered all over the sea, but we all got ashore unhurt and, by the united efforts of the whole of the island population, the *Tomcat* was led bumping over the reef into calm water and refitted. It was not a sensational wreck like some others I have had, but it vindicated the reputation of the Gods of Vatulele.

The Fabulous Mbalolo

OF ALL THE CURIOSITIES in the natural history of the South Seas, the *mbalolo* stands first. It is a thin, jointed worm about eighteen inches long which lives its life fathoms deep in the fissures of the coral reef, rising twice a year to die, phoenix-like, in the propagation of its kind. Being mere living vermicelli, with no head but a mouth, and no body but a transparent pipe, it ought to live a life of inglorious security, but it has one remarkable quality. It is a natural almanac with a fixed day for its appearance, and it will not turn from this fixture for all the hurricanes that ever raged south of the line. In the mere observance of fixed intervals there would be no greater miracle than our own bodies can show. The wonder lies in the fact that the *mbalolo* keeps both lunar and solar time, reconciling and adjusting them at regular intervals. It swarms to the surface of the sea on two nights in the year in the third quarter of the moon in October and in November, and it has never departed from the time during the century in which it has been watched by Europeans. The moon directs its choice of the day, the sun its choice of the month. It cannot maintain regular intervals of either twelve or thirteen lunations without changing the calendar month of its reappearance. For two years it rises after the lapse of twelve lunations, and every third year at the thirteenth. Even this arrangement would gradually sunder solar and lunar time, and so to meet this difficulty it intercalates once in every twenty-eight years an extra lunation. No one has attempted to show what are the impulses that lead it to rise on the appointed day and keep it back every three and every twenty-eight years.

The reefs from which the *mbalolo* rises are sea reefs far apart. Many centuries must have passed before the natives became impressed with the regularity of the *mbalolo*'s appearance and gave its name to their calendar. October is the *Little Mbalolo* and November the *Great Mbalolo*, but you may scour the reefs in a fast canoe and see nothing on these nights. Decades must have passed before the unmethodica

intellect of savage humanity had come to look for the annual occurrence of the shoal and had noted the day and the hour. The great annual feast, of which the *mbalolo* is at once the provider and the provision, had given names to the months before any European had arrived in the group.

I went once to a *mbalolo* fishing in November. The reef lay off the island of Vatulele. We set off in a sailing canoe and went seaward for more than an hour. A flotilla of canoes followed us. The pilot seemed to know the place by instinct, for presently the sail was lowered and we found that we could touch the bottom of the sea with punt poles. I stared hard at the water for some sign of life, but there was none. The natives bade me plunge my hand down into the water, which was warmer than the air.

Presently I felt a little thread of gelatine twining about my fingers like the tendrils of a plant. Then a little compact body of a dozen worms touched me, interlaced like vermicelli in clear soup. I brought it to the surface to watch it slithering away between the joints of my fingers. The water was now growing viscous and treacly, no longer breaking into wavelets. The stone anchor was let go. As it splashed into the water hundreds of fish lurking in the depths, fish of every kind, tore the surface in a crisscross of phosphorescent grooves like a shower of meteors.

The natives were now peering forward into the water, pointing and shouting to one another. They had seen the root of the *mbalolo*, which came up from the reef like a solid stem and spread all over the surface. The sea was now oily and viscid with the interlaced bodies of millions of the worms. Here and there were breaks in the mass, and one could see the stalk or pillar, about the thickness of a man's thigh, coiling from the surface out of sight. The stalk oscillated, expanded and contracted like the funnel of a waterspout, and its motions stirred the phosphorescence, so as to make it faintly visible. It was like a fountain of worms spouting from some chasm in the reef.

Now the fishing began. We scooped up solid masses in our baskets, letting the water drain away and dumping the gelatinous mass bodily into the hold. The men had their fish spears out, and all about us were great fish stupid from surfeit, flapping their fins idly on the surface. It was an orgy of rapacity. Shoals of *salala* gorged themselves on *mbalolo*. *sanka* devoured the *salala*. rock cod swallowed the

sanka; a shark or two devoured the rock cod; and man, as usual, preyed upon all alike. Mr. Whitmee made a scientific study of the *mbalolo* in Samoa, and he recounts that he captured a number of the worms in a glass jar and watched them. They swam incessantly with a spiral motion, the short ones six inches long having two screw turns, and the long ones at least three. If he caught one between his finger and thumb it broke into short lengths at its jointings and each length wriggled about in the palm of the hand. From the broken ends of the green worms poured a stream of tiny green eggs which, under the magnifying glass, showed a faint white spot on each. From the fractured joints of the yellow worms appeared a milky fluid which obscured the transparency of the water. The natives believe that if the *mbalolo* breaks up before daylight there will be a hurricane between January and March. Mr. Whitmee found that in the glass jar they began to disintegrate at about eighteen minutes to eight. At about the same moment the sea became so turbid and milky as to hide them from view. The captives in the vase behaved like their fellows in the sea. After moving more actively for a few moments they gave a convulsive wriggle or two and broke up into half a dozen joints apiece, which went wriggling about near the surface, squirting their contents. The vase looked as if a teaspoonful of milk had been emptied into it, and the little transparent envelopes—all that was left of the bodies—sank empty to the bottom just as the green worms were discharging their cargo of eggs. Then the eggs settled gently until they lay among the withered husks that had given them birth and being. The *mbalolo* had passed into a new generation.

When we got home, the mass of worms was taken from the canoes and baked. It was then packed in parcels of banana leaf and distributed by runners to every part of the country. It tasted not unlike caviare.

When you trust your life to the captain and crew of a vessel chartered from the natives, most insurance companies would regard you as a "bad life"! The journey from Nandronga to Suva was a dead beat to windward. Under favourable circumstances, profiting by the land breeze at night, the voyage took three days and nights, beating against a heavy sea just outside the Barrier Reef. On one of these voyages I was in a five-ton cutter asleep on the hatchway with my kit bag for pillow. I awoke under water and, clutching at something solid, caught the handle of my bag. A few yards away the hull of my

little vessel loomed dimly, and a heavy sea carried me and my bag to the side. When I had scrambled on board I saw what had happened. The captain had mistaken the narrow passage through the reef and had run aground on one side of it. With every sea the little vessel was lifted a few feet and pounded down upon the coral. The seas were washing over her, and our danger lay in the possibility that she might be washed off the reef into the deep calm water beyond. She would then have sunk like a stone, for her bottom was pounded into matchwood. We were five persons. A few feet to the left of us large fish, some of them sharks, were darting hither and thither in a train of phosphorescence.

My watch had stopped at eleven o'clock. We had, therefore, seven hours to wait for daylight. We were more than a mile from the shore, and there was no possibility of waking anyone in the native village. It was not the pleasantest way of spending a night. We had no dinghy, and I had to restrain one of the men from swimming ashore for help because I felt sure that he would be taken by a shark. For the last three hours our little waterlogged vessel refused to rise to the seas. Her back was broken, but her deck left us standing room just clear of the water.

About 6 a.m. a double canoe put off from the shore and paddled out to see who we were. My captain parleyed with the crew, who demanded twenty shillings a head for rescuing us. It was not the money, but the principle of the thing, that outraged our sense of decency. When we refused, they paddled off coolly and left us; but I suppose that the official rank of the passenger was reported on shore, for an hour later another canoe came off and rescued us for nothing. The crew did not lose by it. Then I started to walk along the shore a distance of thirty or forty miles. My clothes soon dried on me, and I was glad when night came on, because I was so tired of undressing and dressing to swim across the rivers. At night one could omit the dressing. I had never known till then how much one's clothes weighed and what ground one could cover without a stitch in bare feet on the hard sand.

When I reported the conduct of the natives in Suva they were sent for. We divided the sheep from the goats. The men who had rescued us were amply rewarded; the others sat with bowed heads as a spectacle for the sophisticated young chiefs in the Native Office, persons

whom these humble people regarded as demigods. Thoroughly humiliated, they returned to their village, firmly resolved in future to rescue shipwrecked mariners for nothing. Even that was an advance upon their forefathers, who would have cooked and eaten us all because we landed "with salt water in our eyes."

In Fiji the turtle is a Royal fish. Every considerable chief had turtle fishers attached to him whose calling was hereditary. He would allow them to take service with other chiefs who paid them by results. They received nothing for blank days, but food and property were given to them for every catch, and a considerable present at the end of every engagement. They used nets of sinnet from sixty to two hundred yards long and ten feet wide, with meshes eight inches square. The floats were of light wood two feet long and three feet apart, the weights pebbles or large shells. The net was taken into deep water and paid out in a semicircle, with both ends resting on the reef. This intercepts the turtle on his way back from his feeding grounds in shallow water, and only a perfect knowledge of his habits guided the fishermen in the choice of time and place. If the turtle takes fright at the net, the men drive him forward by striking the water with poles and stamping on the canoe deck. The dipping of a float is a signal that he is entangled. The catch was announced by loud blasts on the conch-shell trumpet—a very sombre and menacing sound. The canoes were received with the same explosions of triumph as when bodies were brought for cannibal ovens. Women met the fishermen with songs and dances and pelted the crew with oranges. The fishermen chased them from the beach with loud laughter.

The hen turtle was taken when she crawled on shore to lay her eggs, and the nest itself was robbed after she had smoothed the sand over it. The turtle is quite helpless when turned over on its back, and after a catch one may see a row of the poor beasts waiting in the shade for their turn for the horrible death which is prescribed by custom. An incision is made at the junction of the hind limb with the undershell, and through this the entrails are drawn out. I often reasoned with the natives against this cruelty, and they listened with amused surprise and replied, "It was the way of our fathers. If we cut off his head he would not die any sooner, and the meat would be spoilt." I remember one little turtle, no bigger than a soup plate, who was captured by a friend of mine. The owner moored him to

a stake by a string fastened to his hind flipper, and for several days and nights he swam bravely to the open sea, but when, in pity for this wasted expenditure of energy, his owner built a wickerwork fence round him and cut him loose, and he had explored every inch of his cage for an opening, he abandoned hope and died in twenty-four hours, victim of a broken heart.

In the island of Kandavu the turtle was taken in the sea without nets. Two men go out in a light canoe, one paddling while the other lies upon his stomach with his head projecting over the bow and a heap of pebbles under him. With scarce a ripple the canoe is propelled to and fro over the green sea grass, which is the turtle's favourite pasture. Presently the watcher lifts his hand, the motion is checked, he takes a pebble from the heap under him and drops it into the water. It goes *pat* upon the shell of a feeding turtle. Not suspecting danger, the beast crawls lazily out of reach of such accidents and begins to feed again. Guided by hand signals, the canoe swings her head over him again, and another stone taps rudely at his shell. It may need a third or even a fourth before this round of solid bodies from the upper world is thought to be more than accidental, but this unwonted exercise has exhausted his reserve of breath, and before escaping to the open sea he must come up to breathe. Then the sport begins. The watcher plunges into the depths to meet him and seize him by the edge of the foreflipper to turn him on his back. The art lies in choosing the place for the grip. If he grasps the flipper too high up, his hand will be nipped between the flipper and the sharp edge of the shell, and to seize a turtle by the hind flipper is to be like a tin can tied to a puppy's tail. If the handhold is right, the turtle is brought to the surface on his back and dragged into the canoe.

In the island of Thikombia, and in that island alone, there lives a crab who feeds exclusively on cocoanuts. He is a land crab and, according to the natives, never goes into the water. Also, according to their story, they capture him in the following way. When they believe that he is at the top of the tree, at his nefarious work of stripping the nuts, they tie a handful of grass round the trunk ten or twelve feet from the ground and carpet the ground with stones. The crab comes down backwards and, not having eyes in his tail, takes the grass for the solid ground and lets go, falling with a crash on the

stones beneath. This cracks his shell and leaves him helpless. As he has a strong flavour of cocoanut, he is regarded as a great delicacy.

When I went to Thikombia I was at pains to have one or two of these creatures alive, and in due course two of them arrived with their claws bound with grass. The natives assured me that they would live for many days and that all I had to do was to nail them down securely in a case and release them when I reached Suva. The captain and mate of the *Clyde* got to work at once with hammers, and the case was put into the shade. We forgot the captives and turned in. My sleeping berth was close to the companion ladder where I had a full view of the stairs. I had been asleep when something woke me, and against the starry sky I beheld a form more terrible than anything conceived in a nightmare. It appeared to be a cross between a spider and a gigantic scorpion two feet long. It waved things at me, and I detected, I think, two phosphorescent eyes looking balefully at me, and then a scratching noise: the nightmare was preparing his descent downstairs. It was at this point that I knew I was not dreaming. The others said that an agonised shout woke them from their slumbers. Lights were brought, and in another part of the deck a second monster was discovered. They were our two prisoners, who had prised open their case from inside and were prospecting for their old haunts. Both died on the way down and were embalmed in spirits.

The Gems of the Pacific

WHEN I HAD BEEN twelve months in Nandronga I was ordered to relieve the Magistrate of the Rewa district during his three months' leave. The jurisdiction included Nausori, which was then the largest sugar mill in the world. Thousands of Indian coolies brought under indenture from Calcutta were employed in the plantations, which extended on both banks of the Rewa River, a considerable stream for the size of the island. Here I was within a few miles of Suva, but I was kept far too busy holding Courts to revisit the Capital. Every Magistrate had a sort of County Court civil jurisdiction; this had been *nil* in Nandronga, but in Rewa it amounted to four-fifths of the work. The litigants and the delinquents were nearly all Indians, and I soon came to realise that the dictum of an Indian judge who said that it was a safe rule to assume *prima facie* that all oral evidence was perjured and all documentary evidence forged, was justified. There was hard swearing on both sides and one had to decide by probabilities. When a woman swears that her neighbour has torn out her ear-ring and exhibits her white shawl stained apparently with rivers of blood from the torn ear, and the doctor reports the ear to be unwounded and the bloodstains to be red paint, one's confidence in sworn testimony is shaken. One of our troubles with the Indian coolie was drugs. In spite of a stringent law, they persisted in growing a few plants of Indian hemp in their gardens and the police had almost to be botanists to swear to it. I came to know the plant intimately after those few weeks: to the uninitiated it appeared the most innocent-looking garden produce.

Coolie emigration to Fiji has now been stopped by the Indian Government. At the end of five years of indentured labour the coolie could elect to stay on as a free man, and a good many did so, becoming small shopkeepers, market gardeners and thieves. They did not intermarry with the Fijians and no cross between the two races was taking place.

The rats had been a trouble to the sugar planters, and in an evil moment a few pairs of mongoose were imported and turned loose. They had already become a plague, like so many other rash acclimatisations. Having killed off the rats, they attacked the henroosts; then they took to the mangroves and killed the shell-fish, and finally they attacked the sugar-cane itself. They multiplied amazingly and defied all efforts at extirpation.

When I was relieved at Rewa I was ordered to take over the work of the Magistrate of the Lau province, who had gone to England for a year's leave. The Lau province brought me into touch with a new race. The islands consist of a chain stretched along the eastern boundary of the Fiji group as if they had been set as a breakwater against the heavy seas of the south-east trade wind. Being half-way on the road to Tonga, they have for generations been receiving Tongan immigrants, who intermarried with the half-Melanesian population of Fiji and left a strong Polynesian strain in the blood. The people spoke Fijian with a number of Tongan words, and many of them left behind by the Tongan conqueror, Maafu, spoke pure Tongan. It was a great opportunity for learning the Tongan language, and I set to work with a will, not knowing how soon I might be able to turn it to account.

The natives are amphibian. I thought I was a strong swimmer myself until I went to the islands. I thought that I could beat some of them at swimming and diving, but I had an experience in Lomaloma which will last me all my life. Mafi, my venerable native colleague, an old Tongan chief, invited me to a fishing picnic in a coral lagoon a little to the south of the village. We went in a big open boat with Mafi's womenkind and a bevy of laughing girls who were quite prim and demure under ordinary circumstances, especially on Sundays, but this was not Sunday.

We anchored the boat in mid-lagoon, and the ladies went overboard head first and stayed interminable minutes at the bottom of the ocean; then they came up like seals and disgorged the contents of their baskets, which were filled with unprepossessing-looking molluscs, from which you squeezed a hard red gelatinous core and devoured it raw. It was a great delicacy in Tonga. Then the young ladies began to twit me with lack of enterprise. Why did I not go down with them and gather shells? In an evil moment I boasted

that I could do what they did. All went well at the bottom of the sea, where the shells lay in clusters on the grey sand, but I had to go up for breath, and at this moment the imps set upon me and dragged me down again by the legs. I was never so nearly drowned in my life.

I do not know how long a native can stay under water if he is put to it. My colleague in the mountain district, Sydney Marriott, did contrive to beat every native in the camp in a short swimming race, but when it came to diving they beat him hollow. They had a method which I never knew a European to succeed in. They dived with their hands behind their backs and then, with their noses almost touching the stones, they propelled themselves along the bottom with their toes at incredible speed. I have tried the feat many times, but at the second kick with my toes my head went up and I found myself swimming under water. They never swim under water: they run. Also, they stay under water for considerably over a minute. Of course, in all the other aquatic feats they fall short. They never dive head first. They cannot take a header of any kind, or a somersault, but in endurance and in speed they beat the white man.

There was one aquatic sport at Fort Carnarvon that was only practised at flood time, when the river rose twenty feet or so and ran at the speed of an express train. The Singatoka here forms a gigantic sweep of fifteen miles and arrives within seven miles of the Fort, at Bemana. The sport consisted in felling a banana stump and riding it like a hobby-horse, with its butt end uppermost. With this you propelled yourself out into the swiftest part of the current and let the river carry you down. There were backwaters at intervals, and if you wished to rest you had only to take a stroke or two to find yourself going upstream instead of down in an elongated whirlpool. All along the banks were villages, and in every village the inhabitants collected with shrill cries to speed you on your way. In the end, after an hour of bumping your hobby-horse over shallows and sweeping at bewildering speed through deep and narrow rapids, you propelled your craft ashore at Bemana, where horses were waiting to take you back to the camp. With novices there were unforeseen episodes, as when one of my visitors misjudged his position on his hobby-horse, and the wrong end, both of the horse and its rider, protruded high out of the water. He would certainly have been drowned if some-

one had not seized his obtruding legs and dragged him off. Otherwise, there was no danger, except of bruising the knees.

I endured three cyclones in a period of ten years, to say nothing of the minor gales. A cyclone is a nerve-shaking experience. I had heard all about it from the older residents—how the unmistakable symptoms were the pumping of the mercury in the barometer, a shrieking gust or two, and then the Terror—the dead centre of the storm—when one might walk out with a lighted candle and see the flame standing stiff. That lasted for ten minutes, and then—retribution from the other quarter of the compass. When I felt Lakemba one morning in a ten-ton cutter there was nothing to show me what was coming. The breeze was light and intermittent, the sun was unusually hot, we were becalmed for half-hours at a time, with light westerly breaths between. I do not think that even my experienced native crew knew that they were in for trouble, and there was no barometer on board to warn me. By sunset we were in sight of Vanuambalavu, and then for the first time we knew that we were in for a gale. It was blowing great guns when we made the passage, and during the next ten miles of usually calm water the sea was as rough as the English Channel in a gale, but until about midnight that was all.

There was no sleeping that night. I decided not to stay in my weatherboard house, but to make for a native house in the same compound. It was an exercise of physical strength to get there, for the wind was then in my teeth. The noise of it—the shriek of the swaying palms, the flying foliage—drowned all other sounds. And then the rain came down, not in sheets, but in a solid waterfall, as if some lake in the heavens aloft had been unsluiced. The thatch had been lifted by the wind, and the rain spattered in, wetting me to the bone, and with every fresh wrench the house groaned and inclined a few inches further out of the perpendicular. Now if this had been a weatherboard house every nail would have been drawn and I should have been crushed and pinned in the wreckage, but in a native house, where every beam is lashed to its fellow, there can be no collapse.

Many vessels had been lying at anchor in the bay, and as no place promised personal safety I thought I would go out and see what was happening in the harbour. It was a hazardous, long-drawn excursion of less than a hundred yards. If I had tried to do it erect I should have been flattened out like every other living thing, and even on

hands and knees I could make no headway. It was only when I began to advance like a serpent that I could get forward, but the pain of the flying gravel and shingle from the beach striking on my head nearly drove me back, and when I got to the beach all I could see was wreckage. Every ship had been driven ashore.

It was at this moment that the centre of the storm reached us. Two or three shrieking blasts, and then stillness! They had not exaggerated, these old beachcombers. One might have lighted a candle and watched the flame burn perpendicular, but there was no silence. Far in the upper air there was a booming continuous sound like the whirr of great machinery. I took out my watch and counted the minutes until the worst tyranny should come, this time from the west instead of the east, and during those few minutes I made a hasty appraisal of the damage. The cocoanut palms had been shorn of their fronds and stood stark like a forest of broomsticks. The roads were strewn with every kind of wreckage, the roofing of houses and the boughs of great trees. We were spared one terrible consequence—the tidal wave. If the sea had banked up, it had been on the outer islands, which formed a breakwater.

And now came the premonitory puff from the westward. I was glad to be back in my leaning shelter, which was destined to lean very much in the opposite direction before all was done, for the early terror had been a mere *avant-courrier* of the later. Inch by inch my poor house was pushed back into its normal position. I could hear the house posts squelching in the liquid mud of their foundations. Inch by inch the house began to go over on the other side, and when the last puff had subsided and we were able to take stock of the position by daylight, my house looked strangely unsobor in the new acute angle to which it had been pushed.

It is easy to think that an island can never look the same after such a visitation, and yet in three or four weeks there was very little to show what it had gone through. I do not know whether an accurate record is now kept of cyclones. I think such a record would show that, of the hurricanes of January and March (they rarely occur in other months), the March hurricane is always the most destructive.

For sheer beauty some of the Lau islands cannot be surpassed. They rise enchanted from the blue sea, and one has to explore each of them to find some new and unexpected beauty, so varied are they

in form. I visited them all. The smaller islands suffice to support only a single village, whose people seem to be entirely cut off from the world, but even these seek wives in other islands, and there is a strain of Tongan blood in each. The strangest is Totoya, which was originally an active volcano, but the sea broke into the crater and extinguished it, leaving a ring of mountain with a rift round a tidal lagoon. Then the coral insect got to work and raised a floor of coral in the lagoon until some fresh disturbance in the ocean bed raised the floor twelve feet above high-water mark. The wear of the tide at once began to disintegrate the base; the lagoon became dotted with little pedestal tables a few yards in diameter, each crowned with dwarf fan palms of a species not found in any other part of the group. The effect was extraordinary, for once within the landlocked harbour, the ocean was shut out and one was in a new world.

In Lau I had a good example of the hold which formalism and ceremony have upon the people. The island of Lakemba had sent a cricket team to play Lomaloma. The match was about even, and there was a large body of spectators from both islands to watch the second innings. Suddenly a messenger arrived from the beach and approached the Lakemba captain, who was bowling. I was near enough to overhear the conversation. The messenger had just landed from a fast-sailing cutter to bring the news of the sudden death of the Chief's brother, who was the uncle of the Lakemba captain and of many of the native ladies assembled near the scoring table. The play stopped: the captain walked over to the group and gravely announced the news. "Will you weep now or wait till the innings is over?" he asked. The women consulted and said, "Go on with the match. We will do our weeping afterwards." So back we went to play as if nothing had happened. When the last wicket had fallen, and I had almost forgotten the incident, a piercing wail broke from the scoring table. It was taken up by all the Lakemba women. They were howling with open mouths; tears were rolling down their cheeks; they tore their hair and scratched their faces and breasts, and when the orgy of ceremonial grief seemed to be dying down from exhaustion a fresh shriek would set it all going again. I looked at the faces of their menkind; they were quite unconcerned and impassive, and so were those of the Lomaloma women. I met the mourners later in the afternoon; they were laughing and talking as usual, and there

was nothing about them but the unhealed scratches to remind me of their tragic concession to ancient custom.

When my time at Lomaloma came to an end I found that I had become entitled to three months' leave. Most of the civil servants spent their short leave in Australia or New Zealand: I seized upon the opportunity for learning something more about the Tongans, whose language I had begun to study and who had fired my imagination by their sturdy determination to sell none of their land to foreigners and so keep their independence. Tonga lies about three hundred miles south-east from Fiji, just within the tropics. It consists of three sub-groups—Tongatabu (Sacred Tonga), Haapai and Vavau, and three outlying islands. The two first are upheaved coral reefs as flat as a table: Vavau is hilly. All were formed by volcanic agency, for Tonga is included in the chain of volcanoes that runs through New Zealand clear to the South Pole.

As the steamer approached Tongatabu, the land lay like a low woolly cloud on the horizon. As it took shape a line of white houses appeared right ahead. This was Nukualofa, the capital, and the white buildings were the King's "palace," the government offices, a church or two and the British Consulate. Behind these were the brown thatched houses of the people, each in its own grass compound. Broad roads of grass heavily scored by wheel tracks ran at right angles. There is no overcrowding in Tonga. The entire population of the group is under twenty thousand and only about a thousand live in Nukualofa.

I was landed on the wharf with my slender luggage and left to fend for myself, for I knew no one in the place and had brought no letters of introduction. Every one rides in Tonga, and my first concern was to hire or buy a horse. Stabling is cheap: it consists of a tether rope and nothing else; the horse eats all the grass within reach, and when he whinnies you go and shift the rope to a new anchorage. The next need was a house, for there were no hotels in Nukualofa. I called on the Vice-Consul, the late Mr. Symonds, who invited me to stay with him while he made known my needs, and two days later I found myself with a house, a manservant and a horse. I came soon to understand that I owed my luck to the violent religious quarrel that had rent the population in twain.

Tonga had been the chief jewel in the crown of the Wesleyan

mission directed from Australia for more than half a century. In the late 'seventies, the minister in charge had been Mr. Shirley Walde-mar Baker, whose influence upon old King George had become so strong that he had been tempted to dabble in politics. By playing upon King George's fear of losing his independence, he had induced him to sign a treaty with the Germans, who had conferred upon Mr. Baker the Order of the Red Eagle of Prussia as a reward for his share in obtaining a coaling station in the group.

Now the King had a long-standing grievance against the Wesleyan Conference in Australia. Large sums were contributed annually by the Tongans, and part of the money was not spent in Tonga, but diverted to other missions. The King wanted Tonga to be made a separate Conference with control over its own funds; the Wesleyan Conference feared to allow so young a church out of leading strings. Baker was then head of the mission. He had invented a method of collecting funds which would not have been approved by his superiors in Australia. Knowing how to work a congregation up to a frenzy of enthusiasm, he would invite them to throw their contributions into a basin, for in Tonga the left hand is always intended to know what the right hand doeth. Few of the natives had enough coin to ring in the basin, so he opened a moneylending office in the vestry, and as fast as a basin was filled with florins, he returned the coins to the donors against the note of hand in order that they might re-enact their public charity. If the efficiency of clergymen is judged by the sums they can collect, Baker was the most efficient minister the Mission had had, but when natives were sold up to recover their debts to the moneylenders the abuses became so flagrant that at last a committee was sent to hold an inquiry, and it reported that Mr. Baker should be removed to another circuit. At this time Unga, the King's heir and Prime Minister, died in Auckland. Baker arranged with the Germans to bring the body back to Tonga in a ship of war and land it with naval honours, which so much affected the King that he offered Baker the vacant post. This enabled him to snap his fingers at the Conference.

He now conceived a plan which would at once appeal to the King and gratify his own private revenge on his old superiors. This was to secede from the Conference and establish an independent Wesleyan Church of Tonga, to be called the Free Church. He had prevailed

upon his fellow minister, Mr. Watkin, to join him, and within a few weeks of the proclamation the majority of the Tongans had adhered to the new Church. But not all. In spite of persecution, a stout little minority, amounting in the end to two hundred people, headed by the King's daughter Charlotte, an old lady of sixty, remained loyal to the old Church. Baker made one mistake in policy which eventually brought him down. The King was powerful, but not all-powerful. Instead of conciliating the chiefs as well as the King, he treated them as negligible, like the commoners, and, using the King's fear of losing his independence as a lever, became a sort of toy Richelieu. It was at this stage in the tragi-comedy that I landed in Tonga.

Now the personage to whom both sides looked, the one in hope and the other in apprehension, was the British High Commissioner of the western Pacific, who was also Governor of Fiji, and as I was known to be a member of the Fiji Civil Service both sides were anxious to serve me in the hope that bread thus cast upon the waters might return to them. The bitterness was at its height, and I fancy, from what happened at a later date, that Mr. Baker suspected me of having been sent as an unofficial spy upon his proceedings. All that I knew at the time was that he was polite and not unhelpful and that there was a temporary lull in the persecution. Mr. Baker was a florid, well-fed man of fifty-five, common in speech, alert and confident. He made no attempt to convert me to his policy, and he seemed to accept my assurance that I was in Tonga solely for my pleasure; but as the days wore on, I noticed that my neighbours who were among his active supporters kept a close watch upon my movements. I made the acquaintance of the chiefs of both parties and worked at the language until I could make myself understood. My servant, Lijiate (which is the nearest that the Tongans can get to "Richard"), was a landowner in the ancient capital, Mua, twelve miles distant. He was well educated, a good teacher and a pleasant companion. We used to ride out to Mua two or three times a week, partly for the ride and partly because it was a stronghold of the old Wesleyans, to which church Lijiate belonged. I heard enough in Mua to convince me that the people, not the old Wesleyans only, were reaching the end of their patience and that an explosion of some kind, not against the King, but against Mr. Baker, was imminent. When I said good-

bye to my Tongan friends, with their ill-fitting garment of Anglo-Saxon institutions, I thought I had seen them for the last time.

When one could escape from the electrically charged political atmosphere of Nukualofa, where the badge of civilisation was trousers, one began to see the Tongans as they were. From their lavish hospitality, Captain Cook called them the "Friendly Islanders," not knowing that this hospitality masked a plot to seize his vessels for the sake of their iron and their guns and powder. At the time of his visit they were in the throes of civil war, and the possession of artillery would have given the victory to the Tongatabu chiefs. Of all the Polynesians, they are the most intelligent and energetic. They are skilled carpenters and smiths, expert boatmen and avid for new inventions. They are intensely aristocratic in their institutions, and they treat Europeans as equals. It is perhaps this, rather than their pride of carriage, which has induced some Europeans to call them "the snobs of the Pacific"—a slander which every one who knows them will rebut.

The majority of the men are good-looking and well built; the women fade early and become fat and heavy, perhaps because *embon-point* was an attribute of chiefly rank, implying ampler food. During his long reign, King George had abolished serfdom and had granted land to all his subjects, thus gradually curtailing the power of the chiefs. He had also enforced education, and all the younger people of both sexes could read and write, while the better-educated read European history and the government native clerks were skilled stenographers and typists in their own language. Cricket was one of their new enthusiasms. Village played village, not by elevens, but by as many men as they could put into the field. Matches would last for days: the plantations were neglected, and finally the game had to be limited by law to two days a week.

Every forty years or so during the last century the slumbering fires have awakened. A few weeks before my visit the volcano on the island of Tofua had broken out into active eruption, and news was brought in that Falcon Reef, a little to the south, had become an island 160 feet high with precipitous cliffs. The crew of the native vessel which brought the news and declared that the island had been formed in a single night were disbelieved, but they were so positive that two boats, one English and the other Tongan, set sail indepen-

dently to test the truth of the story. Each was provided with a toy flag of the respective countries. They landed on opposite sides of the island, which they found to be composed of smoking pumice very difficult to climb, and both parties succeeded in reaching the top, where they planted their flags and "took possession" in the names of their respective sovereigns. The Englishman had brought a bottle of champagne and glasses, which he shared with the rival discoverers, and the proceedings were marked with great good humour. When I visited Falcon Island in 1890 the sea was making great inroads; every wave brought down from the cliffs great chunks of pumice, which floated away on the surface of the sea. Ten years later H.M.S. *Porpoise*, in which I was a passenger with my staff, visited the island to report upon its condition to the Admiralty. It had disappeared; all that the sea had left of it was Falcon Reef, a hummock of coral nine feet high.

The year 1886 was memorable in Tonga. I was riding from Mua one morning when my horse stopped and began to rock from side to side. Thinking that he had a fit of the "staggers," I dismounted, but as he seemed perfectly well I resumed my journey into Nukualofa. I found the town in an excited state. There had been a considerable earthquake. All the crockery on a shelf in my native house had been thrown to the floor; several weatherboard houses had been badly strained. The night was disturbed by minor shocks, with the vibration that an express train makes as it thunders by.

We did not know until a week later what had been happening in other parts of the group. A vessel from Vavau brought a report that the outlying island of Niuafoou had been blown inside out; that half its population had been killed and the other half was starving. As this was what actually had happened to the island of Laté in 1840, no deductions were made for native exaggeration. The King ordered that a relief ship should be got ready, but the arrival of the monthly steamer from New Zealand made this unnecessary, for the captain agreed to call at the island on his way to Fiji and land food.

My leave being nearly expired, I embarked as a member of the relief party. Niuafoou lies outside the track of steamers and has very rare communication with other parts of the kingdom. The people are darker in complexion than the Tongans and have evidently some strain of alien blood. They numbered about two thousand before the

eruption, which was already a month old when we reached the island, a rolling plain about fifty feet above the sea, three miles long and two wide. We could see no signs of a crater as we approached. We landed and climbed to the principal village. The whole country was covered with pumice and fine volcanic dust to a depth of three or four inches, increasing to three feet in the drifts. The cocoanut fronds had been weighed down by the load of this deposit and were wrenched from their trunks; some of the house roofs had fallen in. The people were busy collecting food from their plantations; though the future crops were damaged, there was abundance of food for the present. The biscuits and tinned meats and yams brought by the steamer would probably be used for a feast. A few old people had died of fright, but there had been no other casualties. Nevertheless, it had been a terrifying experience. For four days and nights the flaming crater had been their only light. It had rained hot ashes, and there was no escape for them. The noise had been terrifying. They sat huddled in their houses waiting for the end, for to them it had been the end of the world foretold in Scripture.

We were taken to see the crater. Not far from the village was a lake which rose and fell with the tide. A crater had formed in the middle of the lake, itself probably an ancient crater. As we looked down upon it from the top of the surrounding cliffs it was still smoking—a black cone of scoria less than thirty feet above the water. It seemed strange that so small an exit for the infernal powers should have produced so much devastation.

When I returned four years later the people had to confess that the eruption had been a blessing in disguise. Their plantations had never before yielded such crops.

Among Reformed Cannibals

LIJIA TE AND I had got on so well together that I took him back with me to Fiji. As he spoke no tongue but his own, it was a certain method of keeping up my Tongan. With the experience of the past year behind me, I felt sure that my lot would always be that of caretaker for some magistrate going on long leave: I wondered in what part of the Colony I should spend the next year, and I was prepared to accept any district for the sake of new experiences. My fate was to be West Tholo, the mountain province that had rebelled against the Government ten years before, and my station Fort Carnarvon, or, to give the place its native name, Natuatuathoko.

Sydney Marriott had been there alone for years, and he knew the natives as well as any European can know them. He had an original way of dealing with them. Once, on a very hot day, he was sitting reading in his native house when he heard a stealthy footfall. Some one had entered the house unbidden. A screen concealed him. He peeped round it and saw his Solomon Island cook half-way up the ladder which led to a platform in the roof where his private stores were kept. He made no sound. The cook seized a roll of native tobacco, untwisted half a pound of it, and, concealing it in his waistband, slid down the ladder and tiptoed away. I suppose that any one else would have called him back and compelled him to disgorge the stolen goods: Marriott said nothing until the next morning, and then he beckoned him to the house and made him sit down on the floor in full view of the platform. Then he went out, returning on tiptoe to re-enact the whole scene in dumb show and, having disappeared with the tobacco for a moment, he returned and sat down facing the thief in perfect silence. The young man wilted under his stare, crawled out and presently returned with the stolen tobacco, pushing it before him as he crawled. Not a word passed, but Marriott's fame as a wizard spread through the native garrison, and there were no more thefts.

I spent nearly ten years in the islands, and during the whole of that time I never had a door to my house or a key for any of my boxes. Nothing was stolen, but then a government servant was regarded as a chief and the *tabu* extends to chiefs. A native who steals from his chief falls ill from the fear of illness, and few material things are worth the risk of death at the hands of the offended deities.

As no European was allowed to enter the province without a permit, the natives were almost untouched by civilisation except in two particulars—they were not allowed to go to war, and all were nominally Wesleyans. The Wesleyan mission had sent native teachers to every village; every one, reformed cannibals and all, attended church on Sundays; the children went to school and learned to read and write. But there the good work stopped; the people still believed firmly in witchcraft; furtively they piled stones where their fathers had piled them to propitiate some malevolent spirit who haunted the roadside; in fact they took no chances.

The Commissioner, as the representative of the Governor, was their supreme chief, and to him they came with all their inter-tribal differences. As the province was outside the jurisdiction of the Supreme Court, he had power to try capital cases, and his Court, which sat every three months, could award long sentences subject to sanction by the Governor. The convicts served their sentence in "Camp," as we called Fort Carnarvon. They were not locked up at night, but none ever thought of running away. The garrison consisted of twenty-five men of the armed native constabulary who were rationed from plantations grown by the convicts.

Fort Carnarvon was an irregular triangle of native houses on a hill-top overlooking the Singatoka River, surrounded by a moat and a bamboo stockade. The interior space was a parade ground covered with lawn. Besides the commissioner's quarters, there were barrack houses and stores and, beyond the stockade, the quarters of the native chaplain and the school. There was no practicable road for wheeled traffic or water carriage to either coast: all stores had to be carried over mountain tracks—a two days' journey. But this did not trouble us, because we were largely self-supporting. We had herds of goats and pigs; we grew our own vegetables; we had guns and fishing rods. So beyond biscuits and sugar and tinned meat for use in case of guests, we had to bring little from the coast. But the canteen had to

be supplied with goods, and once a week a convoy of convict porters under a constabulary guard set out for Ba on the north coast to bring up stores and letters.

Vaturemba, my native magistrate, who sat with me in the Provincial Court, dispensed a rough sort of justice in his district court once a month. It seemed to disturb no one that in the course of a case he would pull out a jew's-harp and gently twang it while listening to the evidence. In one such case two youths were arraigned for hen stealing. The owner was awakened by the voice of his hen : he gave chase and caught them red-handed in two senses, for they were plucking the hen as they ran. Vaturemba removed the instrument from his mouth, said "Three months," and began to play a symphony of triumphant malignity. Thereupon the prosecutor intervened : one of the accused was his nephew : he had never asked for a severe sentence. Vaturemba again took out his instrument and said, "Three days. Next case."

One of my fellow cadets, Baxendale, was to be my companion to learn the language and qualify for a magistracy. He was a keen sportsman and a good naturalist, besides being a man of imperturbable good temper. It was a surprise to both of us to find that all our predecessors had worn native dress, and we conformed to the practice by wearing flannel shirts and *sulus*, which were merely two yards of cotton cloth knotted round the waist and reaching to below the knee. Bare feet were at first a trial, but the soles of our feet soon hardened, and we were able to cover miles, even over stones, without becoming footsore. We were entirely cut off from the outer world. Letters to England took five months to bring an answer : even Suva was a week distant by mail. We had a few books, but we were generally too tired in the evening to do anything but sleep, for it was an active, if not a busy, life. I made a point of visiting every village in my province, and the journeys took up many weeks in the year. There was the daily orderly room, recruits to drill, the prison labour to distribute, the daily bathe, the horses, the farm and the official correspondence.

I remember two curious sidelights on native psychology. Among the garrison was a good-looking youth named Avisai from Vanualevu (Province of Mathuata) with well-cut features and a mop of golden hair. Soon after his arrival he began to pine and waste away. It was

reported to me that he was *dongai*, that is, dying of a broken heart over a love affair, and that the girl he had left behind him was in the same state. The recruits were not volunteers, but levied by their chiefs, who filled their quota at haphazard from the best-looking young men they could spare. They received the order overnight and embarked next morning, knowing that they would not see their homes for three years. I would have sent Avisai back to the coast, but he was too ill to walk. We had no doctor nearer than Ba, and I had decided to send for him, when one night I was awoken by a disturbance in the nearest barrack house. A falsetto voice which I could not recognise was crying, "I am Avisai. I shall die on Thursday night!" This was repeated in shrill recitation, while the frightened murmurs of the other men began to rise.

At the door I met a soldier shaking with fear, who said, "The spirit of Avisai, sir—it has entered into Corporal Motulevoti, and Avisai is to die next Thursday." I did nothing that night beyond ordering Motulevoti into the other barrack house for the rest of the night. I knew my friend the corporal well as a cunning rogue and schemer from the same province. He had earned his stripes by his long service and his intelligence. Next morning I had him brought before me under a charge of causing a disturbance. He, who had hoped to be a sort of barrack hero over the incident, looked sheepish and ill at ease when I asked him whether it was true that Avisai's spirit had entered into him.

"It is true, Sir."

"Then it is very dangerous both for Avisai and you. I must do something to drive the spirit out of you for your own good. Twelve cuts with the cane."

"But the spirit has now left me, Sir."

"Who saw it go? No, Motulevoti, these spirits are very cunning. They lie very still, and unless they are driven out, we shall have one of our corporals ill."

Yame, the other corporal, was grinning, and at a sign from me Motulevoti was led to the triangle, and Yame administered the dose with a cane. At the third stroke Motulevoti cried for mercy. "Bear it a little longer. It is not you it is hurting, but the spirit of Avisai," said Yame. So Motulevoti had the full dozen.

The strange part of this story is the sequel. From that moment

Avisai began to recover, and he whom the native herbalists had given up for dead was soon able to resume duty. Motulevoti, of course, was never again the victim of possession. I had acted strictly within the law—this I had ascertained before I heard the case—and I reported it fully as a matter of anthropological interest. But the Commandant of the force took a prosaic view of the case and wrote me a long dispatch upon the impropriety of inflicting corporal punishment upon a serving soldier. I replied with suitable gravity, quoting the section of the ordinance which gave me the power, and attaching to the dispatch with green silk ribbon a section of the reed used in the castigation, where it looked a far more innocuous weapon than Motulevoti seemed to think it. I heard no more. Perhaps it had dawned upon the Commandant that I was pulling his leg.

The other sidelight was the death of the *buli* of Bemana. This querulous old man was the most influential chief in the province, and I determined to attend the funeral with an armed escort in order to do him full honour. We were polishing up our uniforms when a messenger arrived with disquieting news. The chief had not died from natural causes, he said, but from witchcraft: the wizards had arrived in Bemana with blackened faces, which was a sign that they expected the reward from the people who had employed them. I knew well what this meant. Among the dead chief's feudatories was a village, formerly independent, which had been placed under him by the Government because he had been loyal throughout the rebellion, while it had joined the rebels. From time to time rumours of the ill feeling in this village had reached me, and I could well understand that many people desired his death. The belief in witchcraft was almost universal, and the Government had recognised it by enacting a native regulation against "*ndrau-ni-kau*" with heavy penalties. The practice consisted in obtaining some of the hair or bodily secretion of the victim and enclosing it with certain leaves in a hollow bamboo tube, which was secretly buried in the house thatch. The spell did not always work unless the fact that he was being bewitched was conveyed to the victim. In that event he sickened and died from fear. When I had first landed in Fiji in 1884, four men were being tried for murder in the Supreme Court under the following circumstances: A spell had been cast upon the chief of Levuka, who was very unpopular, and, as he remained obstinately in robust health, the wizards

lay in wait for him in a lonely road and felled him with a club from behind. The murder was disclosed through their impudence in claiming the reward.

When we reached Bemana with horse and foot we found the village in a state of suppressed excitement. Immediately after the funeral I assembled the dead man's successor and all his nearest relations in the Chief's house and discussed the whole question with them. They gave me a detailed account of his symptoms, which seemed to point to dysentery, but I found it quite useless to suggest that he had met a natural death in face of the fact that two noted wizards from the disaffected village had attended the funeral with faces from which the soot had been but imperfectly washed. It appeared that the face washing had been done *en route* at the instance of their companions, who thought it too hazardous thus publicly to advertise their crime. I think it probable that there had been no witchcraft in the case at all, but when the unpopular Chief died a natural death, the professional wizards thought that they might as well take the credit as well as a reward for his death.

Then I made a sporting offer to the assembled company. I asked them whether there were no skilled practitioners of witchcraft in Bemana itself. There were, and the two old men were sent for. "Now," I said, "give me a pair of scissors." With these I cut some of my hair and handed it to them. "I wish you to cast the most noxious spell you know of: bury the bamboo in the thatch of my house, and if I fall ill I undertake before you all that there shall be no prosecution." The question was gravely debated in undertones: then the young chief, acting as spokesman for the practitioners, said, "They think, sir, that this would not be a fair test for their skill. You foreign gentlemen eat different food from ours, and that may make you immune."

"Very well, then, here is a man who eats the same food as you do. He is a Tongan, and he shares my views about witchcraft. Try it on him." With that I handed the scissors to Lijiate and asked him to supply them with a lock of hair. I felt sure that he would rise to the occasion, for he had been loud in his derision of the superstitions of these benighted mountaineers. He failed me.

"Pardon me, sir," he whispered in Tongan, "but I have almost come to believe in witchcraft myself." He sinned in good company,

for I knew several old European residents who believed in it unblushingly.

I do not know whether it was this incident or a general feeling of homesickness that led Lijiate a few days later to ask for his release. He said, of course, that he was anxious about the health of his mother, but he had received no letters, and the old lady had been in robust health when we had last seen her. I made arrangements for his complicated journey, and we parted with mutual good will.

I was soon to see one of my wizards of Bemana again. In running for a ball in a cricket match I brought my bare foot down between two logs concealed in the long grass and wrenched it so badly that I had to be helped back to my quarters. The foot swelled to twice its natural size, and the natives recommended massage. I left it to them to choose the most skilled practitioner in the province, and the next day my sooty friend who had declined to compass my death by witchcraft was ushered in. He attended me morning and evening for a fortnight. This is what he did: From an ancient grass bag he drew out leaves and fronds of the male fern, kneaded them to a paste with his saliva, and then clapped his hands two or three times to avert the tabu in touching the person of a chief. Then with infinite gentleness he applied the paste and stroked the swollen tendons. At the end of the treatment he clapped his hands as before and withdrew. I do not know whether it was the massage, the paste or the muttered incantations, but after a week the swelling had subsided, and in a fortnight I was well without a trace of lameness.

Meanwhile I had to turn doctor myself. A skin affection, known as Tokelau ringworm, was spreading throughout the province. The brown skin became infected with whitish scaly patches, which spread outwards in concentric rings until the whole body was covered. At that time the only complete remedy known was the vapour of burning sulphur. (Now, of course, the doctors use a far more efficacious ointment.) I had a number of large boxes made, each accommodating three persons, who sat in a row on a seat with a burning pan of sulphur beneath. Their heads emerged from holes in the top, and a packing of towels round the neck kept the sulphur from their nostrils.

Twenty minutes in the box was the prescribed dose, and when all was ready students from our school, specially trained, set out to the four corners of the province, following the boxes carried on the

shoulders of convicts over the mountain roads. My edict had gone forth: the infected people were to be swept up from every village in each *buli-ship* and made to pass through the fire. Whether male or female, aged or young, chiefs or commoners, all had to take their seats in the box, but there were, of course, provisos. They might choose their box mates; the sexes were not to be mixed. At first the patients took the business as a huge joke—one of the vagaries of the lunacy to which all white men are subject. They composed a derisive chorus about it, which was sung with an appropriate dance before me by torchlight, in which I caught my name, "Missa Tomuseni" and the refrain, "It's getting hot. It's getting hotter. *Seuke!* It burns!" But I did not care, because the loathsome disease was being stamped out, and I stayed long enough to see the last case cured. There were a few *contretemps*, but no casualties. At Vatusila, a rather pretty girl fainted in the box and had to be taken out. When she opened her eyes she found a band of severe matrons round her. "You have sinned," they said. "Come, who was it?" She shook her head and denied the charge with tears. The mission native teacher was sent for and he took up the cross-examination. For a time the girl persisted in her denial, but at last she gave way and named a young man of blameless reputation—a mission student, in fact. The result was a prosecution of the two for fornication before the District Court. In Fiji, fainting fits are not lightly to be indulged in.

Working for one of my chiefs was a native canoe builder from Rewa. These wonderful sailing machines are hewn from a single log of *vesi*, a dark hardwood as heavy as elm and as easy to work as oak. The large sailing canoes have double hulls united by a deck; they were already rare, because for ocean voyages European vessels were cheaper, but the light sailing canoes with an outrigger and a mat sail were still popular. They cost £1 for every six feet in length, but the natives paid for them in a series of ceremonial feasts and presentations and fed the canoe builder. I wanted to study the art at close quarters, and in order to compare the native with the European cost I resolved to take the Rewa carpenter into my service and pay him in native fashion under the advice of my native officer, who was a Bau chief. We felled a magnificent *vesi* and hauled it to the camp. It was estimated to provide a hull forty-two feet long. In an incredibly short time the carpenter had hewn out the hull with no tool but an adze.

The next step was the delicate work of hollowing. This he did with a gouge blade mounted on a handle of his own make with a pivot making the gouge available at any angle. The accuracy of his stroke may be judged from the fact that he reduced the timber from a quarter of an inch at the gunwale to one and a half inches at the keel, and yet both surfaces, inside and out, were as smooth as if they had been polished. At each stage of the work I provided the feast and the presents, keeping a careful count of the cost, and I found that when the *De ni Thangi* (Spray) was finished she had cost me £12 instead of £7.

It was a proud moment when we set out from the river for the sea, the first sailing canoe that had ever been built in the mountains. At every village we had to stop to load the complimentary presents and listen to speeches, but not until we reached the sea could we test her sailing powers. She was very fast; we did the voyage to Suva against the wind in far less than record time. The native chiefs all wanted to buy her, and in the end I sold her at a profit.

The Jubilee celebrations of 1887 were approaching. In those days the British Empire was a matter for national pride rather than for apology, and we young people glowed at the thought of being Empire builders. It is difficult to estimate how far the desire to please our immediate superiors and how far personal ambition drove us to do our job as well as it could be done. In my own case I did not worry about the future. I did not picture myself as a Colonial Governor, passing lightly from colony to colony with growing honours and experience, but I did want to see my province as prosperous and contented as I could make it, because the opportunity was there and the future could take care of itself while the past was burying its dead. In my case, there seemed a good deal to bury.

To celebrate the Jubilee, Fort Carnarvon broke out into decorations. All my chiefs brought a party, and the herd of pigs was diminished by half. We feasted, we played our first game of Rugby football, and we promoted a wrestling match between the natives and the licentious soldiery. We made two mistakes. The football match was between the Church, in the person of the head teacher (with one eye) and his satellites, and the garrison. Naked toes were dislocated, and there was a disposition on the part of the Church to collar their adversaries by their flowing mops of hair. The divinity students were close-cropped,

and the match was therefore unequal. And I believe that I heard the head teacher, whom we called "the Bishop," ejaculate an oath when a corporal ran his shoulder into the stomach of chaplain Michael and took his wind. The Bishop had made him goalkeeper because he could depend upon him and also because he was too fat to run. An evil spirit was abroad that afternoon when the senior student grasped Corporal Yame by the hair and the corporal hit him fair in the mouth, knocking out a tooth, nor was the spirit laid by that accursed wrestling bout.

The mountaineers thought well of their wrestling: the soldiers had, all unknown to them, a champion in Corporal Yame, a Nandi man from the western coast, who stood foursquare, clapping his elbows against his sides like a cock, and let them all come, rolling them one after another on the grass. The derisive cheering of partisans or the wing clapping, a singularly provocative challenge, were more than human patience could endure. The first that I knew of the brewing trouble came from my native officer, who came over to me to say that the mountaineers were meditating a rush to avenge their honour, and what chance would twenty-five men have among some hundreds? Baxendale and I got Yame away somehow just in time, and the chiefs did their part with their angry retainers. At that moment the roast pigs began to file through the gate, and good temper was restored, but I do not think that the Jubilee of 1887 was soon forgotten in the mountains.

I suppose that I ought to have felt a tremor when I shook hands with my first reformed cannibal. Most of the old chiefs of the mountain district of West Tholo had eaten their man before they fell to singing hymns in the Wesleyan Church, but, as good Christians, they seemed to feel a little shy about dwelling upon the details of these orgies of the past. Mboli Mongondro was as reticent as a naughty child when I asked him for information about the local custom of the cannibal feast; but this was accounted for by the fact that he had suffered so much chaff from his fellow chiefs about the legs of a missionary who was killed at Navatusila in 1860. His body was divided among the chiefs of the mountain district, each receiving a portion, and my friend was reputed to have had a leg from which the Wellington boot had not been removed. Taking the leather to be the ordinary skin of a European, he was alleged to have been much

impressed with the toughness of the white race, and a lampoon upon the incident was circulated in derision of him.

One day, since I had made no allusion to the incident of the missionary, he told me a good deal about cannibalism. The best part, he said, was the upper arm of young persons between fifteen and twenty. The flesh of Europeans was distasteful: it was too salt. He himself was quite bald and toothless. He must have discerned some inquiry in my gaze, because he hastened to say, "Look at me! I am without hair or teeth, as you see, but that is because I had to eat a little of my brother." I must have started at this confession, for he added, "I couldn't help eating him. I had found him alone in my hut with my wife and had told him plainly, 'If I find you alone with her again I shall kill and eat you,' and I spoke hard words to my wife also. So both of them knew what would happen. And I did find him alone with her again, so what would you? I had to carry out my vow, and I paid for it with my hair and teeth, as must always be the case with men who eat their kinsfolk."

"You mean that you clubbed and ate your own brother?"

"What else could I do? It was a vow. I did not eat him because I liked it, but with us eating men's flesh is in accordance with our customs, and I had vowed to do it."

In fact cannibalism among the Fijians was a ritual act. The object was twofold. It was an act of triumph over a fallen enemy, and the cannibal absorbed the admirable qualities of his dead foe.

Jackson, who had been an eyewitness of cannibalism, described human flesh as being darker in colour and the fat yellower than that of a turtle. In the police expedition to western Tholo in 1876, Sir William Macgregor surprised a village and found a human leg hot from the oven laid out upon banana leaves. The skin had parted like crackling, disclosing a layer of yellow fat. The Fijians could never understand our feelings about the killing and eating of women and children. "*Moku na katikati*" (Club the encumbrances) is their principle in war, for it causes the maximum of distress to the enemy and destroys those who might breed warriors to avenge them.

The story of Ra Undreundre, of Rakiraki, has often been told. He was a cannibal addict, and his victims were called "*Lewe ni mbi*" (Contents of the turtle pond); his fork had a name to itself—"Undro-undro," meaning a small person carrying a great burden. His son

took a visitor to a line of stones, each representing a human being eaten, without assistance, by his father since middle age. He said that a number of stones had then been removed, but those that remained numbered 872!

The cannibal fork had a religious significance. It was never used for other kinds of food, even food presented to a god. The fork was tabu to every one but its owner, and if it belonged to a chief it had its own name. It was tabu to touch human flesh with the fingers or the lips. I was fortunate in obtaining one of the last genuine cannibal forks in the country. Now all those that are offered for sale are forgeries which may be detected from the lack of finish at the base of the prongs. The Fijians were already becoming quite skilful forgers of ancient weapons. One of my friends who visited a remote village in the Navua district found it deserted at midday, the people being all away at the plantations. In poking about the village he came upon a house which was a perfect armoury of weapons. Clubs, spears and maces, all, apparently, black with age, were hanging by strings from the roof. He thought that he had discovered the first movement towards a native rising, but an old woman who hobbled into the village at this point undeceived him. "Oh, those," she said. "The young men have just dug them up from the mud. They were all carved here to sell to the foreign gentlemen in Suva, but they put them for three weeks in the mud to make them look old."

We took but a languid interest in the doings of the outer world, but one morning a letter from the Vice-Consul in Tonga gave Lijiate and myself much to think about. Before we left Tonga four prisoners undergoing short sentences for petty offences escaped and were reported to be living in caves at the back of the island. They had not been caught before we left. On the night of January 5, 1887, they came secretly into Nukualofa and lay in wait for Mr. Baker as he drove home in his buggy with his son and daughter in the dusk. They fired at him with an old shotgun, breaking the boy's arm and wounding the girl as she tried to screen her father. The horse, not less terrified than its master, bolted, leaving the young people wounded on the ground, nor apparently could it be stopped until it had carried him to a safe asylum in the king's palace. There had been wholesale arrests, a secret trial before the native Chief Justice, with Baker at his elbow. A number of men, besides the would-be assassins, were sen-

tenced to death, and four, of whom one was believed to be innocent, were taken out to Malinca Island next morning and summarily shot. Others would have been executed had not the Europeans interfered and threatened Baker personally.

The ex-missionary now lost his head. On the pretence that this was a Wesleyan plot and an insurrection against the king, he summoned the men of Haapai and Vavau to come and restore order. Tongatabu was their hereditary enemy in the old days : they came with blackened faces, armed, and overspread the island, plundering the Wesleyans and flogging all who refused to join the Free Church. The remnant of those who still held out—some hundred and fifty—were huddled on board two small schooners and shipped away to Fiji. They were thus thrust destitute upon the Government of that colony, which was put to no small expense in providing for them. Eventually they were settled on the fertile island of Koro, dissatisfied and in continual disagreement with their Fijian neighbours.

We had just had a change of Governor and High Commissioner. Sir Charles Mitchell had come to us from Natal, and he had to proceed at once to Tonga to hold an inquiry. Baker made a charge against the British Consul of being an accessory to the attack on him, alleging that the gun used had been seen in his house, and against me of having either instigated or been privy to the crime. At the same time, he prepared libels on the High Commissioner and issued them in a defamatory pamphlet over the signature of the native Minister of Police. For these he was compelled to make abject apology. There were ample grounds for exercising the High Commissioner's powers by removing him from the group, but Sir Charles Mitchell was new to office, and he feared that if he did so there would be a period of anarchy for which he would be held responsible. He contented himself, therefore, with the King's promise to put an end to religious persecution, to spare the lives of the men then lying under sentence of death and to reform many minor abuses. Baker, it appears, expected deportation, and he attributed the forbearance of the High Commissioner to fear. From that time forward he lived principally in Auckland, paying flying visits to Tonga as the guest of the King. Save that there was a diminution in active persecution, matters went on as before.

My sojourn at Fort Carnarvon came to a sudden end. The magis-

trate at Ba fell ill and was ordered away. As a sugar-growing district with Indian coolies it was too important to be left without a magistrate, and at a day's notice I was ordered to cross the mountains and take charge of it. Ba was the least interesting of all my provinces, perhaps because the natives seemed to have been crowded out by the sugar company, whose tentacles were gradually extending into every patch of fertile valley. The land was leased to the Company by its native owners, and the rent, divided among them, enabled them to live in idleness. They were becoming vicious and demoralised. Happily I was relieved after three months and recalled to Suva.

During one of my visits to Suva the Governor gave a ball of a novel kind. He decided to invite the native chiefs of high rank and their wives to mix with the Europeans and he asked me to represent him in entertaining the natives in cases where the two races failed to mix. I had misgivings that proved to be well founded. They did not mix. The shopkeeper of Suva felt that it was due to his prestige as a white man to hold himself aloof, and his womenkind, who knew the natives only as servants, were unable to conceive that there could be any difference in rank between one "nigger" and another. There was the further difficulty of language. My first preoccupation was to head off certain of the young chiefs from the champagne, and in this I succeeded only in part; my second, was to see that the great Fijian dames should not think themselves slighted. All had come in their native finery. I steered them to one end of the ballroom, where they kept up a running fire of comment that was most amusing. Apparently, they regarded me as one of themselves, for they whispered their criticisms of the dancers quite freely into my ear. These haughty dames, who were very great people indeed in their own homes, were dissolved in suppressed laughter during the first valse, a form of dancing which struck them as highly indecorous. What they would have said of the modern foxtrot, I tremble to think. They were curious about the rank of the dancers. "Is Mr. — a chief?" they asked. "Certainly." "Oh, then, I suppose he is the chief of a mountain tribe"—which happened to be the case, for he belonged to one of the highland clans. Andi (Lady) Thakombau, the aristocratic beauty of Bau, the seat of native rank, never unbent. She regarded the pageant with lips curled in scorn. They told a characteristic story

of her. She was bathing in the river when one of her attendants whispered that one of the young chiefs was spying on her.

“Where is he?”

“In that bamboo clump, madam. What shall I do?”

“Do nothing.”

She came out of the water and instead of resuming her clothes, she walked proudly past the bamboos and up the bank. The man understood the insult. It meant that she regarded him as a pig, before whom one does not feel shy. The story, spread far and wide by her attendants, humiliated him so deeply that he left the province.

Only once did her composure leave her. The captain of a man-of-war invited the Chiefs to tea on his ship and arranged to explode a mine for their edification. After tea Lady Thakombau, being the personage of the highest rank, was invited to touch the electric button which was to cause the explosion. She laid a taper finger on the button with studied carelessness and slowly pressed it. Hell broke loose two cables' length from the ship, but I was watching her face. It froze and turned to ice: a greenish pallor spread over it and the cold sweat of extreme fear broke out on her forehead. But she kept her attitude of aloof dignity notwithstanding.

British New Guinea

I RETURNED from Ba at the end of three months to find Sir Charles Mitchell gone, Sir John Thurston in England and Sir William Macgregor at Government House as Administrator. I received a message telling me to call upon him at once. That sort of message was always ominous to young officials, who search their memories for incidents that may have called forth the displeasure of their rulers. I could think of none.

I found Sir William pacing the room in unwonted restlessness. He went directly to the point.

"I have been offered the Administratorship of British New Guinea. Will you come with me?" I suppose I hesitated, for he went on: "The country has never been explored; it is unhealthy; it will be a rough life; there has been no attempt to govern it, and if I go there I mean to put the place in order. Do you care to come as my private secretary? I can arrange to keep your place open for you here in case you want to leave me."

Did I care! Much as I had come to love Fiji I would have given years of my life to explore this wonderful unknown continent, which at that time was the embodiment of romance. He was leaving at once, and I was to join him as soon as I was able to close up my work.

I completed all the outstanding business in time to catch the steamer and crossed from Cooktown to Port Moresby in the monthly sailing ship which took four days. As we approached New Guinea the great peaks of the Mount Owen Stanley Range (thirteen thousand feet) were hidden in cloud. It was not until we were within the harbour that we saw any sign of life—the white mission houses on low hills overlooking the native village built over the water on piles, the bungalow which was Government House, and on the eastern side of the bay the buildings of the only store. Native *catamarans* were round our ship at once with vegetables to sell. These were clumsy dugouts stopped in the stern with clay; the crews wore nothing but a piece

of pack thread tied round the waist and between the legs; the women wore many thicknesses of grass petticoat; both sexes had enormous mops of frizzy hair.

I learned several useful rules during my first evening on shore: first, that it was unsafe to leave the house after dark except in high boots, because the deaf adder had a habit of sleeping on the paths at night; second, that one must never put on a garment without shaking it for possible snakes and centipedes; and third, that tinned meats and biscuits were to be our portion unless we could supplement the daily fare with our guns.

Sir William was anxious to start on an expedition to the east as soon as the yacht *Hygeia* was ready for sea, and as it would take her seven days beating to windward against the south-east trade wind he arranged to do the journey on foot and join her at Samarai, otherwise Dinner Island. This nomenclature on the charts was bestowed by Admiral Moresby, who obtained leave from the Admiralty to take his flagship, the *Basilisk*, home via New Guinea and the Malay Archipelago. He was not popular in the wardroom, which soon came to know that he was writing a book. He bestowed the names of friends and relations upon the various bays and headlands, and called Samarai "Dinner Island" because he had his dinner there. The wardroom, meanwhile, was plotting a terrible revenge. One of the officers wrote a book—a far more interesting book than any which Admiral Moresby could possibly write, because it was a work of imagination. It appeared before the Admiral's great work and was crowned with immediate success. It went the round of the learned Societies, who were all taken in by it except, it is alleged, the Linnaean Society, who declined altogether to believe in the insects discovered by "Captain Lawson, R.N." Nevertheless it was a literary forgery that may be read with pleasure even in these days.

For the first few months it was impossible for any administrator of British New Guinea to be anything but an explorer, for nothing was known of the country except the coast line, and the natives were still in the Stone Age. Human life was cheap, the actual value seldom amounting to more than a pig and two spears. The natives of this vast territory had somehow to be convinced that the *Pax Britannica* forbade unprovoked murder. I remember well our first visit to a village which was built out in the shallow sea on piles like the neolithic lake dwell-

ings in Switzerland. We were ferried out to it in canoes, while our Papuan luggage carriers were camped on the seashore out of sight of us. The old Chief received us most hospitably. He and most of his court had the upper mandible of a hornbill embedded in their woolly hair. The interpreter explained that this was a sign that the wearer had killed his man in battle. Presently the Chief's son, a bright-eyed little boy of eleven, came in. He also wore the hornbill, and we inquired what he had done to deserve it. They explained that his father was anxious to confer knighthood upon him as early as possible and had held down a captured prisoner while the little boy beat out his brains with a toy club. But this did not prevent the exercise of the Christian virtue of hospitality. Sir William explained to the Chief that murder and inter-tribal wars were not looked upon with favour by the British Government and that he would be expected to confer no more hornbills. He listened with amused incredulity, and we proceeded on our way.

I came very early to know that it was unwise to allow a native guide to follow me in the bush, for he might at any time club or stab his white companion from behind, not from any malice, but from pure lightness of heart. But there was another reason for sending him ahead. These boys had extraordinarily sharp sight. They could distinguish birds and animals in the trees long before we could, and when one of us was detailed to shoot the dinner he always took with him a native guide. In one place our half-caste cook was able to bake us bread in one of the gigantic anthills that stood six feet high. All he did was to scoop out the inside and light his fire. The ants poured out of their habitation, which soon became red hot. The dough was put into it and the door closed by a stone.

Later in the journey we came upon a part of the coast where the high tide had formed deep stagnant pools behind a spit of sand some twenty yards wide. As we marched along this we noticed peculiar imprints of clawed feet with a track between, as if a ploughshare had been dragged across to the pools. The natives became excited and explained that these were the tracks of alligators. Some of them must have been of huge size. They led in both directions, to and from the pools. The alligator is not an elegant walker. He hoists his body into the air, and the ploughshare track is made by his tail. One of our party had a stick of dynamite, and having marked down a single

track of very large size leading from the sea to the pool, he attached the fuse and threw in the dynamite. There was a dull detonation—and loud exclamations from the natives. Then as the water became calm the bodies of fish floated to the surface, and finally the yellow undercarriage of a huge alligator. We commanded the natives to drag him out, but for once their cheerful obedience failed them. Not a man would venture near the pool. They held the alligator in wholesome awe.

At the Kemp Welsh River a scout discovered a row of sleeping alligators lying in the mud like stranded vessels. One of our party who knew the habits of the beast in Northern Australia marshalled us into a row on the opposite bank and apportioned an alligator to each. He was to give the words "One, Two, Three" and we were to fire simultaneously. I know that I hit my alligator and probably the others did too, but the only tangible effect was a slow backward gliding through the mud until they were lost to view in the stream. If they have a vital spot none of us could have touched it.

From alligators it is natural to turn to sharks. One evening when the yacht was anchored at Samarai I was asleep alone in the cabin. In my dreams I heard the boat bump against the side after midnight and the familiar sound of men whose carousals on shore had made them tuneful and quarrelsome. Then there was the thud of feet on the deck overhead, and I woke to hear a fight in full blast. The language that accompanied it would have been considered improper even in the nether regions. There was a rush and splash and then loud cries of "Man overboard!" I dashed on deck and found the boat's crew far too drunk and frightened to do anything at all, and in the wake of the yacht there was a man clothed in silver phosphorescence—quite a romantic object, probably for the first and last occasion in his life. There was nothing for it but to go in after him. Very few strokes brought me up to him, but we were both being whirled away by a five-knot current. He gripped me round the neck, and I had to quiet him with a few friendly taps on the head, and then the boat was manned and we were pulled in a few hundred yards away. It was not until I was out of the water that I remembered my friends, the sharks. We could see them clothed in phosphorescence all about the place where we had been. But my theory is that the shark of New Guinea is a coward and will not attack anything that

is in active motion. Many months later I was greatly surprised at receiving, through the kindness of Sir William, the bronze medal of the Royal Humane Society.

Later, when I was becalmed in a vessel bound for Cooktown and we had run short of all food except *pâté de foie gras* and biscuits, the sharks swam lazily round us, and the mate baited a hook with salt pork. We all sat round to watch the fun. Presently the largest of our escort ranged up to it and eyed it very doubtfully. He had two beautiful pilot fish swimming over his head—little things about the size of a mackerel with transverse dark bars along the body. They, too, took no particular interest in the pork, but presently they scouted forward and appeared to smell the bait. They made no visible signal to the shark, who now came slowly up with a broad smile on his ugly face, turned on his side and took the bait. Thereupon the pilot fish disappeared. We slew the monster first with rifle bullets and then, when we had got him on deck, with a hatchet. I noticed that the other sharks had no pilot fish; they were not big enough. I suppose that a shark goes into pilot fish as a boy goes into trousers, or a Labour Minister into police protection.

The yacht had been beating up to eastward through the trades, and at East Cape we embarked for Samarai. It was a dreary little sugar-loaf island, with a few trading bungalows inhabited by fever-stricken storekeepers and with a white bungalow on the top of the hill which ranked as Government House. There we learnt the disquieting news that gold had been discovered at Sudest Island in the Louisiades and that a gold rush of Australian miners had begun. Sir William Macgregor was not at all disconcerted. He thought that the fever of prospecting might be turned to account in the exploration of the group.

The Louisiade natives had not had a very favourable introduction to civilisation. Vessels equipped with diving apparatus had anchored off their coasts in pursuit of pearl shell. The crews had gone ashore and insulted the gods by not respecting the tabu. The natives had tried to avert the divine anger by cutting the airpipe while the diver was down below. The whites had retaliated by landing a party at night and taking a few heads from the village. The natives had laid poisoned spears at a sharp angle along the paths in the hope that an invader might spear himself as he advanced, and the whites had then

burnt villages, shot natives and resorted to all the usual proceedings of a punitive expedition. Chief among the offenders was a wily Greek. I forget exactly what murders he was accused of, but there were certainly more than one. His arrest was sought in spite of the fact that there was nowhere in which to put him if he were arrested. One sultry morning I was sitting on the veranda of Government House when I saw a stage pirate climbing the hill towards me. He had gold earrings, black ringlets and a red sash round his waist. He accosted me cheerfully and asked if I was the Governor, whom he had to see on a matter of pressing importance. From his appearance, I felt sure that he was my Greek friend, but as I had no warrant for his arrest, I parleyed. He then produced two quite magnificent pearls, perfectly matched, and explained that he had brought them as a present to Sir William Macgregor. I said that Sir William never accepted presents and asked whether they were for sale. He said, "Certainly," and the price was five shillings. I imagine that they were then worth many hundreds. Needless to say I didn't accept the bribe. My pirate friend was never brought to justice for lack of a prosecutor. I think he had seen to that himself by wiping out the other side, but human life in those days was held very cheap.

When a man-of-war was sent to avenge the death of a white trader on the north-east coast, the Captain sent an ultimatum to the village, through an interpreter, that unless the murderer, Gorahi, was delivered to him before twelve o'clock, the village would be shelled and destroyed. About a quarter to twelve a small dugout paddled off to the ship, manned by a single native. The coxswain received him at the gangway. He handed up first a pig, then two spears and a stone axe, and, lastly, a bunch of bananas, explaining that he had come to pay for the white man. They asked him who he was, and he said, "Gorahi." The Captain was in a dilemma. According to the native law, all was squared when the usual payment for a human life had been made. And yet Gorahi had to be made a prisoner.

Sir William Macgregor solved all these difficulties in an unconventional way. Unless the case was very flagrant, he had the convicted murderer sent down to Port Moresby and put in jail. If his conduct was good and he was a powerful man—as he generally was—he was educated to be a police constable, and then he was sent back to his village to spread the blessings of civilisation among his fellows. Being

in a uniform and an official acting directly under Queen Victoria, he became far the most powerful person in the district.

I noticed that Sir William Macgregor was the only one of the party who had brought a mosquito-net. In those days the association of the mosquito with malarial fever had not been discovered. We chaffed him about this luxurious habit and he retorted that it was a precaution against malaria; he had an idea that the net acted as a filter for the air and that his theory would be proved if we all got fever and he did not. It was a good example of how prudent men will do the right thing for the wrong reason. The event proved his case, as he thought, for all the rest of the party got fever and he did not. This was in 1888, before Ross's discovery of the malarial mosquito.

After a call at the mysterious island of Rossel, whose inhabitants, it was alleged, had once devoured a wrecked cargo of four hundred Chinese, our next port was Sudest. Here we found a gunboat sent from the Australian station as soon as the "rush" was reported. It was my first experience of an Australian gold field. Already about fifteen hundred men were on the field, and more were coming from Cooktown. They dispersed in pairs along all the stream beds, washing the gravel in pans, and many of them had a few natives to help them. Stories were current of deals with the natives which seemed to be lacking in strict honesty; of diggers who had bought large nuggets for a stick of trade tobacco; but the natives were quite satisfied: if white men held so much to the worthless yellow pebbles from their rivers and were ready to pay for it in priceless tobacco, that was only another instance of the inherent folly of white men.

While Sir William was receiving the leading diggers, I went off with the naval doctor to wash for gold. We worked hard for two hours: I got nothing, but he found a half-ounce nugget in his first pan. Such was his luck that he came away with three nuggets for his morning's work, and I—with "Chinamen's wages." The gold was very pure, worth £4 2s. od. an ounce, for I sold several bags of it at that price at the Cooktown bank for my miner friends who were good enough to trust me. It was much waterworn, and the serious miners spent many days in searching for the reef from which it must have come. This they never found. Perhaps the mountains in which it had been had been washed away centuries ago. These Australian

miners had become rough geologists, and in one subsequent voyage with them they were looking keenly at the mountains for slate.

My chief had had a very useful talk with the best of these men. What they most wanted was a Warden competent to deal with the disorderly contingent who are the curse of all gold fields and to issue miners' rights. He had promised to find them one, and to my dismay I found that I was to be offered up. When I objected that I could do nothing without police to enforce my decisions, they laughed and said, "You won't want any police, mister, while we're about. We'll see that your word goes. All we want is someone who's not a digger: we'll do the rest."

So I became the first Warden of the Sudest gold field, and I held office for two whole days, to the apparent satisfaction of my constituents.

On the third day, when the *Hygeia* was about to sail, my chief announced that he had found a man to relieve me, a man of high character, who was personally popular with the miners, and so I was free to continue with the expedition.

We were now a larger party than had ever embarked on the yacht before, for my chief, with characteristic foresight, had offered a passage to twenty of the most respectable miners upon conditions. For his part he would land them wherever they liked for the purpose of prospecting; for theirs, they would undertake to act as special constables whenever their services might be required. Some of them were rough diamonds; there was a strong infusion of Queensland Irishmen, whose opinion of the mother country, as wafted to me through the cabin skylight, was disturbing to listen to, but they were sober and orderly, and they fulfilled their part of the bargain in full. I found them keenly scanning the cliffs of St. Aignan as we ran the length of the island. They had marked the presence of slate, and presently they asked my chief to let them land if it was consistent with the safety of the vessel.

At last a suitable anchorage was found: the men were landed, while we opened up communication with the natives. They returned in the evening empty-handed, but events proved that they were right. Long after the Sudest gold field was abandoned the new field in St. Aignan was being worked.

I adopted at this island the plan of other collectors. We made it

known that we would pay the natives for specimens of birds, beasts and insects. Within an hour canoes put off to the yacht with every kind of beast and bird and all of them were alive and neatly muzzled with a blade of grass. Among them was a delightful little creature, a flying-phalanger not much larger than a mouse, who was tame from the first and lived in my breast-pocket. He sat with us at meals and ate raspberry jam, holding the spoon firmly with his little paws. When meal times seemed to tarry he used to remind me of his feelings by a shrill chatter, and once he so far forgot himself as to chatter while I was prosecuting four native murderers, who looked much disturbed when they discovered that the discordant little chatter proceeded from the person of their prosecutor. Poor "Richard's" end was tragic. He chose a moment when the yacht was running close inshore to run up the standing rigging to the masthead. I saw him craning his little head towards the greenery on shore, and, judging that he could do the flight, he spread his furry planes and launched himself. He covered perhaps fifty yards before he fell into the sea and for some time we could see him breasting the waves bravely. Then we saw him no more! Probably a large fish had taken him. It was unsafe to bring the yacht into those narrow, ill-charted waters.

Another of our pets was a black wallaby. This tiny kangaroo was no larger than a hare. It was tame from the first and we let it loose in the cabin. During the night I was wakened by a cold little nose against my hand. The wallaby was lonesome or cold and it was asking to be taken up into my bunk where it snuggled down contentedly. Unlike Richard, it did not thrive afloat and it died soon after its capture.

From the Louisiades we made for the D'Entrecasteaux group. These three large islands rise to a height of eight thousand feet and are volcanic in origin. While the miners were prospecting in Ferguson Island we went for a bathe in the river. I was swimming under the bank when suddenly I found that the water was hot and steaming like a hot bath. I called up the others to verify the temperature, and at that moment Kowald, our naturalist, exclaimed, "Listen! What was that?" Through all the other sounds, the ripple of the river and the chorus of the birds and the crickets, there came a rhythmic pounding like that of a steam hammer. We dressed, loaded our guns and set off in the direction of the sound, which grew louder as we

approached. The forest had become thinner, and at last we broke into a sort of desert amphitheatre bare of vegetation. We were walking on a thin crust of sulphur, crystalline in the sun. The whole crust was vibrating. I was tempted to put a finger to one of the little open tubes that projected from the crust and drew it quickly away, for the burn raised a blister. Then we saw what was making the noise. In the middle of the sulphur field was a cauldron of boiling mud of the consistency of treacle. Great bubbles of steam formed in it and burst with a loud report. Gradually the whole mass rose to the brink, and a jet of molten mud shot up into the air. Then the mass collapsed and the process was repeated. We were glad to leave the place: the soles of our rubber shoes were melted into paste.

Our naturalist, Kowald, knew that Ferguson Island was the home of that rare bird of paradise, *Paradisea decora*, a cousin of *Paradisea Wagellana*, whose plumes used to decorate ladies' hats. He was busy making arrangements with the natives while we were bathing, and at daybreak next morning four of us set out up the mountain. The *decora* has a very limited range: it abounds on one mountain slope in Ferguson Island, and as far as I know it has been met with nowhere else. Like all birds of paradise, its plumage is not complete until it is four years old, and we resolved not to fire at a hen or an immature cock. In the breeding season the cocks select their dancing tree. The hen sits demurely aloft while the cocks perform acrobatic feats for her delectation, hanging by their beaks or a single claw, the better to display their plumes. The hen sidles up to the mate she prefers, and the rest take themselves and their charms to another market. The cocks are very pugnacious, and it is enough to simulate their cry, "Kok-kok-kok-kok-kok," to have every bird within earshot making for you to fight. We had not long to wait. As soon as Kowald filled the air with his discordant note there was a reply; the challenge grew louder as the bird approached and, in a moment, a magnificent mature cock fell to one of our guns. We limited ourselves to six to supply the principal museums and then returned to the yacht with our bag. It is this pugnacity which threatens the extinction of this peerless bird.

Birds are the jewels of New Guinea. In the march through the sombre forest they flash across the path in a blaze of colour. It was while we were running close inshore along the coast of St. Aignan that we first heard the low liquid note of the *Manucodia Comrii*, a

bird included among the birds of paradise and allied like all the family to the crow. It abounded in the Louisiades, and at St. Aignan we secured one specimen of a manucodia up to that time unknown to ornithologists. The bird is blue-black without plumes and covered with crimped feathers curving outward from the body and glistening with a metallic sheen. It was not until we began to skin the Comrii that we discovered the secret of his penetrating note which we had heard out at sea. Instead of entering the thorax at once, the windpipe is coiled on the breast immediately under the skin. When uncoiled it proved to be fifteen inches long. In the rarer variety, provisionally named *Manucodia Thomsoni*, after me, its discoverer, the windpipe is not coiled, but extends under the skin to the end of the breastbone and then returns.

From Ferguson Island we crossed to Goodenough, which rises steeply to a cone. No doubt there is an extinct crater on the summit. The soil is very fertile, and the people have larger houses and are more prosperous than on the mainland opposite. They were friendly and communicative, and we saw no sign of head-hunting in their villages. We ran down to Samarai for the mails and there found Captain Baden-Powell, A.D.C. to the Governor of Queensland, waiting for us. He was on leave and had come to join our exploring expedition if we would let him. His outfit put us all to shame: it included everything that a Guardsman ought to travel with and a good deal more besides, for he was an expert amateur photographer and a naturalist, and the Army and Navy Stores had supplied him with everything that the heart of an explorer can desire in a tropical country. I overheard the mate remark gloomily as his outfit was being hoisted on board that he had "forgotten the grand piano." What the mate thought of his new shipmate's appearance after two months in the bush, he was too discreet to say. The only objection to Baden-Powell's outfit was that it would have taken a team of pack mules to carry it, and the rule of our expedition was that every man "humped his own swag": so the outfit remained in the yacht's hold and was rarely visited by its owner. At the end of a fortnight he looked nearly as disreputable as ourselves. We left our miners at Samarai. Their prospecting in the d'Entrecasteaux group had been negative.

Milne Bay, the deep indentation at the eastern extremity of the mainland, was now our objective, for it had been rarely visited by

Europeans and never explored. The yacht dropped us at the northern cape of the bay, and we started on our long tramp. Every stream and headland formed a frontier between tribes, and the noisy escort of new-made friends could never be induced to set foot upon their neighbours' territory. Their very presence made us suspect with the new people, and all the work had to be done over again. We were back in the Stone Age. I saw a carpenter hollowing a canoe with a celt of greenstone, and when I asked him why he did not buy a steel adze from a passing trader he replied that steel cut too deep into the wood, while a stone axe removed only a shaving. There seemed to be no chiefs: the old men exercised some slight authority, but the young warriors seemed to be very independent.

My work was that of making friends, and for this purpose I carried the trade bag which contained all the cheap-jack things that are sold at fairs—knives, tobacco, cotton print, needles and looking-glasses. We were received always by two or three old men who proceeded to disinfect us spiritually by mumbling incantations and spitting chewed herbs over us, while the warriors loitered in the background. I then displayed my wares and, when I knew from the glistening eyes which object took their fancy, I made presents all round. Their tastes differed at every frontier. At one we found a very wild rabble who regarded my wealth with indifference. Nothing seemed to please them until I bethought me of an old Australian newspaper which I had in my pocket. With much ceremony I tore this into squares and presented one to each of the leading men. To my great surprise, they accepted them with enthusiasm and pressed round me for more. As the newspaper began to give out, I made the squares smaller until there was no more to give. I noticed that all put the paper reverently into their woven bags, probably as charms against disease or as talismans to make them invulnerable in battle.

In several of the villages the principal house was decorated with human skulls suspended in a row over the doorway. In one, where the old Chief was friendly and hospitable, my chief pointed to a grisly row, shook his head and indicated by signs that they must be buried. He took them to be the trophies of head-hunting, but I had a secret doubt whether they were not the relics of dead relations. The old man was compliant: he allowed us to take down the skulls and bury them while he and his family stood round the grave, but when we passed

through the same village three weeks later they were all up again in their proper place. Later investigations in Milne Bay proved my chief to have been right. The skulls had belonged to enemies killed in battle and afterwards eaten. The old chief had taken us for eccentric travellers whose fads it were wiser to indulge. He must have heaved a sigh of relief when he saw us over the border into the territory of his inveterate foes. Exploration was only a secondary object in this journey. My chief wanted to know, of course, what sort of people he had to govern in a country as large as France on a total revenue of £15,000 a year, but his main object was to make it safe for Europeans to go from one part of the possession to another unharmed. We were soon to know how necessary protection had become.

We picked up the yacht at the other extremity of Milne Bay and were running down the coast towards Samarai when, as we entered a shallow bay, the captain reported a wreck lying on the foreshore. We hove to and sent a boat to examine her. She was a tiny ketch, the *Star of Peace*. She had been looted and set on fire. My chief determined to land and inquire into the circumstances, and as the yacht had brought a native interpreter we landed in force to find the nearest village. My boat took us to the wreck, and on examining the remains of the deck I discovered fresh cuts with a hatchet in the woodwork and bloodstains which I judged to be not more than two days old. The yacht was sent back to Samarai for stores. The first thing we noticed on the shore opposite the wreck was a fresh-made native grave. From a stake in the middle of the grave depended an ordinary whisky bottle entirely cased with woven grass, with coloured decorations in the weaving. It was a quarter full of clear liquid. We poured out a little on the sand, which was entirely composed of tiny sea shells, and they began to froth and bubble wherever the liquid touched them. It was hydrochloric acid, which trading vessels carry for cleaning the backs of pearl shells.

We Go To War

THE *Hygeia* brought news from Samarai. On the previous day a Melanesian had been ferried across from the mainland covered with hatchet wounds. He was faint from loss of blood, but he told a fairly connected story. He had been the only hand on board the *Star of Peace*, which belonged to a respectable old white man well known in Samarai, who got his living by trading goods with the natives for pearl shell and curiosities. Two days ago they had anchored and laid out their goods for sale. A number of young natives had come off and received them in friendly fashion. Suddenly, at a signal from the leading warrior, they had grabbed whatever they could lay their hands upon and thrown it into their canoes. The old trader had seized the leader, who picked up a hatchet and felled him to the deck, afterwards hacking him to death. Then they fell upon the Melanesian: he escaped death only by jumping overboard and hiding beneath the hull until they had looted the vessel and set her on fire. Then something occurred to sober them. The leading warrior found a bottle in the cabin and announced that this was what white men drank to make them strong. With that, he poured the liquor down his throat and began to caper and scream. Then he fell and died, and they buried him where he breathed out his life and hung the bottle over him, since it was the contents of that which had killed him. At this point the Melanesian had crawled ashore, and they seemed afraid to touch him. He was two days making his way to Samarai.

This was a case that called for an example. Judging that the news of the piracy must now have spread wide, we made for the village next to that of the pirates and made friends with its natives. From them we got the names of the four principal men concerned. The arch-murderer was one Guarigoahi, who had planned the piracy in detail and who was now in the next village in very defiant mood. On the following morning we landed in a boat. Baden-Powell, a native who could identify Guarigoahi and I went forward on the

pretence of shooting pigeons. Besides my gun I had taken a pair of handcuffs in my game bag. A well-trodden path between solid walls of foliage brought us to the village. It seemed very quiet. At that moment we saw a pigeon at the top of a high tree, and Baden-Powell brought it down. As we afterwards knew, that shot saved our lives, for an ambush had been laid for us: the deadly effect of a shotgun that could slay at such a distance threw the ambush into confusion. Seeing no one, we were returning towards the boat when we saw four natives in the path. Our native guide touched my arm and told me that the last of the four was Guarigoahi himself, a red-skinned, mop-headed warrior with long feathers stuck in his hair. I whispered to Baden-Powell to hang back a little with his gun ready while I passed them. They made way for me, and as they resumed their walk I seized the murderer by his arms and slipped the handcuffs on his wrists. He struggled and yelled vociferously, but I got him between me and the boat and urged him forward none too gently.

It is difficult to give a coherent account of what happened next. I remembered the *swish* of spears hurled at us from the bush and missing us; I remember Baden-Powell coolly firing right and left into the impenetrable with No. 5 shot. I remember running my prisoner down to the boat and Christiansen, a huge Viking of a sailor, lifting him like a sack and dumping him into the bows; I remember also seeing rifles levelled and a good deal of firing over my head. It was at that moment that my prisoner escaped. I remember seeing him stick a pair of very long, thin legs over the gunwale, and I shouted to his two Norwegian gaolers who were firing, but my voice was drowned by the din, and next moment he was running swiftly along the beach, with his manacled hands stretched out before him, and I was giving chase. But I had not covered three yards before the man dropped. I saw the blood welling from his back in the sunlight: a native ran down from the bush to succour him, not understanding what had befallen; the firing ceased. But for those two figures and one other lying just behind me, the beach was empty.

“ You’ve got to thank the Governor that you’re alive, old man,” said Baden-Powell, and then he told me what had happened. As I was bringing down my prisoner an old man, afterwards identified as the Chief, had run down to within a yard of me, brandishing a lance with a double line of tooth-shaped barbs an inch long. At the very

moment when he was drawing back his arm to plunge it into my back, Sir William Macgregor dropped him with his rifle, a difficult shot, since the man was covered by my body, but my chief was a wonderful shot. We used to chaff him about his contempt for a shotgun. He said that he could do everything with a rifle that we could do with our "scatterguns." Once a frigate bird was cruising overhead; the boat was unsteady. I said, "You cannot bring that bird down." Without a word he sighted his rifle, and down came the bird. We challenged him one day to kill a huge turtle which was floating two hundred yards from the boat. "Wait till he puts his head up. Just splash a bit with your oars." Up went the turtle's head; the Governor fired, and the turtle floated motionless without a head. We pulled over to him: the bullet had gone clean through his brain. We had him for dinner, and after that there was no more chaff. Years afterwards, in London, Baden-Powell showed me the spear that would have finished my career but for that well-timed shot: he had brought it home as a trophy.

We were now at open war with the pirate tribe. We had sent them a message that we should invest their territory until the remaining three murderers were given up. Receiving no reply, we moved the yacht into a beautiful little bay masked at the entrance by an islet covered with trees. At the bottom of this bay was the chief village of the pirates, who had deserted it and left it to us. Here we made our camp and sent the yacht to Samarai for supplies. My chief thought, as I did, that active hostilities would be unnecessary: all we need do was to sit down in their village and hold their plantations to tire them out. We had news of them from friendly natives: they were camped most uncomfortably in the bush, moving their camp continually from fear of an attack and spending the days in foraging and in long debates about our demands. Unfortunately the three men we demanded were persons of influence, and naturally they had a great deal to say about the propriety of handing them over.

The days passed slowly. We began to make exploratory excursions round the bay in pairs while the rest guarded our camp. I had long had an eye upon the islet. Every evening flocks of doves flew to it to roost, and it began to assume the lure of an undiscovered country. One morning I arranged with Healy to take one of the *catamarans* and explore the island. We took sandwiches, and two guns, partly

for shooting game, but also for defence, for in native fighting there is nothing better than a 12-bore, which hurts but does not kill. A *catamaran* is not to be recommended to a timid boatman. It consists of three solid logs of very light wood, pointed at the bow and roughly lashed together—a raft, in fact—and, with two men aboard, the seat is always awash. Being very short it tends to go round in a circle when one paddles, until one has mastered the peculiar stroke, half forward and half outward, to keep the head straight. Even then progress is very slow. After an hour's paddling we reached the island and hid our *catamaran*. It was a jungle of “wait-a-bit” thorn—a sort of blackberry with thorns that rivet themselves into one’s clothes and refuse to let go. Fortunately, Healy had brought a bush knife, with which we hacked ourselves to the middle of the island without seeing any birds. We came across the vestige of a path; it was clear that the natives seldom visited it.

We decided to separate. Healy was to cut his way to the seaward side, and I was to mount guard over the *catamaran* till he came back. Our craft was there, and I began to pick my way through the bush westward to look for a place to lunch in when I caught the sound of paddles. It was an awkward moment, for I was in the grip of “wait-a-bit” thorns and could not move hand or foot. I had a narrow view of the bay; suddenly a *catamaran* with three armed natives came into my line of vision. I hailed them, thinking that they might be friends, or, if enemies bent on cutting us off by taking our *catamaran*, that they would take alarm. They did not leave me in doubt; two of them stood up, brandishing their lances, but to my great relief the third swung his craft round and began to paddle hard for the mainland. Hearing my shouts, Healy came running for our craft. We pushed off, determined on a naval action. But after some minutes we saw that they had the legs of us. I shouted to them to stop—it was one of the words in their language that we had learnt—and then I fired a shot over their heads. As this only made them paddle harder and they were seventy yards away, I let them have the left barrel, and we thought that none of the No. 5 shot could have touched them. But six weeks later, when we had made peace and they were exuberant in their friendship, a young warrior ran up, wreathed in smiles, to shake hands with the “man in the big hat.” He showed me, with amused pride, four places in his back and arms where I could feel

pellets just under the skin. I offered to have them taken out, but he would not hear of it. He wanted to keep them to show to his friends. He was quite frank about his object in coming to the island. It was not to kill us, but to cut out our *catamaran* and leave us marooned there.

Our siege dragged on for many days, but in the end word was brought to us that the pirates were weakening. On this we sent them a message that if they would surrender the men within three days we would make peace, but otherwise we should proceed to very active measures. We knew, as they did, that they were hemmed in by unfriendly tribes who would rejoice at their fall, since each one of them had old scores to wipe out. The next day they demanded a parley, and my chief received three old men, we grouping ourselves about him armed. A more striking group of cut-throats than we looked has never disgraced the picture page of a daily paper. What we lacked in numbers we made up in ferocity and grime. After the interview my chief unkindly asserted that they meant to refuse his terms, but having taken one swift glance at his bodyguard they changed their minds and were ready to agree to anything.

In the afternoon three wild-looking ruffians walked boldly into our camp and were identified by more than one friendly native as the three men we wanted. They were taken off to the yacht and shackled by the leg to the bulwarks. We embarked with all our stores and sailed for Samarai. There were troubles ahead. There was no lock-up at Samarai, as we knew from past experience when uproarious miners got drunk and we had to hold the men until the Chief Justice could be brought from Port Moresby to try them. Sir William Macgregor decided to do what no colonial Governor had ever done before —to build a lock-up with his own hands. We chose a site, felled cocoanut palms, and with tools drawn from the yacht and the local traders we all set to work. We were one of the sights of the place. Miners and traders came to smoke their pipes and criticise our skill all day long, but not one of them volunteered to help us.

At the end of a week we had built a large log hut, roofed it with thatch and furnished it with a heavy wooden door and a chain and padlock. To test it, we locked up one of our natives in it and promised him a sovereign if he could get out, and when he failed we brought the prisoners ashore and locked them up. They had eaten

enormous meals and were getting quite fat. I had many conversations with these men through our interpreter, a Milne Bay native, who had worked for three years in Fiji and spoke a sort of pidgin Fijian, which was better than his pidgin English—the *lingua franca* of these parts. Of course, we did not speak of their crime, but they answered questions freely about native beliefs and explained the meaning of many practices, such as the disinfection of strangers, that had puzzled us. They seemed to have a very vague conception of a future life. Every man had a soul—on that they were all agreed: but when it left the body they were not sure whether it went at once to the summit of the high mountains or loitered near the grave. What it did when it reached the mountains, none of them knew.

Our experience in New Guinea was a study in the evolution of language. We had long conversations with natives met at sea without any words at all. They told their point of departure and their destination; that was easy: they had only to point. They told us how many days they had been at sea and how many more it would take them to reach port—this by laying the side of the head on the crooked arm in the attitude of sleep. It is remarkable how many concrete ideas one can express by signs, and the wits of these people have been sharpened by long practice with other natives, all equally under the curse of Babel. They are incredibly quick in apprehension of our blundering signs, and their faces, eyes, hands and bodies are electrified in the process of conversation. In talking to the natives who have associated with white men, pidgin English is the tongue. We became adepts at it, though I began to wonder how these people are ever to learn English from men who refer to all women as “one feller Mary” and to meals as “one feller Kaikai.” Yet if New Guinea is ever to advance there must be a common language, and pidgin English seems to be its destiny.

One morning the *Hygeia* was reported back from Port Moresby with Winter, the Chief Justice. We had hastily to settle the procedure. The yacht's cabin was to be the High Court. I was to act as prosecutor; the witnesses were to be ready on the beach to be brought off as they were required. I had to prepare my brief by a consultation with the witnesses under the shade of cocoanut palms. The witnesses spoke five several languages, and for four of these interpreters were found who translated the native language into pidgin English, which

I translated to the Judge. Had the accused used their right of cross-examination, confusion would have been confounded, but they did not deny the fact of the murder or their part in it. Their defence was that there were others as guilty as themselves, which our witnesses bore out. As a result, other arrests were made at a later date; the arrested men were sentenced to penal servitude at Port Moresby, which meant, under my chief's policy, as I have said, that within a year they were back in Milne Bay in a policeman's uniform.

Late that evening the three prisoners were sentenced to death by hanging, and next morning the yacht set sail for the scene of the crime to carry out the sentence. The execution, a death in cold blood with cold formality in a form quite foreign to native custom, was witnessed by hundreds of natives drawn by curiosity from all parts of the coast. It created a profound impression, and there were no further attacks on Europeans for years to come; in fact, Milne Bay became the safest part of the possession to land in, and a detailed anthropological study of the tribes became possible.

Immediately after the execution we set forth on our return march. We fed better on this march than we had done before. Our route lay farther inland, over grassy hills that abounded in wallaby. We travelled for several days without seeing a village except at a distance, and wide tracts of good land bore no trace of ever having been cultivated. The population was all on the coast, and it was not until one reached the foothills of the big range, or the banks of the rivers, that villages were to be found. It was on this journey, when we reached the forest, that I first heard the hornbill in flight. At first I listened in growing astonishment, for the sound was that of the puffing of a locomotive under a heavy load. But the rhythmic sound was caused by the slow flapping of the great bird's wings. We also heard the drumming of the cassowary, but I never saw one wild. Before my arrival they had tamed one at Government House, but the cook became so harassed by its impudence that my chief decided to present it to the Brisbane Zoo if he could obtain a passage for it. This cassowary was a professional thief. It would walk heavily into the kitchen and take meat from under the very hands of the cook, and if he dared to object it would prance and chuckle with rage—a sure warning that it meant to attack. It was then the cook's turn to chatter—in mingled rage and fear—while the cassowary settled down to business by swallowing our

dinner at a gulp. The cup was filled one morning when the carpenter walked two miles to procure a pound of nails. The cassowary crept up and stole the parcel, running with it into the bush, pursued by the carpenter with a naked chisel. But the cassowary ran faster than the carpenter, and the nails were never recovered. It was thoughtful and subdued that afternoon, and we supposed that it had swallowed them. A man-of-war was in harbour, bound direct for Brisbane. My chief introduced the cassowary to the captain, who liked its looks so much that he offered it a passage to the Zoo and promised to send his gig's crew for him next morning. When they came the coxswain looked at the bird thoughtfully, consulted with his men, and then he came to the bungalow and tapped on the veranda.

"You haven't such a thing as a pair of handcuffs about you, sir? We want them for that ostrich bird," he said.

The manacles were produced, and my chief went out to see the fun. The men got round the cassowary, and the coxswain approached it with ingratiating noises. The bird resented this and put itself into a fighting attitude. The coxswain threw the handcuffs to one of his men and did the same, calling out, "When the beggar goes for me just get hold of his legs and tip him over. Then slip the darbies on to his ankles." It was all over in two seconds, and the last seen of the thief was a bundle of feathers and a dejected blue-and-scarlet head carried shoulder-high down to the boat.

It was the season of the annual trading voyages to the west. The great trading canoes were rigged: the last I saw of the native village was the women carrying their baskets of pottery on board before I was down with malarial fever. The canoes would return six months later when the north-west monsoon began to blow, loaded with sago from the mouth of the Fly River. This annual traffic must have been centuries old. It was girt about with ceremonial and superstition. A European, who accompanied the canoes, described how when they came to a certain bay the great mat crab-claw sail was lowered though the wind was fair. He remonstrated, but they seemed astonished and said, "Our ancestors always lowered the sail and paddled across this bay." Had they dared to break away from a time-honoured custom, the wrath of some spirit would pursue them.

I had had one or two ague fits before, but never as bad as on my

return to Port Moresby, where the fits returned every three days, leaving me weaker with each attack. My chief, who was a very competent physician, gave me every possible attention, but at last he came to a decision. "You'll have to go home," he said. "I have taken a passage for you in the schooner which sails to-morrow for Cooktown." It was a great blow to me, for we were then making preparations for the ascent of Mount Owen Stanley, a feat never till then attempted. How Sir William Macgregor accomplished the feat has become a matter of history. I pleaded to be allowed to stay at least for another month in case I got better, but to no purpose.

"You've got it badly," he said. "I won't take the responsibility."

And so I saw New Guinea for the last time, beaten, had I but known it in time, by a mosquito. I left nothing behind me but my name, which was given to a bay to the west of the mouth of the Fly River. I got home with some difficulty, living for days together on lumps of frozen milk and too weak to stagger on deck even in the Red Sea. My father took me to the famous Indian doctor, Sir Joseph Fayrer, who cured me. His parting words were, "If you do all that I've told you, you may get well: if you don't, well, I may as well tell you. A man, not as ill as you are, went off and didn't do as I told him. He came back to me six months later with a liver as big as a bath sponge." He paused.

"And what happened to him?"

"Died, of course. He came back too late."

I did what he told me.

My Two New Jobs

THOUGH I HAD NEVER felt acute nostalgia like many other exiles, that home-coming, after six years, was a sensation never to be forgotten. A sister and a brother had married. I heard the names of new friends and some of the old ones had receded into the background, as happens in all large families. Otherwise there was little change. My father was now sixty-nine, but he did not look older than when I had last seen him; his step was as firm as ever and his brain was alert. My mother was quite unaltered.

She was still charmingly vague about details. I had been telling her about the spiny fruit of the *durian*: how, if it chanced to fall from a height of sixty feet upon a man's head it killed him. That evening at a dinner party I heard her cooing to the man sitting on her right—a Judge of the High Court: "He has the most wonderful stories to tell about New Guinea. There is a fruit there, larger than a cocoanut and covered with sharp spines, and every time it falls it kills a man." The Judge's eye sought mine with a hanging expression as though to say, "If you ever come before me as a witness, my young friend, I shall know the value to attach to *your* evidence."

Beyond the usual routine of reading papers before the Geographical Society and the Anthropological Institute, I did little except follow the doctor's orders, and the intervals between my ague fits began to draw out until I felt that the malaria was waning. There had been snow on Crete as we passed it, and the cold weather of the early spring must have helped my cure. Then came my engagement and my marriage at the end of October, 1889, with a honeymoon in Corsica to complete my cure.

My father and many friends, who disliked the idea of my wife departing to the antipodes, had been making efforts to obtain a post for me in a less distant colony, but the Colonial Office had no available vacancy, and the Government of Fiji had written to inquire when I was coming back. Malaria, of course, put New Guinea out of bounds

for me. There was nothing for it but to pack up and go. In January, 1890, we were again afloat. We stopped in Naples and Egypt on the way and reached Fiji in March. Sir John Thurston was now Governor and High Commissioner of the Western Pacific. At our first interview he announced that a new post was being created for me, a post that would have been filled long before if a suitable man had been available. The ownership of native lands had never been cleared up, and with every fresh lease to planters a dozen owners appeared to claim the rent. As I was believed to be the best posted in native custom of any of the younger men, and it had been ascertained that the chiefs would accept my ruling, the Executive Council had decided to make me Commissioner of Native Lands. I should be free to formulate my own procedure, and the Governor in Council would ratify my awards.

It was work that appealed to me strongly. The Fijians had a very complicated system of unwritten land laws, varying greatly in every province, and the investigation of titles would throw a searchlight upon obscure points of native history. After the conquest and burning of a village the victors claimed all the conquered land, but under the *Pax Britannica* the descendants of the broken tribe dared to creep out and claim their ancient domain. I had to decide which of the two claims was the just one. In one instance the only surviving owners of very valuable leased land on the Rewa River were a brother and sister of eighteen and twenty. They came forward every quarter to claim the rent, more than £100, attended by all their distant cousins who, on the way home, relieved them of the greater part of it by *kerekere*, which is a sort of ceremonial mendicancy which no self-respecting Fijian dared to refuse. This polite form of Communism stood in the way of any material improvement in the welfare of the natives, for of what use was it to work hard if you had to surrender the fruits of your industry to a horde of importunate idle relations?

I attacked the Rewa district first because there the tenure was the most complicated. Much of the land was surrounded by mangrove swamps, and the little patches of cultivable land were held by individuals who had come by the land in strange fashion—one because his great-grandfather had reclaimed it from the swamp, another because his father had cut off his little finger when the chief died and the widow had given him the land in recompense. This tenure was recog-

nised as "Tenure of the Lopped Finger"—the only form of mourning I know which can be turned to profit. In the course of my work I learned a great deal of native custom and history that could have been acquired in no other way.

We were able to take a house in Suva. For transport I had a whale-boat and crew and, now that we had a fixed home, we could keep horses. In June the High Commissioner sailed in H.M.S. *Rapid* for Tonga, where there were fresh complaints of misgovernment.

The lack of cable communication with Fiji became acutely felt when our relations with France became strained. I think that the occasion was Fashoda. Our last news from Australia had warned us that at any moment we might be at war and we were quite defenceless. We had a month to wait for news, but the tension was relieved when H.M.S. *Royalist* called at Suva to coal. She, too, was without news, and her captain decided to wait for the mail steamer. To our great surprise, a day before the mail steamer was due, a French man-of-war was signalled. We had visions of a naval action in Suva harbour, and no foreign warship was ever received with so much interest. The Governor being absent in Tonga, the Chief Justice was in temporary charge of the Colony. The French boat was very small and inferior to the *Royalist* in armament. When her captain made his official call, it became known that she had come to coal and that she had left Tahiti knowing nothing of the strained relations between the two countries. There was no one in the Colony to enlighten him, but in order to keep him out of mischief, the Chief Justice invited him to dinner and asked us, as being two of the few people in Suva who could speak French, to come and help him with his guests. They were charming people, and a cloud of black perfidy seemed to hang about the dinner table, especially at the moment of leave-taking and voluble thanks for British hospitality, since we knew, and the captain did not, that in the event of adverse news dispositions had been made on board H.M.S. *Royalist* for calling upon the Frenchmen to surrender as prisoners of war.

Next day, from the moment that the cry of "Sail ho!" had been taken up by the natives along the beach and telescopes were trained on the incoming mail steamer, the entire population began to assemble on the wharf. The doctor who boarded her first to give her *pratique* had arranged to wave a white handkerchief if we were still at peace

and to have the quarantine flag flying at the fore dipped once before being hauled down if war had been declared. A battery of telescopes were trained on the steamer from the Government Offices. Someone cried, "There goes the white handkerchief!" and several usually un-emotional people shook hands. The French Captain went on placidly taking in his coal, and he left the group without knowing how much hung upon the news brought by that steamer.

Meanwhile Sir John Thurston, the High Commissioner, tarried in Tonga. The usual time for such visits was three weeks. There were no cables, and when the days passed without news rumour became busy on the "beach." H.M.S. *Rapid* had run short of coal, was piled up on an uncharted reef; King George of Tonga was dead at last; Baker had been shot at and this time had been hit; there was civil war. We awoke one morning to the cry of "Sail ho!" The red cross was fluttering from the signal staff and Her Majesty's ship, misnamed the *Rapid*, was seen slowly creeping along the reef. Almost before the quarantine flag had been hauled down, the news flashed along the beach that Baker had fallen and had been served with an order not to set foot in Tonga for two years on pain of imprisonment.

The bare facts of the situation in the island kingdom soon became public property. Mr. Baker, the Premier, was practically an absentee in New Zealand. His visits to the country which provided him with his salary had become increasingly rare, he had made a special journey to the group in order that the British High Commissioner should not have matters all his own way: for more than a year there had been passive resistance to the payment of taxes; the salaries of the Government officials were unpaid; the treasury was empty. The High Commissioner had left Fiji determined not to conclude any agreement with the King which did not include a condition that the people who had been exiled to Fiji should be permitted to return to their own country.

Knowing that the Governor would be overwhelmed with arrears of work, I did not intend to obtrude upon him and I was actually about to start on a new tour of land inquiries when I received a message that he wished to see me at once. It was a long interview, for he related in detail everything that had happened in Tonga. The *Rapid* had anchored in Nukualofa on June 25, and on the 27th Sir John and his suite paid an official visit to King George at the palace,

of which the greater part was occupied by Baker and his family. They had returned hurriedly from Auckland on hearing that the High Commissioner was expected. He found the old king, who was very deaf, supported on one side by Mr. Baker and on the other by Mr. Watkin, the head of the Free Church. After the usual exchange of courtesies, Sir John asked the king to appoint some of his chiefs to represent him in a conference on the subject of his promises made to Sir Charles Mitchell three years before. After a long and painful hesitation, the King asked that the request be put into writing and he would see the High Commissioner again in a few days. In taking his leave, Sir John desired Mr. Baker to visit him on the *Rapid* that afternoon. It must have been a painful interview for Mr. Baker, who found for the first time that he had to do with a High Commissioner who knew more about the history of Tonga than he did. He evaded the question whether he would support the proposed conference of native chiefs, hinting that if he were a party to the return of the exiles he would be encouraging another attempt upon his life; and when he was further pressed he affected to pity the High Commissioner's ignorance of native matters in supposing that he could tell the King that he was thought too old or too foolish to manage his own affairs. Sir John then told him plainly that, as it was clear that he intended to frustrate the conference, he would not be accepted as an intermediary between the High Commissioner and the King.

War was declared, and Baker's only resource was to cut off stragglers and impede the baggage train. Apparently he did not know Sir John as well as we did. After waiting several days for an answer to his request, Sir John sent Mr. Leefe, the Vice-Consul, to the palace to ask for one. The King was in high good humour, and he begged that the High Commissioner should call that same afternoon. To his great surprise, Sir John found him looking very ill, attended by two or three inferior chiefs and by Mr. Watkin as interpreter. It was quite evident that the old man was not following what was said. He caught the last sentence—that Sir John had come as a true friend of the Tongans—for he said, "Every good thing comes from Britain. Thank you! Thank you!" He was again asked to appoint a council of chiefs, but he remained silent, and at last the visitor told Mr. Watkin that as the King was evidently suffering from illness he would not

trouble him further. Mr. Watkin said that he was suffering from influenza, but it was evident that he had been drugged, and Sir John was not surprised when he learned that his only medical adviser was Mr. Baker.

Much incensed by the ill success of this interview, the King's relations began to use threatening language towards Baker. His life had been attempted once, and then the High Chiefs had not turned against him; the departure of the man-of-war would probably have been followed by the murder of Baker and his family. There were ample grounds for acting under the Order in Council, and an order was made, dated the 17th June, for Baker to leave the group when the mail steamer would leave for New Zealand.

On the following morning Mr. (later Sir Wilfred) Collet and Vice-Consul Leefe handed him the written intimation. He was at the moment congratulating himself on the success of his diplomacy, and the letter came upon him like a thunderclap. He turned very red and asked whether a reply was expected. "None," was the reply, "but we are to say that the High Commissioner will be glad to protect you from personal violence on board H.M.S. *Rapid*."

"Oh, that's all bunkum," he replied heatedly, and he went off to see the King, but there he found Tungi, Lord of Hahake, the most inveterate of his enemies. During the evening the chiefs came on board with a sworn statement that unless Baker was removed from the palace they feared that he would do the King serious harm. Their real fear, no doubt, was that he would use the night in trying to recover his lost influence. As it was thought quite probable that the people would take the law into their own hands, a guard of marines was landed to surround the palace, from which Baker had voluntarily removed. He made an attempt to re-enter it at daybreak but was stopped by the sentry, and a few minutes later King George came out for his morning dip in the sea. There being nothing about him to indicate who he was, a marine headed him back, and the poor King had to go without his bath, but he bore no resentment; on the contrary, he said, "No wonder Britain is so powerful; these soldiers obey their officers and no one else. Ah, if my Tongans were like that!"

Sir John attended church with the King and found him entirely recovered from "influenza" and in high spirits. The king thanked

the High Commissioner for the action he had taken and accepted an invitation to visit the *Rapid* which he had previously declined. On the following day, he formally dismissed his pluralist Prime Minister from office and thus created vacancies for a Premier, a Minister for Foreign Affairs, a President of the Court of Appeal, an Auditor-General, a Minister of Lands, a Judge of the Land Court, a Minister of Education, an Agent General and a medical attendant to the King—offices all supposed to be discharged by a person who passed the greater portion of his time in New Zealand. It seems strange that he neglected to absorb the office of Minister of Finance, but that was explained when Sir John saw the titular Minister, Junia Mafileo, who was well cast for the part of treasurer of an insolvent state: his brow was furrowed with care, and he was a man of few words. I give the interview *verbatim*:

“What is your office?”
“Minister of Finance.”
“What is the revenue of Tonga?”
“I don’t know.”
“But what is your office?”
“Minister of Finance” (with warmth).
“Well, who knows the amount of the revenue?”
“Mr. Baker!”
“Who keeps the money?”
“I do!”
“How much have you in the Treasury?”
“I don’t know.”
“But you are Minister of Finance?”
“Yes, I’ve said so more than once.”
“Well, where’s the money?”
“In the safe.”
“Who knows how much there is?”
“Mr. Baker!”
“But he has gone. Can’t you go and count it?”
“I haven’t got the key.”
“Who keeps the key?”
“Mr. Baker.”

The King went on board the *Rapid* in his state barge, receiving a salute of twenty-one guns. He invited Sir John and his staff to visit him that afternoon. They found him surrounded by his chiefs in

everyday dress, a sure sign that the King and the chiefs felt at ease. After the usual compliments, Sir John asked him point-blank to let the exiles return, mentioning particularly his own daughter Charlotte. The King became visibly affected and said, "I did not want them to go. Let them come back. They were driven away." After a short silence Sir John said, "Will you also release the prisoners at Tofua and other places who have committed no crime but holding religious services, and others who were imprisoned on the personal order of Mr. Baker after the case had been dismissed by the Supreme Court?"

"Why go on?" said the King. "This is a day of rejoicing. Let all prisoners be set free!"

This was more than had been asked. Every prisoner who had more than twelve months to serve was immediately turned loose upon society. At the subsequent *kava* party the King asked more than once what other measures he could take to ensure the well-being of his country, and the chiefs asked leave to go out and proclaim the good news to the people waiting in the road. No one slept in Nukualofa that night. On July 17 Baker went on board the mail steamer before any one was up, and the same afternoon Sir John Thurston and his staff landed to receive the thanks of the people. The King's band played "Rule, Britannia" when they landed and continued to play while thousands of natives of both sexes filed past laying presents at the feet of their visitors. Not for long at their feet, for the procession seemed interminable, and the pile before them grew until it was higher than their heads, while the visitors' arms ached with shaking hands.

Before the *Rapid* left, the King sent a written request to Sir John to send them someone as an adviser. It had been Baker's policy to make government as complicated as possible in order to convince the Tongans that it was an art beyond any powers but his. The records, when they were kept at all, were written in English. The code of law was ambiguous and clumsy, and many of the laws were mutually contradictory. Few had been translated from English into the language of those who were to obey them. The Government Gazette itself was printed in English. There were heavy liabilities abroad: even a tramway had been ordered, and the rails were rusting, unpaid for, on the beach. The assets were under £2,000, which was insufficient for paying the arrears of salary due to Government officials. Sir John replied that he would lend them a man, not quite unknown to

them, on condition that they promised to follow his advice and that he was made a member of the Privy Council. . . . "Now," he said to me, "you've heard the whole story. Will you go and act as elder brother to the King?"

At twenty-nine to be elder brother to a monarch of ninety-two is an unusual experience, for I knew enough of the Tongans to realise that after the enthusiastic fit would come a strong reaction. I felt sure that by this time they were persuaded that the millennium had come when there would be no more taxes and every man would be a law unto himself. Any Government that tried to undecieve them would be unpopular, and the whole brunt of their resentment would fall upon the head of its unfortunate European adviser. If they continued their passive strike against taxpaying, how could the liabilities be paid off? And what authority should I have at my back if the King failed to support me? To fail in such a job would dog me for the rest of my official career.

"You are the only man in Fiji who speaks Tongan."

"I speak a few words only."

"You will learn the rest in a month. You will not be hampered by instructions. I will give you verbally the line of policy you should pursue, and you will return with the exiles, call upon the King and then be guided by circumstances. Your hands will be perfectly free. You will not be my representative. Officially, you will be lent to the Tongan Government, and while there you will be your own master."

There was a one-in-ten chance that I might succeed, and even if the chance had been slenderer still, I think that I should have agreed to go. I counted much upon my wife's help, and by the extraordinary influence she acquired over the native chief women she made success possible. The exiles were sent for and assembled to hear what had been done on their behalf. They were not being sent back to Tonga by the British Government: their own King had invited them to return. They were not to assume from this that their church had triumphed. If they landed with a triumphant air or tried to push forward the cause of their church, disturbances would follow and they would be in a worse plight than before. That would be a poor return to the British Government that had befriended them. Foolish things were said in Tonga, and the most foolish of all was that England wanted their country. She and her officers would now, as they had

always done, endorse their proverb, "*Tonga ma'a Tonga*" (Tonga for the Tongans), and they should contradict this statement whenever they heard it.

William Maealiuaki replied on behalf of the exiles. He began with a very tedious catalogue of the gifts made to them by the Fijians and ended with a flowery oration. Charlotte, the King's daughter, had already presented Lady Thurston with a huge bale of native cloth which, she explained, she had brought to Fiji as her shroud, but, as she would now be buried in Tonga, she wished to leave it behind her.

Prime Minister of Tonga

ON AUGUST 16 we all took ship in the chartered steamer *Pukaki*. Counting children, the exiles numbered 120. They had left their homes almost naked. They returned with eighty tons of luggage, for the most part presents made to them by the Fijians in the form of mats, *kava* bowls and the other things dear to the native heart. Besides the Governor and Government officials, half the population of Suva was on the wharf to see us off. Natives were weeping loudly, and the exiles were in a state of high emotion. The steamer, dressed with all her signal flags, swung into the stream and fired a salute: through the cheering on shore one could hear the exiles singing "Home, Sweet Home" in their own language. We glided through the passage; the crowd on the wharf melted into a cloud of white draperies.

Two days out we sighted Tonga. The fuzzy line resolved itself into cocoanut palms, and presently we could see the line of white houses at Nukualofa. From the moment when we sighted land the exiles began to show signs of anxiety which increased with every throb of the propeller. Out of their luggage they dug ragged and filthy mats and began to wrap them round their bodies, unravelling and rending them to make them look even more disreputable. To appear in rags is the Tongan way for expressing humility, repentance and respect. Sir John Thurston's advice had been taken to heart. I wished that someone could have given equally sound advice to the Wesleyan missionaries, for the steamer had scarcely tied up when two excited ministers dashed up the gangway and fell noisily upon their flock. The one thing wanted was that the exiles should return as subjects of the King and not as members of a church of which he disapproved.

Meanwhile the chief men among the exiles, William Maealiuaki and Matealona, landed to report themselves to Tukuaho, the native Premier, and we landed among the crowd on the wharf. There were only about a hundred and fifty people, and I could detect no enthu-

siasm, except among a few relations of the exiles. Mrs. Symonds, the widow of the Vice-Consul of my former visit, explained this by saying that we had been expected on the previous Sunday, when a demonstration had been prepared, but, since they had had two hours' notice that our steamer was in sight, this explanation scarcely accounted for the crowd being no larger than that which assembled for the ordinary monthly steamer. She went on to say that affairs were less satisfactory than had been hoped. The King had gone away to Haapai to superintend the building of a church. There had been a free fight between the students of the rival colleges. The Collector of Customs (a Scotsman) had fallen out with the native Premier about a copra contract and had closed the customs office for a whole day as a protest; people had been trying to set my native colleagues against me, and these were so demoralised that they were talking of resignation; not a shilling had been received as taxes since the High Commissioner left a month ago. But the worst news of all was that the Free Church ministers were up in arms. The return of the exiles, the disappearance of their champion, Baker, who had guaranteed their salaries, was a blow to their prestige and, Sunday after Sunday, they thundered warnings from the pulpit that the expulsion of Baker was but a preface to the annexation of their country by England. Every Tongan is hysterically patriotic. The cry that the present ministry had sold the country to England had made it extremely unpopular. There was a general feeling that something was about to happen. It was a natural reaction from the hysterical rejoicings of a month before.

My first concern was to see my native colleague, Tukuaho, who was confined to his house by a bad headache. At our last meeting he had been reading the lives of Julius Caesar and Napoleon, for he was then Commandant of the King's Guard of twenty men. Now he had more pressing concerns than military history to think about. I found him in his new house still unfinished. A corner of the floor was littered with official-looking papers and torn envelopes. Every letter must have been read by his retainers, who must have gossiped about their contents at every *kava* party in the town. Tungi, his father, rose from the floor to greet me with his usual courtly grace and went to wake his son, who was sleeping off his headache. He came in from the adjoining room looking very ill. He had the same massive head as his father; his eyes were set at a Mongolian angle, and the

eyelids drooped over them, but the face was pleasant. His manners erred on the side of too great a desire to please; his conversation in his own language was very intelligent.

My colleagues were in a state of deep dejection; they seemed to be on their guard and told me that they could make no changes without consulting the King. I pointed out that one change at least did not require His Majesty's assent, for it was provided for in their Constitution; it was that the Cabinet Ministers should meet periodically and that none of them should take any important action without consulting his colleagues. This was the rule in all cabinets.

They seemed much disturbed at this announcement; Tukuaho said that this would be a new thing in Tonga; he would be accused of usurping the powers of the King. The chiefs of Haapai were already saying bitter things about being made subject to his family and, in point of fact, Tungi and he had practically made up their minds to resign. I never met so fainthearted a pair. I told them that it was cowardly to throw up the sponge before they had made one effort to clear up the mess that Baker had left behind him. What a triumph it would be for him! As for words, men who assumed public office knew that words hurt nobody. Our course was plain; we must see the King, and if he declined to support us, then would be the time for resigning.

To all this Tukuaho assented ruefully. He said that other Governments were indifferent to the number of enemies they made because they had friends as well, but he seemed to have lost all his friends, and the King seemed to listen to everybody except him. His political prospects were certainly not bright, but I did not tell him this. Before I left him it was arranged that we should sail together to Haapai and see the King, while Kubu, Minister of Police, and Josateki Tonga, the Auditor General, made a tour of Vavau and the outlying islands to explain the situation before any garbled account from the other side should reach them.

While the house assigned to us was being got ready we became the guests of Mr. Campbell in the house formerly occupied by the Baker family. The officers of H.M.S. *Egeria*, surveying ship, dined with us on the eve of her transfer to the China station. Our host had imposed a fine on any one who uttered the word "Baker" at his table, for since

the great minister's fall Tonga had talked of nothing else. Fortunately there were other things to talk about. There had been a small mutiny on the *Egeria*, and she was being transferred to the China station to take her out of the Australian atmosphere, which was then considered uncongenial to good naval discipline. I spent the next day in the Premier's office, elaborately furnished with padded leather armchairs and bookshelves, but when I opened the cupboards my heart sank. A ton of official documents had been pitchforked into them like waste paper; my colleague, Tukuaho, had been fairly busy with his typewriter, but he had kept no copies of his letters. After a busy sorting we found our liabilities to be about £15,000 and our assets £2,000. The European officials were hard-working men wretchedly underpaid. Two of them were married men with families, and their salaries were nine months in arrear. I foresaw an outcry if we gave them precedence, but King George afterwards swept this aside and ordered them to be paid forthwith. This and the repatriation of a number of Cook Islanders imported by Baker to form banana plantations on a large scale swallowed up our balance.

Something had to be done to get in the taxes. I had just made a dreadful discovery. Men with money in their hands were being turned away from the tax-office windows because Tukuaho had succumbed to the wiles of a trader from Australia and had agreed that all taxes should be paid in copra to be sold to him at a fixed rate. This meant that natives must carry their copra many miles instead of selling it to the local storekeeper and bringing the money. There was no getting round Tukuaho's signature, but I made a compromise under which this arrangement should come to an end in four months' time. It led afterwards to a lawsuit, which, amusing as it was, wasted seventeen valuable days, but by that time we had turned the corner. I represented the Government, and as I could speak Tongan and the other man could not, and, moreover, our hands were clean, we won our case without any costs to the Treasury.

Meanwhile I found that I was unpopular. The persistent misrepresentations of the Free Church ministers that I was the champion of the Wesleyans were bearing fruit. I found myself jostled off the road by mounted natives and subjected to many petty annoyances. All this had to be borne with good humour if my mission was to be successful; I knew that in a few months I could overcome their sus-

picion. The first thing was to win over the chiefs; the people would follow all in good time.

As soon as we were installed in our new house at the inland limit of the town I invited Tui Belehaki, the Governor of Haapai, to tea. This chief is descended from the spiritual line of the Tui Tonga—a descendant of the gods, in fact—and now that the office of Tui Tonga had been abolished by the present King, he enjoyed the highest rank after His Majesty. To him alone, besides the King, the special language used in speaking of the Deity is used. Although hedged by divinity, he bore his honours with great ease and good humour. He had a jolly round face, fringed with grey whiskers and moustache; he looked like a gentleman farmer in the good old times of agriculture. He was, moreover, the only Tongan who looked like a gentleman in English dress clothes. When he was announced, Vaea, a chief among the returned exiles, was drinking tea; he held his cup in one hand and a piece of bread and butter in the other.

“Who?” asked Vaea, not catching the name.

“Tui Belehaki,” I said, and as I spoke the curtain was flung aside and the descendant of the Immortals walked in. On my last visit to Tonga he had driven up in a buggy with a Hindu coachman; this time he had walked. When I looked round, Vaea had left his chair and was squatting in a corner with his eyes fixed on the floor. I tried to draw him into the conversation, but he did not seem to hear. His teacup trembled in his hand. Suddenly he rose and, having no free hand to draw aside the portière, he plunged at it head foremost, teacup, bread and butter and all, and disappeared. My wife asked our guest the cause of this sudden disappearance. He laughed heartily and said, “It is the tabu. He can’t eat while I am here. Ha, ha, ha!” His laugh, once heard, was not easily forgotten. It began low down in his person and bubbled upward until suddenly the upper part of his head seemed to fall back and a mirthful roar shook his portly presence to its foundations. It was infectious, and it carried far. When we told Mrs. Symonds about our august visitor she said, “Did you notice his laugh? They say that it is hereditary in his family. No other Tongan would be allowed to laugh like that. You see, it is his rank.” Afterwards I made use of Tui Belehaki’s hereditary laugh when debates in the House were stormy and the opposition had to be silenced.

Tui Belehaki promised to support us with the King and to do his best to check the hostility of the people in Haapai. I asked him what sort of reception the exiles had had. From his account it appeared that while the people were indifferent, their friends and relations, irrespective of church, had showered gifts upon them. For the time they were housed in a large empty Government building. They had not forgotten the hospitality of Fiji during their exile, for on the following day I received an urgent message from my wife that a long procession had arrived and that a pony, several live pigs, hundreds of live chickens, roots of *kava* and rolls of native cloth, mats, fans and combs were being dumped in the front garden. What was she to do? I made for the house and found that kind Mrs. Symonds had arrived to save the situation. It was a ceremony dear to the Tongan heart. We had to sit while an orator enumerated the obligations under which the Government of Fiji had put them. I had no stable, but that did not worry the pony, who lived on the grass in my compound and came at last to carry me daily to my office and back without bit or bridle, to stand on his hind legs at the word of command and to do many other tricks. He would, I feel sure, have stood on his head if I had had the time to teach him.

The King's Kava Party

ON AUGUST 27 I embarked with Tukuaho and his clerk on Tui Belehaki's schooner for Haapai, a sail of thirty hours. All through the night we could see the glare of Tofua, then in eruption. We dropped anchor at noon. We were on the lee side of a narrow island nowhere more than thirty feet above high-water mark, covered with plantations and grass and cocoanut to the water's edge. North and south of us stretched islands of the same aspect. The town was a mere row of iron-roofed stores, with native huts behind them and horses tethered between. This was the scene of the taking of the *Port au Prince*, privateer, and the murder of her captain and crew eighty years before, when King George was a boy. To William Mariner, a survivor, we are indebted for a classic on life in the Pacific which is unsurpassed.*

As our visit to the King was to be official, we had brought with us one of the hereditary *Matabules* (masters of ceremonies) who landed with a root of *kava* to announce our arrival. When we had given him time we followed him towards the large native house occupied by the King, but before we reached it we saw the old man, followed by a train of *Matabules*, coming down from the unfinished church. We halted to see what was to happen. A mat was spread under the shade of some large trees; the attendants formed an oval, with a *kava* bowl facing the King. Tui Belehaki led me round, and we took our seats in the oval on the King's left, with our *Matabule* on our right. On my left was an old man with very bright eyes, who afterwards proved to be Kaho, the chief jailer, and therefore the most important person after the Governor. Tukuaho slunk away to a place of dishonour behind the bowl, where the servants were pounding the root between stones that rang melodiously. This was because his father was still living, and no man in Tonga has any status until his father is dead and he comes into his title. At the King's *kava* parties the old distinctions

* *Mariner's Account of the Tonga Islands*. Edited by Dr. Martin.

of rank are rigidly preserved. While the *kava* was being pounded, not a word was spoken. Suddenly our *Matabule* shouted to his fellow on the King's right: "All is well in Tonga," and the other shouted back: "Koé!" (Indeed.) Then our man shouted, "We left Tonga with a fair wind and arrived to-day." The other replied, "Koé," and that was all. The ringing tone of this conversation seemed to me a flagrant breach of etiquette until I realised that it was a concession to the King's increasing deafness.

Every stage in the brewing of the *kava* was ordered in a peremptory tone by the King's *Matabule*, while the company kept profound silence. Three men carried plantains into the circle, and they were shared out to us, two apiece. No one touched them, and at the end of the ceremony they were swept up and carried away. In Mariner's day they were eaten; they had now become an empty survival, like the buttons on the back of a dress coat.

So far, no one had taken the slightest notice of me, but when the first two bowls were carried to the King's *Matabules* and His Majesty himself had drunk, I knew that my turn must come. The presiding *Matabule* called the names, and each person clapped his hands to show the cup bearer where he was sitting. When Tui Belehaki had drunk there was a pause, for the presiding *Matabule* had to ascertain my name, which he caught imperfectly, for he cried, "Angi maa Tobisoni." I clapped my hands and emptied my cup like a man.

When the bowl was empty I whispered to Tui Belehaki that he should announce me as the bearer of a letter to the King from the High Commissioner. He passed the message to our *Matabule*, who shouted a mangled version of it across the King to his fellow sitting on His Majesty's right hand. This functionary as usual shouted "Koé" to the sea birds circling over the reef. My letter was then passed to the King, who laid it down on the grass without looking at it. Business did not seem to be progressing.

The second brew was being prepared, and though conversation was permitted, the King stared straight before him, speaking to no one and seeming not to hear the conversation carried on in trumpet tones out of compliment to his deafness. As soon as the bowl was empty he rose and, passing behind Tui Belehaki, he stooped over me and extended three fingers of his right hand, not from any motive of

hauteur, but because the fourth finger had been sacrificed in heathen days to the *manes* of a deceased relative. Then, without a word, he walked away and disappeared into his house. The *kava* party broke up, and Tukuaho led me to a ruined house, formerly the King's palace, which had been assigned to us. It now appeared that Tukuaho had brought among his retainers two spies devoted to his interests, who were to loaf into the houses of their acquaintances and gauge public opinion. Peter Vi's fat, empty face and rotund person would have disarmed suspicion anywhere; moreover, his father and grandfather were Free Church ministers. The grandfather was over ninety, a contemporary of the King. He paid us a ceremonial visit—in his tall hat carefully brushed the wrong way in order to display the nap—drawn in a handcart because the poor old gentleman had lost the use of his lower limbs and part of his intellect. But he said a prayer over us and gave us his blessing. Peter Vi was third clerk in the Treasury at £10 a year and was weak in arithmetic, and he wanted to be a sub-inspector of police at £25, so, having to make his way in the world, he was a loyal spy. His father still retained his faculties and, therefore, he called down the wrath of Heaven upon the Government from his pulpit Sunday after Sunday. I preferred the grandfather. Our second spy was an ex-convict and Tukuaho's cousin. He had "spy" written large all over him, and I imagine that at whatever house he called the conversation at once turned upon the weather. Both brought depressing reports of the hostility of the people towards us.

Tukuaho was in deep depression. He said that on his last visit his arm had ached with shaking hands, and now he saw his former admirers passing the door without looking in. Fat Peter Vi made things no better, for he returned with news that the people were talking of fighting rather than submit to the yoke of Tungi and his son, and even the Governor, Tui Belehaki, was accused of selling the country to the English, in proof whereof an English official had been sitting at the King's *kava* party. Fortunately at this moment the Governor came in bursting with good humour. He, too, had heard the news, but it left him quite undisturbed. As a descendant of the Immortals, human follies were never more to him than food for merriment. His own rank was too secure, his digestion was too good to allow him to be discomposed by popular fanaticism. "Let them alone," he said; "they are all fools. What we have to do is to prevent

the King from listening to these Free Church ministers. Only wait until the *Bolotu* [night service] on Sunday night: then we'll talk to them."

The first thing to do was to get the King to hold a Privy Council and appoint me a Minister with a seat in the Council; the next, to pass certain draft ordinances restraining public expenditure to the limits of the Budget. They had never heard of a Budget.

"But it is provided for in Clause 19 of your constitution," I said.

"That may be, but many things were provided for in Mr. Baker's constitution which were never acted upon. When has there been a ballot for Parliament? Never, Members were nominated by Mr. Baker but never elected."

I produced my draft estimates and unfolded the idea that no expenditure not authorised by the Privy Council could be incurred. My colleagues scarcely contained their admiration, and when I produced voucher forms and explained that not a penny could be spent without the signatures of the Premier and the Auditor General, and then only when detailed accounts were attached, my reputation as a statesman and financial expert was thoroughly established.

Tui Belehaki asked me to say it all over again. Then he laughed long and loud, looking all the while at Tukuaho and crying, "How now, boy? If it had been like this in Mr. Baker's time, eh? Would the money have been stolen? Should we be in debt? This is the real thing. Look here! You go and see the King now. Tell him all about it. Get him to fix the Council for to-morrow—just we three—and we will pass the Ordinances and keep our money!"

"Stop," I said. "You will first have to get me appointed a Minister and Member of the Council."

"Oh, the King will do that, of course. We cannot pass the Ordinances without you. Look here, boy," he said to Tukuaho, "go now. The King is alone. I'll send a policeman to keep listeners at a distance."

So Tukuaho ruefully girt himself in rags and walked down the slope to see his sovereign. We heard him declaiming state secrets in a voice that could have been heard for half a mile. He came back a different man. The King had laughed more than once: the policeman had seen him laugh and would spread the news all over the

town; it would have far-reaching results. They had talked about church building.

“But did he say anything about the Council?”

“Yes, it is to be at ten to-morrow morning. I had almost forgotten.”

“And am I to be Assistant Premier?”

“Ah, yes, he agreed to that. I am to write a letter of appointment for you.”

I thought that I was safely over my first fence, not knowing what the morrow would bring forth. I woke early, expecting to find my colleagues waiting to concert a common plan of action, but to my disgust I found the *kava* bowl at work, and a precious hour was wasted. I came later to know that one must never expect a Tongan chief to forgo his *kava* with its ceremony though thrones may be tottering. Presently Tui Belehaki appeared to escort me to the royal presence. I had brought with me, as a gift from the High Commissioner, a log of sandalwood, which in Tonga is more esteemed than fine gold, though it grows in Fiji. Tui Belehaki thought that I should see the King alone and present the gift immediately before the Council. He promised to stay and interpret for me, my Tongan still being halting and lacking all the words used in addressing a King. Eight men preceded us, carrying the precious log on their shoulders, and laid it at the King's door lengthwise, so that its entire length could be seen. As soon as the King saw us he rose to bring me a chair from the table set in readiness for the Council. Calculations made from Tongan history showed that he was born in 1797, and therefore at the time of my visit he was nearly ninety-four. During the wars between the Christians and the heathen from 1835 to 1845, when he succeeded to the throne, he had fought his way to pre-eminence; by sheer force of character he had acquired a prestige among his subjects unknown to any of his predecessors. In war he had never broken his word; in peace he had been free from display and self-seeking. Twice only in his long life had he left his kingdom, and that was in 1853 when he was a man of fifty-six. He embarked in the mission brig *John Wesley* for Sydney, calling on King Thakombau, of Fiji, on the way. At first he rejected Thakombau's overtures for an alliance and went on to Australia, which left a deep impression on his mind. His questions were unending; nothing escaped him, from the forms of democratic government to the uniforms of policemen in the street.

He made one discovery in Sydney which he applied to his own kingdom as soon as he returned. Europeans had been pressing him to sell land, and he foresaw from the example of Fiji that the alienation of land would inevitably lead to the loss of his independence. He had learned in Sydney that there was a middle course, in the form of a lease, and to this day, though many Europeans hold leased property, not a square yard of land has been ceded in fee simple. His second journey was to Fiji, where hostilities were forced upon him by Thakombau's enemies, and his intervention set the Fijian King firmly on his throne.

I found myself in the presence of a tall, slender old man, with white hair and beard cropped close. He was remarkably erect and alert for a man of over ninety, and there was no trace of comfort about his surroundings. The living-room was barely furnished. On a shelf was the common crockery used for his meals. In the bedroom beyond I had a glimpse of an iron bed spread with native mats. His powers were, no doubt, failing. He was very deaf, and his eyesight was dim. It was difficult to get him to understand that his Government called for the exercise of his personal influence and that he had more important duties than church building.

He thanked me for the sandalwood and hoped I was well. My conversational Tongan suddenly deserted me. I looked round wildly for my interpreter. Tui Belehaki had left the house. He said afterwards that he thought my Tongan quite good enough for the emergency and that I should make a better impression on the King if I were alone. The necessity for bellowing into His Majesty's ear and the fear of using an unroyal word—for a special vocabulary is reserved for the King—drove all my hard-won Tongan out of my head, except that blessed word *Koé*, which I had learned from the *matabules* at the King's *kava* party.

"Ah, you speak Tongan," said the King amiably. "*Koé*" did not seem to be an appropriate reply. I shrugged my shoulders in depreciation. There was a long pause, and then words of a sort came to me. I told him that I had lately been in that part of New Guinea in which the missionaries were working. The King smiled and asked whether it was true that the natives were *telefua*. This was a word I had never heard before: I had to say something, and I said "*Koé*." Apparently I had perpetrated a joke, for His Majesty laughed a good

deal. Wondering what *telefua* could mean, I changed the subject and spoke of the debt.

"But we will pay it," he said.

"Yes, if the people pay their taxes."

"Of course they will pay them," he said with easy conviction. I murmured something about the Privy Council and took my leave. I found Tui Belehaki sunning himself outside and I asked him what *telefua* meant.

"Wearing no clothes—naked. But why do you ask?"

"Because, as you did not stay to interpret for me as you promised, I have told the King that the New Guinea people go about naked, and it isn't true." He laughed his hereditary laugh.

At ten o'clock we three went down to the Council Meeting, followed by Mataka, the shorthand writer, with the minute book. The King took his place at the head of the table with a folio Tongan Bible before him. The others had moved to their seats, and I was about to take mine when the King caught sight of me. My face was in shadow; he peered at me and then said sharply to Tukuaho, "Who is this *papalangi* [foreigner]?"

Tukuaho said, "It is he of whom I told Your Majesty. He has come to Tonga to make things plain."

"We have sent one foreigner away and you bring another: I thought that the Council was to be for ourselves."

I had never been warned that the principal argument used by the chiefs to induce the King to dismiss Baker was that they were prepared to govern the country without help from any foreigner, and that the request for help had been made to the High Commissioner by them and not by the King. There was nothing for it but to stand where I was and pretend not to hear what was said. Tui Belehaki's elbow was close to me, and I fell back upon the undignified expedient of pinching it. He understood and began to shout persuasive words into the King's ear.

"Pardon me, Tubou, but it is about the money. Which of us Tongans understands the ways of foreigners in the matter of money? This gentleman is here only as an expounder."

After a pause, the King said, "*Oku lelei be*" (Very well), and we all took the oath. During the meeting I succeeded in overcoming the King's suspicion and in winning from him a promise to hold great

meetings in every province declaring his confidence in his Cabinet and urging the people to pay their taxes. Shortly after the Council he sent for Tui Belehaki, who returned with a message asking my pardon for his failure to recognise me. His powers were failing, but he was a great gentleman.

I believe that he would have resisted my admission to the Council if he had had time to consider the question, but his natural courtesy to a guest in his house restrained him. This episode taught me never to trust to the discretion of any of my colleagues in matters concerning the King, in so great an awe did they hold him. Tukuaho had got him to agree to my appointment as Assistant Premier without daring to suggest that I should become a member of the Privy Council. If I had been refused admission I should have resigned and returned to Fiji to confess my failure: as it was, I decided to adopt the designation suggested by my colleague and to present myself to the Tongans—not as a Minister of the Crown, but as "*Koe tangata Fakahinohino*" (the Expounder—of the dark ways of civilised man).

The Political Uses of a State Church

THE "BOLOTU" (NIGHT SERVICE) is a purely Tongan institution. The people are emotional and musical, and they have the histrionic instinct strongly developed. In permitting the *Bolotu*, I imagine that the Wesleyan missionaries took the line of least resistance and wisely allowed their converts to follow their natural bent, provided that it was not in the direction of pagan rites. The result was a revival meeting far more picturesque than services of the same kind conducted by the Salvation Army.

The thatched church was brilliantly lighted with kerosene lamps that threw broad paths of light upon the palm leaves outside and upon the bright-coloured clothes and the brown legs of groups which had formed at a distance. The church itself was almost empty, save for a few old people who lined the walls. Suddenly part singing began in the distance, swelling as the singers drew nearer. They filed in, forming fours as they passed the doorway, men and women alternately, holding one another's hands. At the end of each phrase they took a step forward, and when they reached the reed pulpit their song merged into another in the far distance: it was the second choir. As the voices soared upward the first choir became silent and scattered to their places along the walls amid the plaudits of the congregation. So a second choir filed in, and a third and a fourth, until the church was filled to overflowing. It was a choral competition between the divisions of the town, the outcome of three weeks of practice under the direction of the composer. They were remarkable part singers, and the men especially had beautiful voices. But in Tonga every one has a voice and an ear.

The native parson entered the pulpit and gave out the words of a hymn, which was sung with fine effect by the combined choirs to a tune of native composition. The sermon was punctuated with applause; the congregation was working itself up for the real business of the evening. After the sermon there was a long pause; the people

were looking furtively at one another. At last an old woman rose to her feet and there were deafening cries of—"Fakafetai!" (Praise!)

"She is going to tell her soul," whispered my neighbour. Upon this interesting subject she had a great deal to say in a monotonous flow, drowned at times by the cries of "Malo!" (Well done!) The women had a far greater command of language than the men. Before she had finished, two middle-aged men and a villainous-looking policeman in uniform were on their feet. The first to catch the parson's eye gave a very wearisome diagnosis of his spiritual symptoms. The second was jaunty; he gently chaffed his soul, evoking bursts of merriment when he screwed up his eyes at the laughing places. Three or four others had now risen and remained standing in penitent attitude until their turn should come. The criminal-looking policeman had his say first. With forced calm he told us what a sinner he had been, and at each disgraceful confession the audience shouted applause. With bated breath he told of his awakening; he choked with emotion, flung up both arms passionately, and after a few gulps he rent the air with a hideous yell: "The Lord has got my soul!" He raved and tore open tunic and shirt as if he would pluck the heart out of him, falling at last heavily to the ground in a frenzy of sobbing, while another took up the tale. It was a disgusting exhibition, but it was the success of the evening.

The next penitent, a grey-headed elder, was original. He said nothing; he stood with his hands over his face, shaken by sobs, while real tears ran through his fingers. After some minutes of repentance in dumb show, he made a gesture of despair and sat down amid loud acclamations.

I gathered that the sins confessed with so much publicity were venial slips rather than sins of commission, but not always. There was a tradition that Mary Butako, when past her youth, showed leanings towards public repentance, and there was consternation among the men of Sawana. They took heart, however, when they saw her attend several *Bo lotus* without being moved to "tell her soul." But a night came when emotion passed its usual bounds, and in the middle of the excitement, Mary was discovered on her feet, weeping aloud. The dreadful day had come, and one after another the men slunk out to spread the news among their comrades in distress. A hush fell upon the congregation, for this was too serious a matter for

ordinary demonstrations. A terrible history fell from the lips of this middle-aged Phryne of the South Seas. When she had finished, scarce a man was left in the church, but the matrons sat and drank it all in, and many a household in Sawana dates its domestic troubles from that terrible *Bolotu* when "Mary told her soul."

A hush fell upon the church for a different reason when Tukuaho rose. He said that he had come to the church that evening to find comfort for his wounded spirit. A few days ago he had landed on their shores with joy, thinking that he had come among friends, but his joy had been turned to sorrow. They were his friends no longer. He knew not why, unless it was because a distasteful office had been forced upon him. Did they think that he had sought office? No, he was Premier by the King's command, and out of his love for the King he had undertaken an office for which he was unfitted. Having undertaken it, by the help of God he would carry it through. Many foolish things had been said, and surely the most foolish of them all was that the independence of Tonga was in danger. In danger? Well, he could tell them that if that were so there was one man present who would fight to the death. That man was himself. But was there a man in that church who would not fight? (Up to that point he had impressed only the women, but this appeal touched the men, and there were loud cries of "*Malo!*") There were some present, perhaps, he went on, who loved the man who was gone. Well, he was not there to speak ill of the absent, but he would say this, that the accounts were being audited and that strange things were coming to light. Did they think that any Tongan was fit to thread the dark passages of financial cunning? No, the King knew that when he asked for an expert European to be sent to make the dark ways plain. This expert was present, sitting at his side. (I tried to look unconscious.) In six months he would leave them; it would be useless to ask him to stay longer; he could not. But he—Tukuaho—had come there to-night to lay bare his soul. What had politics to do with a church in which all men were equal? His soul was in travail; he could say no more.

Before the applause had subsided, Tui Belehaki was on his feet. "I hear that you are all displeased with me. Well, that is your affair. But what is it all about?" He laughed—not his hereditary laugh, but a less pleasant sound. "I will tell you why you are displeased"; and

he lashed the mischief makers with vehemence, not even deigning to end his speech with a devotional peroration.

"There will be less foolish talk to-morrow," said Tukuaho, as we came away. "It was a good *Bolotu*, only I am sorry that Tui Bele-haki's words were so hot."

The next day we began to reap the fruits of the seed sown in the *Bolotu* overnight: we were besieged by visitors. Our political opponents called, each carrying in his hand the inevitable peace offering of a *kava* root. They sat rubbing shoulders with our spies, from whom we knew exactly how much their newborn friendship was worth. There was a nervous hilarity about them that showed their sense of the awkwardness of their change of front.

At noon we summoned a meeting of all the government officials in the wooden court-house—the Judge, the Magistrate and the pound keeper, all malcontents; a dozen policemen and gaolers, believed to be the same; the Treasury clerk, a loyalist; and greater than them all, because he had the disposal of other men's labour, the head gadler Kaho, who proved to be the bright-eyed *matabule* who had been my neighbour at the King's *kava* party. He was a dark horse, and my colleagues were very civil to him. Tukuaho told them how much he regretted that an empty Treasury had tied his hands. Their salaries from the time he assumed office would be punctually paid, and as for the arrears for which his predecessor was responsible, the sooner they could induce their friends to pay their taxes the sooner would they receive what was owing to them.

At midday we set sail for Nukualofa, leaving behind us, as we hoped, a clearer atmosphere. I was not reassured to hear that the mail steamer from New Zealand which had anchored in the morning had brought Mr. Watkin and Mr. Baker's son on a propaganda excursion in favour of the late Premier and that they intended to mobilise the Free Church ministers against us. Mr. Watkin was still the head of the church, and he was a British subject. I was armed with a letter addressed to him by the High Commissioner, to be given or withheld as I saw fit, and as soon as he returned to Nukualofa I invited him to an interview, with a friend present to take notes. The reverend gentleman was restless; he glanced apprehensively once or twice at the unobtrusive figure writing at another table: it reminded

him, perhaps, of the methods of his late chief and colleague. I kept him in conversation about the Free Church for a few minutes, and then he rose, seized his hat and had almost escaped before I could stop him and hand him the letter. As he read it, his face became cadaverous and his hands shook so that he could scarcely master its contents. I said, "I have chosen this moment for handing you this letter because you have been reported as having used disaffected language in Vavau"; and before he could reply I read him a quotation from one of his sermons in which he talked of the injustice done to the blameless Mr. Baker and of fighting.

"When I said that, I meant to warn them against doing anything so foolish. I did not agree with everything that Mr. Baker did."

"Well," I said, "I thought it right to warn you of what will happen unless you now give me a formal assurance, not only that you will abstain from using your pulpit for political speeches, but that for the future you will give the Government your loyal support."

He hesitated for some time and then promised to do everything that lay in his power; the words were taken down and handed to me to read over before him. He then asked a question that was very often put to me in after years: Who had given me the information? And he had the usual reply—that I was not at liberty to divulge the name. Whoever he was, he was a good reporter.

I could not help feeling sympathy for Mr. Watkin, who was thus made responsible for the actions of the most self-satisfied and insubordinate body of ecclesiastics in the world. They were already asking why a Tongan should be debarred from becoming President of their Conference and why their white brother should have a larger salary than they. The next step with so emotional a people might easily be a bastard Christianity like the *Hauhauism* of the Maoris and the *Tuks* of Fiji.

Prisoners and Captives

OUR FIRST PREOCCUPATION was to get in the taxes. Tukuaho's disastrous contract was a millstone round our necks. The taxpayers always wanted cash, and I had the humiliation of watching long strings of carts filled with copra going off to the traders instead of to the government store. Once I sent a messenger to remonstrate with a driver. I did not know what penalty he feared, but he did divert his cart in the direction of the government store, though I found out afterwards that he had passed it and taken a devious route to a trader. Meanwhile, we were obliged to pay steamboat subsidies and the other legacies from the late Government in cash. It was scarcely to be expected that the minor treasury officials would be honest when their chief spent his time out fishing and was incapable of reading a ledger and the Auditor General did not know what an account book looked like.

Matters came to a head when Mr. Campbell, the Assistant Minister of Finance, sent in his resignation because no business could be transacted in the absence of his chief, who rarely attended his office. At our next Cabinet meeting we had to send for the Minister of Finance, and in the meantime our aged Chief Justice fell asleep. Our Treasurer appeared at last. He was a careworn old gentleman with very round eyes, classic features and a beautiful set of false teeth which, in moments of excitement, snapped to and remained obstinately closed in a grin, leaving him to continue his remarks over his upper jaw with a hissing noise like an angry snake. He wore the key of the Treasury safe dangling from a shoelace round his neck, and once while fishing the lace broke and the key was lost. I read the letter of resignation aloud; the Auditor General poked the Chief Justice, who, waking suddenly under the impression that a motion was being put, threw up his right hand and babbled about the last motion but one. All eyes were turned upon the erring Minister; it dawned upon him that he was being attacked.

“What is it?” he asked in blank astonishment.

“You are to attend your office every day,” said Tungi brutally.

Junia sprang to his feet. “I haven’t been to my office for a week. And why? Because I am alone in the world. You talk of work; well, my work is to fill my stomach; why, it’s empty now!” His false teeth snapped to, and he hissed, “Order me to do what you will, but feed me first.”

It was decided to assign a convict to catch fish for the Minister of Finance and that he should attend his office on alternate days. On this understanding, Mr. Campbell withdrew his resignation.

We had now to do intensive propaganda to get in the taxes, and I was introduced to the Tongan institution, the *fono*. The first was held at the western end of the island outside the house of Ata, the Governor. Beyond the ring stood policemen, armed with thick batons, giving the impression that our auditors had been driven like sheep to the meeting. We sat in a row on the veranda, and addressed the crowd in turn—Tukuaho in suave *conditional*, I in bald *indicative*, and Ata, their chief, in uncompromising *imperative*. Taxes, we must have taxes, or terrible things would happen. For one thing, Tonga would lose her independence; for another, the police would sell up the defaulters. The latter threat appeared to carry the greater weight.

We held three *fonos*—one of them under the same banyan trees that gave shade to Captain Cook on June 17, 1777. The duty of speaking in public had now brushed up my Tongan into passable fluency: I recommend it as a short cut to the mastery of a foreign language, always provided that there is power to compel an audience to attend and listen. We had now done all that was possible to get in the taxes, and I had to give my whole attention to drafting a code of law. I took the Indian codes as my model and simplified them to accord with the Tongan customs and habit of thought.

I have wondered since whether I was conscious at the time that I was taking a part in comic opera. At the back of my mind there was always the sense of burlesque, but there was work to do, and very little time to do it in. People are apt to think that in the tropics Europeans cannot work, but I contrived to put in fourteen hours a day for six months without feeling unduly hustled. If it had not been for our financial straits I should not have felt the pressure at all.

There were other abuses besides the financial scandals: to wit, the

police. There was no prison in the country. When men or women were sentenced, they worked out their term by days on the public works, such as road making. They could choose their days and take holidays when they pleased, so that a man sentenced to a year might not be free for three years or more, unless he had a horse and cart, for by bringing his horse and cart with him, one day counted as four. Except that a prisoner's hair was cut short, there was nothing to distinguish him from his fellow men. There were ugly stories about the gaoler—that he flogged female prisoners for idleness when they came to work, and that he would take them off to ships and leave them with the European crew for a payment which he pocketed. This latter scandal actually came to light when the gaoler fell ill and the assistant gaoler had pocketed his fees. The gaoler brought a civil action against him for what he regarded as his perquisites.

Convicts undergoing long sentences used to steal boats and escape to Fiji and Samoa. From Fiji they were sent back without extradition proceedings, but Samoa was disorganised. The habit had to be broken nevertheless, and one day I wrote a letter to King Malietoa, on Foreign Office paper embossed with the royal arms of Tonga, asking for the return of a man and a stolen boat. To my surprise, we received both a few days later, with a letter from the King of Samoa charging 12s. 6d. for the service, and adding that when his government was better organised he would be "glad to do such little services for nothing." We heard afterwards that the escaped convict had taken to the bush and a general *battue* had been organised until he was run to ground. The money had been expended in refreshments for the man hunters.

All this time we were being bitterly attacked in both the Auckland newspapers, which had special correspondents in the Group. A hostile press is always a healthy matter for a government, but the attacks upon our financial position were depriving us of credit. It happened that one of these newspapers had the contract for the government printing. I wrote to the editor, pointing out that, in view of his hostile articles, public opinion might compel us to change our printer, and to the other I wrote truthfully that we had been thinking of transferring our printing contract to him, when our attention was called to his unjust and untruthful comments upon the Government. If they had a difficulty in obtaining trustworthy news I would find

them a correspondent. Both papers responded, and thereafter I became "our own correspondent" to the two and divided the government printing between them.

King George had returned to his palace in Nukualofa. It was a sort of suburban villa built of painted wood in two stories and furnished according to the artistic taste of the Wesleyan missionary who had been his Prime Minister. It was quite unsuited for native life, and as the King grew older he returned more and more to the way of his fathers. The drawing and dining-rooms were kept for show, and he lived most of his life in one of the back rooms, sitting on the floor. From time to time one would see a servant leap from the veranda and go off at a hard run, returning at the same speed. No one thought of doing His Majesty's behests at a leisurely pace. Our Privy Councils were held in the royal dining-room. They were always a trial, because the King was so deaf that everything had to be shouted into his ear, and one could see outside the compound the heads of listeners who would carry a garbled version of our debate to every part of the Group.

He was hardly back when we found ourselves involved in a lawsuit. The contractor who had beguiled Tukuaho into making a disastrous contract to receive the taxes in copra had chartered vessels from Australia to carry the produce, and as no taxes had been paid he stood to face a heavy loss. He sued the King for damages in the Court of the Deputy Commissioner, who was also British vice-consul. To the Tongans the position of defendant in a civil action has mysterious terrors.

"Here," it was said, "is the fruit of this new Government. We are to be punished for the sins of Tukuaho and his foreign adviser. A man-of-war will come and seize the country."

Even my colleagues were perturbed, and some of them were for buying the plaintiff off by promising to pay whenever the state of the Treasury permitted. There was no counsel within reach: we had a perfectly good case—a case so good that if judgment went against us in the inferior Court I felt sure of winning it on appeal to the Supreme Court in Fiji: I undertook to conduct their case in person, and if it went against me to pay the damages out of my own pocket. This allayed their immediate anxieties, but the case dragged on for seventeen days that could ill be spared. The contractor had engaged as

interpreter the best Tongan scholar in the Group, and much turned upon the exact meaning of the words in the contract in the vernacular. The plaintiff's representative knew the language far better than I did, but I knew more than he thought I did, and in the end we won the case. Our victory afterwards proved to have been worth the time spent on it, for Tongans incline to the winning side, and from that day I found my way made easy.

I had one other legal duty thrust upon me. There was no European magistrate in the country, and the native magistrates were afraid to deal with white delinquents because they feared that some foreign consul would step in and demand compensation. The lower sort of Europeans took advantage of this timorous attitude and acted as if they were beyond the pale of law. Mr. Baker had been about to import a white magistrate to meet the difficulty when he himself was deported. We could not saddle our depleted funds with this expense, and I offered myself to fill the breach gratuitously. A Russian Finn had brutally assaulted a German, the two men being rival bakers. To my surprise, the defendant appeared to his summons; to his, he found a white man on the bench; the plaintiff was represented by amateur counsel, and the court was filled with a curious crowd of Europeans and natives. The only defence was that the plaintiff "had done it himself by running his head against a tree." I fined the Russian £10 or a month's imprisonment in default. He smiled, knowing that there was no prison, and of course he declined to pay his fine. Directing the native police to detain him, I left the bench, swore in a white gaoler, had a disused lock-up cleaned out and roughly furnished, and made a contract with a storekeeper to supply daily rations. Then I had my man clapped into it and left him to think. He demanded writing materials, which were supplied, and wrote a violent protest to the Russian consul in Sydney, demanding an indemnity from the Tongan Government. He had served his month before he got an answer, and when it came it was only to say that the Consul's jurisdiction did not extend to Tonga. This action did much to strengthen the Government with those natives who accused it of weakness. "Mr. Baker never dared to tackle foreigners," they said.

I must now make a disgraceful confession for which I have already been justly held up to obloquy by no less influential an organ than

the *Philatelist Journal*. Among the letters in the postmaster's possession were many from dealers in postage stamps enclosing considerable sums of money. The Treasury was in dire straits, and we estimated that a new issue, costing £40, would bring in more than £400 on the sale of our old stock. So we chose a design of which we were rather proud at the time, had the dies engraved in Sydney and sold our old stock to dealers at a rate higher than we had estimated. I heard afterwards that the government of a Central American republic descended to the same disreputable expedient, but I believe that I can take to myself the discredit of being the first to devise the scheme.

There is a lack of thoroughness about the Tongans. They pine to live like Europeans, to own implements and machines, horses and saddlery, yet not one of them can bake a loaf of bread, forge a bolt or splice a strap. Their thirst is less for knowledge than for showy accomplishments; their genius is frothy and ephemeral. Moral untidiness pervaded everything. The King's throne room was furnished like an Australian parlour, with a Kidderminster carpet, ormolu ornaments under glass shades and crewelwork mats on the tables, all in perfect order, while the King lived in a bare room beyond it, sleeping on a mat spread on the bare boards, eating his yams from a single plate. With the exception of Tukuaho and Sateki, the Auditor General, none of the Ministers attended his office every day; the rest went to their offices as a child goes to play with a new toy. There was no enthusiasm about the shrewd old Auditor General, who sighed for the day when he received his orders, right or wrong, and had only to carry them out without the responsibility of taking any decision for himself. "Perhaps some day my work will become plain to me," he said with a grimace; "but for the present my mind is darkened."

When the Budget came before the Cabinet to be discussed item by item I was treated to a very pretty display of log-rolling. Kubu proposed that Tukuaho should withdraw, and the salary of the Premier was raised at one stroke from £400 to £700 a year. Tukuaho returned and expressed his thanks in a graceful little speech, ending with a proposal that Kubu should withdraw. The Police Minister obeyed with well-acted surprise, and he received a rise of £50. Every member of the Cabinet took his turn on the doormat except the Chief Justice, who was absent and got nothing. My lips were sealed because my own salary was being voted for an additional six months, for

which the High Commissioner, at the King's request, had allowed me to remain, and the Ministers would have been incapable of distinguishing between the vote of an ordinary salary and the vote of an addition, both calling for vicarious liberality. But the same evening Tukuaho, the only Minister who cared more for his work than its emoluments, came to ask me whether the minutes could not be expunged from the book. He wanted no increase of salary, but when they had voted him one, by the ordinary rules of Tongan etiquette he could not refuse it or decline the same courtesy to others. Even the incorruptible Sateki had accepted an additional £30 without a protest.

An Island of Romance

FINANCIALLY SPEAKING, we had turned the corner. We had to thank the spirit of insubordination of Manase, the Governor of Vavau, for making it possible to pay the civil servants their arrears of pay and clearing off our foreign debt. In spite of definite orders to the contrary, he had accepted the payment of taxes in cash instead of copra, and the sub-treasury at Vavau was said to be bursting. The King had gone to Vavau to build a church, and as it was necessary to obtain his approval of my draft code of law and to see that the elections for Parliament were properly conducted, I suggested that Tukuaho and I should follow His Majesty to Vavau and raid the sub-treasury. My colleagues looked a little doubtful about the latter proposal and thought that we should have difficulties. The Vavau people were Home Rulers to a man. They prided themselves on doing the opposite to whatever was done in the southern islands, and since these were behindhand with their taxes, Vavau people paid theirs punctually, but always with the tacit understanding that the money should be expended in their own island. If they thought that it was to be spent in Tongatabu—their hereditary enemy in the old days—there would be trouble.

I was anxious to see the island whose romance and beauty have been so vividly described by Mariner and many writers since his day, and I took ship with a light heart. Vavau is famous for its landlocked harbour. This was one of the baits used by Baker in his negotiations for a treaty with Germany by which a coaling station for German warships was made over on a perpetual lease. Some fifty tons of coal were dumped on the site: and twenty years later I found the fuel disintegrated by sun and rain into a heap of reddish soil from which tropical verdure was sprouting vigorously. I had the pleasure of handing the site back to the Tongan Government at a later date.

Vavau is mountainous and of volcanic origin. On its northern shore

are steep cliffs with deep water to their base. At some recent geological period the southern portion of the island was heaved up about one hundred feet, carrying the coral reefs with it; the infiltration of fresh water has cut a channel through this plateau of coral and has formed a landlocked harbour within. In this is the cave which Byron read of in Mariner's book and used for "The Island." At the moment of entering the landlocked passage one passes into a different atmosphere. The mood of the people of Tongatabu and Haapai is attuned to their flat shores, but in this island of orange trees and wild precipices lives a different race. The people have a vivacity of manner and of gesture used to illustrate speech unknown in Tongatabu; the very air, heavy with the scent of orange blossom, is full of impulse. The men stride down to the wharf unashamed of their curiosity; the girls assemble on the grassy road to chaff new-comers with an easy familiarity startling to those accustomed to the mission primness of the maidens of Tongatabu. From the wharf one climbs a grassy slope straight into the orange groves. The whole town of Neiafu is an orange garden; heaps of rotting fruit lie half concealed among the long grass. Some of the trees are groaning under their load of green fruit; others are white with blossom, for the crops succeed each other with little intermission. Behind the long lines of trees nestle the brown thatched houses of the natives with grass to the doors. Here there is no beach. The inlet is lined with low cliffs, and the main road hugs its very edge. On this road stands the "Palace," a barnlike structure of wood from which the last vestige of paint has been washed by the rains. Traces of its past magnificence lie about the rooms in confusion—marble mantelpieces, mirrors from which the silver has peeled off, furniture from which the damask hangs in shreds, for the house is never occupied save when the King pays a flying visit to the island.

Next morning I received a deputation from the "Chamber of Commerce." It was said to be the first time some of the traders had spoken to one another for years, and the public meeting to protest against the customs duties of 10 per cent *ad valorem* had been convened in obedience to an urgent message from the parent body in the capital. The language used at this meeting had been so fiery that I expected a truculent deputation; on the contrary I found my visitors decent, reasonable fellows. The moderation and good sense of the traders of Vavau are not to be measured by the ferocity of

their language in a public meeting, a phenomenon not unknown in other parts of the world.

Our first duty on arrival had been to call upon our mutinous Governor, Manase. He proved to be a mild-mannered old gentleman, with an apostolic cast of feature and expression that must have disarmed my colleagues had they not known him so well. He was a chief of the third rank who owed his elevation to his zeal in persecuting the Wesleyans and his subservience to Mr. Baker. We sat in a circle on the floor, and not until the *kava* bowl had been removed did Tukuaho and Kubu speak their minds. Manase took it all in silence, with meek eyes, as who should say, "This I forgive for the Gospel's sake," but I soon became aware that his studied opposition to the Government was due to crass and unimaginative stupidity; he was incapable of realising that the old order had changed.

The Governor, Manase, was not the hereditary Chief. The Chief—named, like all his forbears, Finau Ulukalala—was an unwieldy man of about thirty, pleasure-loving and not to be relied on for routine duties. He took me to the Liku to see the sights. The first were the wild rocks which were the home of Tutawi, the hermit. During the revolution of 1799 Tutawi, then a young warrior, became weary of violence and decided to live alone for the remainder of his life. His family ate his funeral feast, believing that he had perished in a night attack, and it was not until years after the siege of Feletea, in time of peace, that a party of girls, wandering in search of scented flowers for garlands, found him with long matted hair and beard, a wild man of the woods. The King sought an interview with him and tempted him with a promise of land, slaves and wives if he would return to the life he had left; but he refused them all and died as he had lived—alone and unheeded by the few who remembered his existence. It is strange that an island so small should have had room for a hermit.

We stood upon the precipice of the Cave of the Winds. The mouth of the cave is the top of a vast subterranean funnel whose base is below the level of the sea, so that when the tide is rising the air within is compressed with immense force and rushes out of the hole with a deep reverberation. At ebb tide it is sucked in again with a whistling hiss audible many yards away. Four times a day for a few months, when the tide is turning, this Cave of the Winds is at rest, and at this moment it is safe to enter, but at half tide any one crossing the mouth

is either blown off the ledge or sucked in, unless he is clear of head and firm of foothold.

We visited also the Hunga submarine cave, famed both by Mariner and Byron, in the harbour channel. During the disturbances of a hundred years ago a young chief heard that the village of the girl he loved was doomed to massacre. He had discovered this cave during a fishing excursion, and he determined to carry off his bride and hide her until they could set sail for Fiji. He led the way in the dive; she followed him, and for three weeks she stayed there on a narrow sloping ledge while he dived out for food for them both. In the end his friends brought a canoe, in which they set sail for Fiji. A heavy surf was rolling at the time of our visit. There was a dive for twenty yards to swim, and the last European who had attempted it—a Captain in the Navy—had been wounded so badly by stalactites that he had to be invalided out of the Service. Finau was strongly against my going, and it appeared that the guides themselves did not care to attempt the dive. I had already made such a dive in Yasawa-i-lau, in western Fiji. There the opening was only a few yards under water in a limpid pool. A native led the way, warning me to follow the soles of his feet, which are pink like those of a European. I felt the want of eyes on the back of my head to know when I had dived far enough to come up. It seemed interminable, but I suppose it was not more than four or five yards. When I saw his feet treading water I came up in a sort of vaulted chamber in which there was a flat rock. The light was sapphire blue because every ray had to penetrate through water. It was a place in which one might easily have concealed a person for weeks together if food were carried in at intervals. Alas, during my journey outwards a signet ring which I valued slipped from my finger into the mud, and the rest of the afternoon was spent by my native boat's crew diving for it, without success!

The result of the Governor's disobedience in accepting cash instead of copra for taxes had been to pour into the empty local treasury nearly £3,000 in silver. Apart from the fact that the local treasurer had announced that £6 had miraculously vanished from the saucer in which he kept the public funds, it was high time that the money should be used in liquidating the debts of the country instead of the private obligations of the local officials. There was a ripple of emotion among the clerks when I made my views known. The European

sub-collector of customs explained that the Vavauans held that every penny paid into their sub-treasury should be spent in the island—the selfsame coins, not changelings from Tongatabu. Even in Mr. Baker's time they neglected all orders to remit the money, and the Premier had periodically to make personal raids upon their hoard, removing it under escort amid the murmurs of the whole island. All sorts of difficulties were raised: there were no bags to put the money in; it was safer in Vavau; the King did not wish it to go. I had to call upon the King to obtain a pardon for one of the exiles who was under sentence of penal servitude for a church offence. I found His Majesty sitting on the back veranda of his ruined palace. He appeared at first to be alone, but a movement in the kitchen beyond showed that the building was packed, with all the gossips of Vavau assembled to take a note of our interview. I took the case of the pardon first.

"Is not this a time for forgiveness?" said the King. "Sign the papers in my name."

To my second request he said, "Take the money. Let them talk. Is not Vavau the land of foolish talking?"

But I wanted more than this, for Manase had to learn a lesson, and I asked for a Privy Council for the ostensible purpose of passing a short ordinance of routine and that, to make a quorum, Kubu's father, who had lately been showing a disposition to independence, should be sworn in as an extraordinary member. The King was in an executive mood.

"*Hau ha tahal!*" (Let someone come!) he cried.

A burly Tongan burst from the orange grove at a quick run, gathering speed as he approached. At ten yards from His Majesty he leapt into the air and landed with a thud in a sitting posture at the King's feet. It was the most physically painful act of reverence I had ever seen.

"Tell Inoke and Manase to come!"

The man sprang to his feet and dashed off at topmost speed. In a few moments both chiefs appeared, a little out of breath. We moved into the dining-room and held our Council then and there. Inoke had an ancient feud with Manase, and it was enough for Manase to protest against the removal of the money for Inoke to turn and rend him.

Armed with the formidable mandate of an order of the King in

Council, I summoned all the Treasury clerks to count the cash and ordered canvas bags to be made at the nearest store. There is no dirtier or more wearisome job than counting £2,500 in grimy silver when one is distracted by having to watch the subordinates to see that they do not levy toll upon their task. The bags were barely sealed when the steamer from Samoa came in; an escort of sulky police were requisitioned, and I stood by to count the porters down the hill to the gangway and heard the muttered reproaches of the bystanders, who looked for something better from a Government that had been so profuse in self-advertisement.

Which Tells of R. L. S. and the Meeting of Parliament

THE DATE FIXED for the elections was fast approaching, and my draft code was but half written. I was working from 7 a.m. to 2 a.m. day after day, which would be impossible in any other tropical country; but in Tonga one can walk, ride and write at any hour of the day or night without feeling hot or cold. I had for the moment an impulse to embody part of Mr. Baker's code of law and so save myself the labour of translation. The Tongan Government had paid £50 to a solicitor in Auckland for revising that code before it went to the printer, and so it ought to have been a document free from contradictions and passably clear, but on glancing through the volume I came upon gems like the following :

ACT RELATIVE TO MURDER

Section 11. Should any person poison any water with evil intent to cause the death of another or others and should the same die he shall be considered guilty of murder and punished accordingly, but should the same be known before the death of anyone it shall be considered manslaughter of the first degree. *As to poisoning.*

In the Act Relative to Assault and Battery I found the following remarkable passage :

Section 13. Whoever shall strike or assault or throw anything at one's father or one's mother as stated in this Act, such person's penalty for any such offence shall be doubled. *As to assaulting &c., one's parents.*

There was nothing for it but to scrap the whole of this literary curiosity and go on working on the Indian code as I had begun. I was at work in my office all day; we were giving political dinners to waverers nearly every evening, and the drafting and translation had to be done from 10 p.m. to 2 a.m.

With the Constitution I did not dare meddle, for all it was written in English that would have disgraced a housemaid. The Tongans regarded it as Holy Writ, and this had its advantages. One had only to point out that a proposal brought forward by the Opposition would be a breach of the Constitution to crush them flat. But I had an inspiration. The Constitution bore the printed statement that it had been passed by the native Parliament. It must, therefore, have been passed in the vernacular, though Tukuaho assured me that the Tongan version was often unintelligible. At any rate, I was free to do as I pleased with the English translation, and I translated the Tongan into English that was at least free from grammatical errors.

Since the difficulties of all Tongan Governments had been to get in the poll tax, I determined to overhaul the land laws. In former times all land was vested in the Sacred Chief, the Tui Tonga. When King George abolished that office the land passed to the Crown, who granted holdings in return for taxes. In order to conciliate the chiefs, Mr. Baker had in 1888 foolishly persuaded the King to grant large estates, which he called "inheritances," to a number of the hereditary chiefs, who thus became a landed aristocracy who were to receive from their tenants one dollar per annum for each holding of about eight acres. I could not hope to get rid of these superfluous landlords, but I could deprive them of all power over their tenants. I determined, therefore, to make the Crown collect their rents and pay the money over to them, while reserving the right of granting allotments and evicting tenants. Thus, for all practical purposes, the land would again revert to the Crown, for as long as the rents were paid to the lords of the manor, the Government was virtually the landlord, and the King had voluntarily made over to the Treasury all rents accruing from land not included in any "inheritance."

The people required some stronger incentive to pay their taxes than the fear of levy by distress. I made the tenure of land dependent upon the payment of taxes, which at a stroke converted the poll tax into a land tax. The holding was perpetual as long as the tenant and his heirs continued to pay their taxes, but if they defaulted for three successive years they lost their holding. As each man arrived at manhood he was to be entitled to claim an allotment, and widows were to retain their late husbands' allotment for their lifetime. In no case could a man own more than one allotment. Thus I combined

“nationalisation of land” with the institution of landlords. This change in the title of the tax got rid of the great grievance of Europeans, since, possessing no allotments, they could not be called upon to pay a land tax. Their contributions to the State came from the customs dues.

I have mentioned our political dinners. No sooner did an influential chief from Vavau land in Nukualofa than we invited him to dinner, specifying “native dress” for fear that he might borrow an ill-fitting European dress suit from his friends. We had a dispensation from the law forbidding Europeans from giving alcoholic liquor to natives, and we gave them their favourite beverage, which was sweet champagne. The guest always left us triumphing in the thought that, of all the chiefs of Vavau, the cabinet had selected him to give them advice. Generally he shed tears over the parting glass; always he swore by Jehovah to support us to the death.

Parliament was to be opened in May, and it was time to hold the general election. My code was nearly finished; a large part of the Tongan version had come back in type from the Auckland printers. Mr. Baker's code contained elaborate directions for the guidance of the electoral officers and laid down as one of the qualifications for the electors that they should have paid all their taxes in full. Nightly for a week the crier proclaimed that defaulters would be deprived of their vote, but perhaps it was their experience of the manner in which past elections had been conducted that robbed our scheme of the result we expected.

By Tongan law there were no nominations; any elector could write the name of any of his friends and drop it into the ballot box, and until the result was declared even the meanest elector felt that parliamentary honours might be showered upon him unsought. That was the system as it stood in Mr. Baker's code, but I learned from my colleagues that in practice it was different. “We were called,” said one of my informants, “to a *fono* on the grass behind the government offices. Mr. Baker came out on the veranda and said, ‘You are summoned to-day to choose a representative. I propose So-and-so [one of his toadies]. Those who are in favour, hold up their hands.’ Then he said that So-and-so was elected, and we all went home.”

A deputation of His Majesty's Ministers presided. Below the veranda on which we sat was a table with writing materials and a

ballot box. The entire male adult population of Nukualofa sat in a semicircle on the grass, hemmed in by police as at a *fono*. Tukuaho read the clauses of the Constitution relating to elections and explained that electors might write the name of any one upon the ballot slip. Then he called upon all those who had failed to pay their taxes for 1889 to withdraw; about half the assembly rose and went away laughing. The defaulters for 1890 were summoned to leave; that took away about half the remainder, and when "all persons under twenty-one years of age" had left us there remained only about one hundred persons, composed, as I saw to my dismay, of Wesleyan exiles, who were excused taxes while they were in exile, and a few infirm old men who were past taxpaying age. It was our own fault. The exiles' proportion of poll tax was only one dollar, and they had paid it to prove that their loyalty was greater than that of Free Churchmen. The qualified electors were, therefore, Wesleyans, almost to a man. The scrutiny proved that four Wesleyans were chosen to represent a constituency in which the majority was composed of Free Churchmen. Fortunately one was a British subject who chose to surrender his seat rather than his nationality and Hoho, a Roman Catholic schoolmaster, was elected in his place. The ballot clerk, thus instructed in his duties, went off to hold elections throughout the kingdom.

In the midst of my work in Tonga the monthly steamer from Samoa brought Robert Louis Stevenson to the Group. He was on his way to Auckland, and he landed for a few hours to see what he could of the place. I had heard and read so much of him that if he had not called upon me in the Premier's office of his own volition I should have invited him to come. In his Vailima days he looked more exotic than he ever did in Europe. His skin was tanned to a deep brown; his thin black moustache and his black eyes gave him a very Egyptian aspect, and his scarlet tie and cummerbund seemed quite in keeping with the Romany folk at Seville. He had just published *A Footnote to History*, in which he had taken sides in a quarrel which loomed very large in Samoa, but was of infinitesimal proportions in the rest of the world. I was burning to get him to Tonga and turn his pen loose upon the topsy-turvy parody of European institutions that prevailed in the island kingdom. I said, "You will never have such an opportunity again. Why don't you come here, if only for a few

months?" He replied that he had cast his lot at Vailima and, tempting as it was, could not get away. Some weeks afterwards, when I was in Auckland, I mentioned his visit to the leading bookseller there, who knew him well. He seemed much interested when I told him of Stevenson's devotion to Vailima. "Well," he said, "that surprises me a little, because he told me himself that he was anxious to sell the place if he could get out of it without much loss."

It was impossible to be with R. L. S. for five minutes at this period of his life without becoming conscious of his weakness—a quite amiable weakness—for playing the part he had cast for himself, that of a romantic, freakish, exotic figure, belonging to no age or nationality, but appealing to them all. It is a weakness that is common to many successful writers to conceive themselves as a lode-stone for the hearts of men and a focus for pilgrimage. The eccentricity of his dress seemed to have been studied and his modesty and charm of manner to whisper, "This is the R. L. S. you shall remember." He is not to be blamed for this boyish affectation: it was the fault of his admiring friends that he created an artificial personality for daily wear and was careful never to be surprised with nothing on.

A few months later I learned from W. E. Henley the cause of the petty difference that sundered them after they had been friends and collaborators for years. It arose over a chaffing criticism which would have been taken in the same spirit by Stevenson in the old days, but which wounded him deeply in the atmosphere of adulation which he breathed, an atmosphere which is unhealthy for the sanest of us. Possibly the South Seas were partly responsible for a loss of the sense of proportion. Already they had been labelled "romantic," and most of the serious people I met there suffered from the same malady.

While this in no way affected Stevenson's imaginative work, it inspired the Vailima Letters, which were obviously written for publication. As to his later novels, common report in the Islands credited Mr. Lloyd Osbourne with picking up character sketches from the haunts on the Apia beach and taking them to R. L. S. to be transmuted into fine gold. If this was true, it accounted for the strange freaks which were played with the characters of persons that I knew, who were in life more interesting and consistent than they appeared in Stevenson's fiction.

It is too soon yet to know whether Stevenson's work will live: it

is much for any writer to have delighted his own generation, as he did, without aspiring to immortality. We were all under his charm, and the discovery of one little human weakness did nothing to impair it.

Sic transit gloria. Ten years later I was in Apia to hand over such interests as we had in Samoa to the Germans in return for quite shadowy pretensions that they claimed in Tonga. Stevenson's tomb dominated the town and was visible even from the beach. I was walking with a very intelligent chief, and I asked him who was buried in the tomb above us.

"Some white man who died here. I do not know his name."

"Had he no Samoan name? Have you ever heard the name 'Tusitala'?"

"No, I never heard that he had that name."

"Was he a trader or a Government official, or what?"

"I really do not know who he was or what he was."

Stevenson was unfortunate in his choice of a native name. No doubt he asked the natives for the Samoan equivalent for a storyteller and inventor of romances. Now the only person who came under that head in Samoan society was the chief's barber, who was also Minister to the King's vices and in the relaxations of the evening entertained his patron and the courtiers with stories out of his own head, which were not always fit for the ears of the polite. When put to it, the Samoans gave the name "*Tusitala*" as the nearest they could think of for a person of Robert Louis Stevenson's profession.

"He never yet stood sure that stands secure." With a balance in the Treasury and an ever-strengthening party, we were congratulating ourselves upon meeting Parliament with credit. One evening while the Ministry were playing bowls on the sea front after the labours of the day, a schooner was seen bearing down upon the anchorage. She was recognised as Maatu's vessel from Vavau. She lowered a boat with two men, who, instead of rowing for the wharf, made straight for us. They sprang into the sea and ran up the beach. They bore evil tidings. Four days before they sailed, the King had bathed in the sea and had caught a chill. For the first two days his illness had caused no anxiety, but on the third he grew worse and sent for his chiefs. When old Tunoi heard this he collapsed saying "If T...L..."

summoned his chiefs it is the end; by this time the Heavens have fallen" (*Kuo hala ae Langi*).

For me, no less than the country, no greater disaster could have happened, if it were true. My whole castle of cards, so painfully reared, would fall to the ground. The Treasury balance would be swallowed up in the expenses of the funeral; the civil servants who had been nagged into regular attendance at their offices would return to their old ways; there would be disturbances and possibly civil war. Even if Parliament could be brought together the new code would never be passed. King George was ninety-four; nothing could be done but await the issue. In the meantime I had a glimpse of old Tonga. Each of the Ministers fell to the social status his forefathers had held before him. Ata, Lord of Hihifo, a political nonentity, now became the chief figure. He and Tungi must be at the dying King's side. Tukuaho and Kubu, whose fathers were still living, sank into obscurity. The schooners were victualled and freighted with chiefs and *matabules*. Tongatabu was left to the care of Sateki and me, who had no part in the great affairs that were toward. A hush of a great expectancy fell upon the island. Men spoke to one another in hushed tones; all traffic from the plantations was suspended. The houses were crowded with people all discussing coming events in low voices.

I spent two days in great anxiety. On the third a sail was seen in the northern passage. A huge concourse of people assembled in silence on the beach. A dinghy pulled ashore. Would the men never speak? At last the steersman, a grey-haired *matabule*, stood up and cried, "*Oku lelei a Tubou*" (It is well with Tubou), and a great sob of relief went up from the crowd. Instantly every tongue was loosed. The King had awakened from a long stupor and had called for food, and from that moment his recovery had been rapid and sure. Two days later we learned that he and all his chiefs were on their way to the capital, and at daybreak one morning the five schooners that formed the fleet of Tonga, led by the *Toafa Haamea* flying the royal standard, were sighted in the passage.

A few days later H.M.S. *Cordelia* brought the High Commissioner to the group. It happened that H.M.S. *Goldfinch*, bound from Rarotonga to Fiji, had put in on the previous day in search of coal, knowing nothing of the *Cordelia's* visit. Tongans never admit coincidences.

I was asked for explanations and gave them, but my questioners shook their heads and spread it abroad that the gunboat had been sent by the High Commissioner to prepare his way, but that for his own purposes "the Expounder" had chosen to shroud the truth in mystery. I made no effort to belittle the importance of Sir John Thurston's visit, which was made for the purpose of amending the treaty between Great Britain and Tonga. I found myself in the odd position of representing a foreign government in negotiations with my chief—being at the same time an officer in the English and Tongan services. The presence of the *Cordelia* had a curious effect upon my relations with the King and my colleagues, who seemed suddenly to remember that I was not one of them. The old confidence between us gave place to an almost imperceptible constraint which, as soon as the ship sailed, disappeared as suddenly as it had come. To Sir John Thurston, who remembered his anxieties of the past year, the visit brought the satisfaction which comes to all who choose of two courses the more courageous and find it to be also the wiser.

We were now in a position to fix a date for the making of history. My Code was ready, the representatives of the people all duly elected, the new uniforms had come from a tailor in Sydney, and the wharf was piled high with cases of provisions and strong liquors on which our destiny as a Government depended. In this matter I had again to pay tribute to the master mind of the fallen Premier: as long as the road to a man's heart is down his throat, a government that masters the art of catering has an immense advantage over the opposition. The King's Guards, the Clerks of the House and the college students had all undergone rehearsals; the King's band, for whom I had procured the band parts for the "Grand March" from *Tannhäuser*, had played it nightly for a fortnight. On the first occasion people came running in from their plantations to inquire the name of the composer and to ask whether he was still alive.

"No, he died seven years ago."

"Has he composed anything else?"

Amply reassured on this point, they fell to with a will and really played it very well. Wagner seemed to touch a hidden chord in the heart of the Tongans.

There remained but one important function before Parliament could assemble—the selection of waitresses. Kubu invited me to become a

member of the selection committee, who were to choose twenty from a host of competitors. It was a delicate duty. We took our seats at the long table in the dining-hall and ordered the candidates to pass before us. "Two things are necessary," whispered Kubu: "they must be comely, for who will care to eat if they are ugly? And they must be intelligent, or they will break the plates." The damsels sidled in and sat down in a row before us, some sucking their fingers bashfully, some shyly defiant, the remainder giggling. None looked as if she would break the plates, but many fell short—very far short—of the first requirement. One damsel in particular had been so unkindly treated by Nature that I whispered my doubts to Kubu. "It is true," he replied, "but we can never reject her for such a reason. She would die of shame." So they were all taken and divided into watches under matrons of experience, and those who had never waited at table before were sent to take lessons in the houses of the missionaries. Joe, the captain of the *Kumeti*, was appointed keeper of the spirit room because strong waters were known to disagree with him.

There was a rumour that the King would not open Parliament until the High Commissioner had left: we determined to fix the day, a day or two earlier. The King made no difficulties and we spent the last week in final rehearsal by the Cabinet and Privy Council.

The great day when Parliament was to open dawned cloudless and drowsy. The hum of the fleecy breakers on the reef, the musical tap of the *ngatu* mallets suggested a hammock and native dress, but on this day all native garments were forbidden, for Parliaments in civilised communities do not meet in bare legs save in the distorted imagination of Carlyle. For days past the storekeepers on the beach had been doing a spirited trade in trousers and shoes—not the sort of shoes that are displayed in London shop windows, but majestic fabrics of leather, specially made for ceremonies in the South Seas upon a special last, fourteen inches long by eight or nine broad. I hoped against hope that one or other of my friends of ancient lineage would have independence enough to stick to his native dress, but even the Lord Chief Justice, whose powers were failing, appeared in black broadcloth, and the Speaker of the House, Tungi, came, like the rest of them, in bare feet to the steps of the Parliament House and there sat down to put on his boots.

The scene was very picturesque. It was high tide, and the sea

lapped to the very edge of the lawn that carpeted the approach to the Parliament House. The tall spars of the *Cordelia* towered above the spires of the miniature palace. The band and the guard of honour looked very smart, and so did the white-clad college boys who were drawn up in two lines forming a lane from the Palace to the Parliament House. Long before the appointed hour the seats below the gangway were filled with distinguished visitors: the suite of the High Commissioner in uniform, the two Royal Princesses dressed in magenta satin, and most of the traders and their families. The Lords and Commons squeezed into the other benches. On the crimson dais below the Royal Arms stood the King's gilt throne, and beside it the royal crown, the heaviest in the world, rested upon its cushion. It had been bought by the late Premier from some merchants in Sydney, and but for the verdigris in the flutings it might very well have passed for gold.

It was stiflingly hot while we waited. At last we heard the rattle of saluting arms and the blare of the Tongan National Anthem, and the Sergeant-at-Arms shouted, "*Koē Tu'i!*" (The King!) We all rose as His Majesty strode into the room soberly clad, almost erect in spite of his ninety-odd years, the one dignified figure in the motley assembly. A Sovereign who wields absolute power may well tire of pomp and circumstance at ninety. He was followed by his aides-de-camp, George Finau, in the uniform of a British admiral, and Taufaahau in that of a Colonel in the Colonial Defence Forces. As the King took his seat, Taufaahau stepped forward and unrolled the Speech from the Throne. May I be acquitted of the charge of disrespect to the memory of King George's heir if I remark that Taufaahau did not read well? I had written the speech myself. It consisted of the usual Ministerial platitudes, and it gave thanks to God that the clouds had been happily dispersed. His Majesty left it to the legislature to provide for the future by revising all the laws and regulating finance. In conclusion, he commended his people to God and trusted that there would be no more dissension between the Churches. It was a pious hope never in the least likely to be realised. The King interrupted the speech twice, telling his great-grandson to speak up. It had been intended to unveil the King's portrait in His Majesty's presence, but almost before the last words of the speech were articulated His Majesty rose and strode out as he came, with the air of a

man who has loyally discharged an irksome duty. The band dashed recklessly into the triumphal march from *Tannhäuser* and arrived at the end more or less together. In half an hour not a black coat was to be seen. Sacrifice had been made on the altar of the god Civilisation, and the time had come for recreation. Legislators reclining in native dress filled every patch of shade, and *matabules* were counting pigs in a monotonous chant. In ten minutes they would be at work upon the feast without knives and forks. That was reserved for the morrow.

At ten o'clock next morning H.M.S. *Cordelia* steamed away through the hazy reef as the great wooden drum announced that public business was to begin. On the dais the Speaker's chair had taken the place of the throne and the four clerks filled the space occupied by visitors. All members were in their places, the Nobles on the Speaker's right and the representatives facing them. We of the Cabinet, Nobles *ex-officio*, sat on the front bench of the Nobles and below them the Governors of provinces—sixty-eight members including myself.

For twelve minutes not a word was spoken; we were waiting for the Speaker, Tungi. He had been in sight when we went in, but he suffered so much from asthma that he had to stop for breath every few paces. Also he had to sit down on the steps to put on his boots. Presently we heard a movement behind the dais. Claud, Kubu's brother, who was Sergeant-at-Arms, clattered in and shouted, "*Koé Seal!*" (The Chair!). We all rose. Tungi climbed the dais panting but at once got to business, for he had held the office of Speaker through two of Mr. Baker's parliaments. Mr. Watkin, the Free Church minister, followed him and gave out a hymn. One of the Vavau members bellowed the tune, and the other sixty-seven of us hummed it two octaves lower. Then we all shaded our eyes while Mr. Watkin delivered an extempore prayer. Then Mataka, the clerk, called the roll. The new members took the oath. Two Roman Catholics objected to being sworn on the Protestant Bible, and a clerk ran for the Tongan version of the Bible adopted by the Catholic priests. He returned with a shiny black volume which the two members kissed, but when I came to examine it afterwards I found that it was a French and English dictionary.

All the Commons were now sworn to discharge their duty to the

utmost of their power, which most of them interpreted as meaning opposition to the Government upon every question submitted to them. The drafting of an address in reply to the King's speech was left to a select committee of both Houses, which called in the Cabinet to help them. That meant that I prepared a halting draft, and Tukuaho transmuted it into the fine gold of complimentary Tongan. It was unanimously adopted by the committee. The Sergeant-at-Arms recalled the House by shouting to them from the doorstep. The Address was read and adopted. Only two persons smiled—the Roman Catholics—when they came to the words, “We feel confident that God will avert religious strife, for He is the God of Peace.” The Roman Catholic converts had been, as it were, spectators at a dog fight.

By the time the Address had been dispatched to the King the wooden drum had begun to beat. Aged nobles, whose heads had begun to droop, started and threw off twenty years of their burden of life. It was the dinner hour, and the Speaker, with an indulgent smile, adjourned the House. The dining-hall was set with two long tables, each accommodating forty guests, one reserved for the Lords, the other for the Commons. The waitresses had been ordered to appear in a white uniform without ornaments. They had treated the order with the scorn it deserved.

The ox-eyed Sau, breathing propriety with every sigh—and she sighed a good deal when handing the plates—was dressed in white satin trimmed with furniture lace and had a crimson sash tied coquettishly round her waist. The demure Vika, which is short for “Victoria,” had broken out in bugles of jet and a cincture of native cloth. The trader who supplied her striped petticoat would be sold out of that pattern on the morrow, for the fashion in Tonga is set by the girls. When not languidly handing plates to the legislators, these damsels whispered and giggled in the windows and hid their blushes on each other's glistening shoulders.

On the first day there were seventeen courses of solid food, and not a plate went away with a scrap left upon it. This scale of entertainment was not maintained throughout the session. As the days went on, course after course fell away as the stores diminished. The Lords were allowed a glass of sherry and a glass of beer each; Cabinet Ministers, half a tumbler of rum in addition; the Commons had

nothing but beer. At last the chaplain hammered on the table with his knife handle and said grace, and such civil servants as could muster trousers and boots were allowed in to clear up the remains. There followed a fatal half-hour of meditation, and when the Parliament bell rang Members of both Houses glared fixedly at the ceiling for a few moments and then lapsed into unconsciousness.

The official most to be envied was the Sergeant-at-Arms, for by common consent his duties could be efficiently discharged only in lawn-tennis shoes, for a reason which I am about to relate. He was attired in a uniform which I took to be that of a French *Préfet de Département*, with a cocked hat and a gilded sword. The lawn-tennis shoes struck me as incongruous until after lunch on the first afternoon, but then I understood their necessity. He was debarred by his office from drinking either beer or rum, and this was his moment. He rose, crept slowly in his rubber shoes to the Peers' benches, and those that were still awake watched him with breathless excitement. He was stalking Havea, Lord of Haapai. With his gold-mounted scabbard uplifted, he smote the titular chief a resounding whack on the back of his skull, and Havea started up with an exclamation that I could have translated, though I had never heard it used before. The House tittered. Meanwhile the clerks were looking round the House and making frequent entries in a book, which was *The Book of the Sleeping*, and Hoho, the Roman Catholic Member, declared afterwards that the insertion of his name was a malicious libel. His religion, he said, obliged him to pray at noon, and for this he was compelled to close his eyes. The clerk retorted that if he could not begin his prayers with a hymn, as in other respectable sects, his name must be recorded.

As the days wore on we found the morning more suitable for committee and the afternoon for third readings, for during a third reading even the Sergeant-at-Arms would close his eyes. When the Prime Minister had read the House to sleep the Speaker would thunder out the question, "Those who are in favour will hold up their hands," and all the hands went up with a slight trembling of the eyelids.

There were no parties. Every member voted according to his "*konisienisi*" (this is as near as they get to "conscience"), an organ which is often confused in their mind with "*Konisitutone*" (which is as near as they can get to "Constitution"), and when their con-

science and the constitution were both in support of their private point of view, the floodgates were indeed let loose.

The closure was applied by the Sergeant-at-Arms. When he raised his gold-hilted sword at a sign from the Speaker, every bore had to sit down on pain of arrest and removal. Having to pass an entire criminal and civil code into law, there was no room for bores. I had had considerable trouble over the translation. For example, I knew of no word that signified "affirmation" as distinguished from "oath." I explained the distinction to a colleague, who said that "*talatukii*" was the word I was seeking when it came to Quakers and others who had conscientious objections to being sworn. When the word was read out in the draft I noticed an expression of surprise on the faces of the more intelligent of the Commons, and one rose to inquire from me why Quakers should be permitted to "*talatukii*" in a Court of Law and to whom were they to do it. On more exact inquiry, I learned that the word meant "to curse"—to use imprecations so deadly and horrible that the persons against whom they were directed died from the effect! And this was the word prescribed by my colleague to be used by Quakers in the witness-box!

There were pitfalls all about me. For some days Havea, Lord of Haapai, had been absent from his seat, and it was whispered that leprosy, the scourge of the Pacific, had seized upon him. It made one thoughtful to remember that a week ago we were sitting and eating with a leper, but the concern on the faces of my colleagues was due to the fact that they had to mention the illness in the House, and that it is questionable taste to speak of the illness of a chief, and altogether forbidden in polite society to mention leprosy at all: to describe a chief as a leper is too gross an offence to be conceivable! The thing had to be done somehow, and my colleague, Tukuaho, nobly filled the breach. They had all heard this day, he said, about their dear friend and colleague, and their minds were cast down. He felt sure that he was expressing the sentiments of them all when he said that Havea's friends were pining for him at home, and that therefore the Government should allow him to return to them. At the same time, according to the doctor's reports, it was not desirable that Havea should see too much of other people. He was in favour of gratifying Havea's home-sickness, nay, more, to the westward lay delightful little islands which Havea must be longing to visit, and where the

wind would blow so nicely from us to him that he would be more than happy. And here I blundered in by urging the necessity of isolating infected persons to check the alarming increase in the disease. The Commons were watching me with the uneasy interest felt by the crowd at a dangerous tight-rope performance, and before I was aware of it I uttered the fatal word "*Kilia*" (leprosy). The House shuddered, and I was covered with shame.

I was absent from the second reading of the Minor Offences Bill. When I came in I found my colleague, Tukuaho, rating the House in unmeasured terms. He had not believed, he said, that the Legislative Assembly of Tonga should so far forget its dignity as to indulge in such a disgraceful scene. What would be said of the country if such a scene were known abroad? What respect for Tonga could any of the civilised nations retain if they heard of her disgrace? The Commons sat with bowed heads.

"What has happened?" I whispered to my neighbour, the Minister of Police.

"A disgraceful thing."

"But what?"

"When Puaka was speaking some of the Representatives of the People coughed and shuffled their feet."

It appeared that the Speaker had had something to say before Tukuaho took them in hand. Afterwards he said: "I was glad you were not there to see this shameful thing. If the miscreants had not been so many I would have committed them all to the dark cells. I suppose if such a thing were to happen in the British Parliament the delinquents would go to prison?"

"I am not sure," I answered.

"But such a thing never has happened?"

"I hope not, though I have heard of it happening in the French Parliament." I hoped that the Recording Angel was not listening.

I have already hinted at the storm we let loose when we proposed to make fornication a civil and not a criminal offence. Before the debate came on, a deputation of policemen, headed by a grey-headed inspector, waited on us to implore us to reflect before committing ourselves to an innovation that would destroy the traditions of the "Force" and call down upon the country the wrath of Heaven. I was prepared for opposition, but the heat of the debate surprised me.

At last the Code was passed. The country was free from debt, and there was a balance in the Treasury. My duty was done. I had been eleven months in Tonga, and the printing of the Code had to be seen to in Auckland. The House had been worked hard, and it was crying out for more leisurely legislation on the old plan. The Privy Council met in order that I might take a formal leave of the King. I was spared any speechmaking. The old man said a few words that pleased me more than any elaborate or effusive thanks would have done. Later in the day a formal letter of thanks, signed in his tremulous handwriting, was brought to me, and on the day of the steamer's arrival I received a message that my presence was not desired in the House that morning. Before lunch time one of the members, Nuku, a former political adversary, appeared in parliamentary attire and presented me with an address of thanks and a message that the House was waiting to receive me.

I went first to say farewell to the King, knowing, as we both knew, that we should never meet again. "May God guard you!" he said, as we shook hands. "Who knows whether we shall meet again, *tama* [boy]? But I think not, for my time is near." As I passed the gates he was still standing in the sun looking after me. Eighteen months later he was carried to the tomb of his fathers full of days and honour, wanting but four years to complete a century of life.

In the House every member was in his place, and as soon as I had taken my seat, Tungi, the Speaker, left the chair and came to the table. He had, he said, been deputed by the House to tender to me the thanks of the Chiefs and people of Tonga and to ask me to accept from them a memento of my sojourn among them. He put a heavy bag in my hands. In my reply I explained that the rules of my service forbade me to accept a present, and for doing what was required of him no man was entitled to a reward. Instead of so valuable a gift, I begged of them something of little value to remind me of Tonga when I was far away. I found afterwards that, in spite of my representations, they had asked the High Commissioner to present me, on their behalf, with a service of plate, which is one of my most cherished possessions.

I had still to say a personal farewell to my colleagues, and especially to Tukuaho, to whom I owed so much. I asked him whether he would accept a memento from my personal property. With tears in

his eyes, he said, "I should like you to give me the goose. It would always remind me of you." This was a tame gander that used to come in at tea time and do tricks for pieces of cake, for the goose is the cleverest and most teachable of birds, as well as the most greedy. So Tukuaho had the goose to recall me to his mind when there was any food about!

The third whistle had sounded, and the steamer began to cast off, when I found myself the centre of a procession, led by the King's band and followed by all the Members of Parliament. That was Tonga's farewell to me. We glided seawards, and in a few moments the faces became indistinct and faded into a confusion of waving draperies, till the low shores grew grey and woolly, merged into a cloud bank and disappeared. We were alone again in the Pacific, bound for the great world, and all the brief turmoil of Tonga and its politics became as unreal as the clouds that hung over the spot on the horizon where the islands had vanished. I did not then know that I was destined to see Tonga again.

Lady Asenath Appears Before The "Keep 'em Alive-o" Commission

ON ARRIVAL IN AUCKLAND I was met with the news of my father's death on Christmas Day, 1890. He had had a slight stroke of paralysis during September, and before he had really recovered he was again at work, dictating and writing letters and taking part in the examination of candidates for ordination within a few hours of his death. On the evening of the second day's work he was seized with faintness and never recovered consciousness.

He had had his heart's desire, which was to die in harness.

No one with the courage of his opinions can hold an Archbishopsric for twenty-seven years without arousing criticism and opposition. They are a tribute to his qualities. Sectarian bitterness burned more fiercely in Victorian days than it does now. In 1869, that long-forgotten book, *Essays and Reviews*, filled Churchmen with consternation, and my father was one of those who promoted and contributed to the counterblast, *Aids to Faith*, of which John Murray sold many thousand copies. Close upon this followed the case of Bishop Colenso, of Natal, who was tried and deprived of his diocese by his Metropolitan Bishop of Capetown for heresy. When it came to consecrating a new bishop—not to replace him because he continued to discharge the functions of his diocese, but to displace him—it was discovered that the Bishop of Capetown had acted *ultra vires*. My father, in common with the Archbishop of Canterbury and most of the bishops, was drawn into the controversy when it became obvious that an attempt would be made to consecrate the new bishop in England. This complication was averted, largely owing to my father's efforts, and the consecration of a "Bishop of Maritzburg" took place in the Cathedral of Capetown with a diocese extending over that of Natal. Bishop Colenso was publicly excommunicated, but he continued his episcopal functions as best he could until his death, fourteen years later.

My father was in the thick of the frays over the Burials and the

Clergy-Discipline Bills. It is difficult now to understand the venom and the heat created in Victorian times by these two quite sensible measures; we can easily understand why they should have died down so quickly. He had to bear the brunt of the controversy about Ritualism in respect of the Miles Platting case, when a vicar in the Manchester diocese chose to go to prison as a martyr rather than obey either his Bishop or the Courts. The trouble then was how to get him out of a place in which he wanted to stay without bringing the Courts and authority in the Church into contempt. The Bishop of Manchester cut the knot by procuring his liberation, at one stroke depriving him of martyrdom and notoriety, but others were busy outmassing the Mass. "Will there ever come a time," my father wrote to the Bishop of Manchester, "when it will be thought a crime to have striven to keep the Church of England as representing the common sense of the nation? . . . I have gone through a good deal, but I do not repent of having done my best."

He was a born administrator—fearless, firm and just. He worked untiringly for his clergy, and if he did not succeed in pleasing all of them it was because the clergy of the later Victorian years were a difficult team to manage. At a Church Congress under his presidency I saw something of the heat and passion into which a few of them would lash themselves about trifles: it reminded me of the reflection attributed to a certain witty Bishop: "They call us shepherds; we're swineherds."

Probably his relations with the working men in Sheffield were the brightest spot in his long episcopacy. The third mission which he inaugurated in Sheffield was in 1878. It is curious to read in his address that people were talking about Communism even then. The other "isms" of that day were Nihilism, Socialism, and Fenianism. They were talking even then about the miners—how when the price of coal rose they rightly demanded higher wages, but when it fell they refused to look economic facts in the face. My father's appeal to workmen was the natural one—that in every great movement the Christian spirit should be the guiding light: "I shall not live to see the great array that is to follow. But I seem to hear already the mighty tread of the upcoming multitude—the future working men of England. Are they coming in a noisy, confused rabble, with no rhythm in their tread, with a loud and angry voice as they come?

They are marching under the wrong commander, without officers and without drill. They will never come to God." And in picturing the other kind of advance, he said: "They are coming up, a loving and well-ordered band. No one is trying to overreach his neighbour: no one is sharpening his knife against the life of another. They are a compact army. Will it ever be? Will any of us ever live to see it? [Yes.] Then if any one lives to see it . . . the music to which they are marching is the music of the Gospel." During another address he said: "The future of England lies with the working man. . . . I am not quite sure how the working man is going to deal with us in the future. . . . I see a tendency to look at old institutions and to push them on one side, as if we felt that we had sucked the juice out of them and there was nothing to do but to throw the rind away." What of the traditional peace and ease of the Victorian age if people felt like this in 1878?

At the end of one of these addresses a working man rose and said, "If there had been such Archbishops in the past there would be very little secularism among the working men of his day." These men erected a memorial to him in Sheffield inscribed "THE PEOPLE'S ARCHBISHOP. This bust was erected by the working people of Sheffield who recognised in him a great leader of thought, a brave and noble defender of the Christian Faith and a true and sympathising friend." They came from Sheffield to carry him to his grave in Bishoptorpe churchyard.

Probably his appeal to working men was primarily due to his keen interest in their craft and his instinctive understanding of mechanical processes; but there were, besides, a strong human sympathy and a courageous hatred of injustice and harshness to win their regard. He was a man entirely free from prejudices, from cant and from guile. Behind his natural dignity of bearing lay a strong personal humility, which none of the tributes to his intellectual ability could touch.

Mechanical inventions always attracted him. He bought one of the first typewriters: it made a noise like a machine gun, and one used to hear it volleying far into the night. Only busy men can find time for little things. He made a practice of writing to his absent children once a week if not oftener, although, until the later years, he conducted the whole of his enormous correspondence with his own hand. And yet he found time to keep himself abreast with scientific

discovery and to read French scientific journals. He had a magnificent physique, but he never spared it. His long administration of his enormous diocese, without a Suffragan to relieve him of some of his confirmations, no doubt shortened his life, for he lived before the age of motor-cars and travelled in all weathers, sometimes even by goods train if the passenger service on branch lines did not fit his engagements.*

We took a house in Auckland for six months, and there my daughter was born. A month later Tukuaho followed me to New Zealand to help me with the final revision of the Tongan version of the Code, and he intimated his wish to adopt the child according to the Tongan custom. The rite of adoption was inscribed on vellum, and my daughter received the name of Anaseini Tubouveihola, after Tukuaho's royal ancestress. An adopted child in Tonga enjoys all the rights of the actual child if she chooses to claim them and so my daughter would be royally entertained if ever she should visit the island kingdom.

My leave having expired, I returned to Fiji to find myself Acting Native Commissioner, the post of all others I should have coveted. One of my first duties was to return to Lau to preside at the annual council of chiefs at which their wishes are expressed and forwarded to their supreme chief, the Governor, through his Commissioners. The deliberative part of the proceedings is apt to be secondary to the feasting, and my principal responsibility was to keep the peace when chiefs or their followers quarrelled about their precedence and dignity.

The native population had been declining slowly through the heavy infant mortality ever since annexation, and as soon as I returned to Suva I found myself a member of a Commission of three to inquire into the whole question and furnish recommendations. The commission was irreverently referred to in Fiji as the "Keep 'Em Alive-O" Commission. We examined hundreds of native witnesses of all classes. I had flattered myself that I knew something about native life before we began: I found, as our inquiry went on, that I had known less than nothing. It was the most complete education in one branch of anthropology that a man can have.

* The portrait by Ouless which hangs at Bishopthorpe and the recumbent statue by Hamo Thornycroft in York Minister are excellent likenesses.

Perhaps our most important witness was Andi Asenatha—"Lady Asenath" is the exact translation—a chief woman from Nandi, in Vitilevu.

I had her called as a witness because I had known her well as my hostess in Nandi, and I knew that she was a mine of information.

"Shall I tell you the whole truth, concealing nothing?" she asked; and I, though set to make judicial inquiry of her, for the first time, perhaps, since witnesses were sworn to speak the whole truth and nothing but the truth, demurred. A great burden of responsibility lay upon me, and as I looked into the innocent eyes of my fellow Commissioners and reflected that, with a full knowledge of the quality of Lady Asenath's reminiscences, I had advised them to call her as a witness on so delicate an issue as the decrease of her race, my spirit quailed. They were grave, serious and scientific, these colleagues of mine; they had taken up their pens in a spirit of sober research, and I, without a shade of warning, had led them over a mine which, if it exploded, would blast their confidence in my sincerity and leave their innocence, if not their gravity, impaired for ever.

Let it not be thought that I had summoned Lady Asenath without misgiving. Many times had I mentally planned a scheme of questions that would head her off from anecdote and keep her within the fence of disputed custom of the olden time. To academic questions in native obstetric practice I had a right to expect answers free from dissertation on human frailty. How was I to foresee that a question on the social status of Fijian lady physicians would undam a reservoir of intimate adventure?

The whole truth? None knew better than I what that meant. Not a village through the length and breadth of Fiji but had discussed the causes of the decrease of the native population. And Lady Asenath's views had been so unconventional and so freely imparted that I had had more than one occasion for remonstrance. And if I, so schooled by custom to make allowances, had been provoked to censure, what would my poor colleagues do if they heard her out?

"Wait a moment," I said, with an effort to keep my voice from shaking; "wait a moment, and be kind enough to answer my questions first, and then we will hear your opinion."

"I think," interrupted one of my colleagues in English, "that we

are more likely to learn new facts if we let her have her say out than if we confine her to question and answer." New facts! That they would, and newer than they dreamed of.

"On your head be it," I murmured and signed to Lady Asenath to proceed.

Now thus stood the question. The Fijians have a higher birth rate than any European country except Hungary, and they are probably the only race in the world which, with a high birth rate, is yet decreasing. Nor is the mortality excessive among adults; the enormous death rate is crowded into the years of infancy. There were born children enough and to spare. The problem was to keep them alive; and when the Government had exhausted the machinery of the Native Office in striving to awaken the race to a sense of its peril without reducing the death rate by a unit, it adopted the expedient familiar to all baffled governments and appointed a Commission of Inquiry. Nay, it had done more. Honestly minded to thrash some grains of truth out of the stacks of theory that cumbered the ground, it had sent a circular to the leading planters, missionaries and magistrates, inviting them to diagnose the malady and prescribe a remedy; and very pretty was the result. The Fijians, it appeared from the collected replies, were suffering from a combination of every known physical, moral and social disease in its most acute form. Collectively they were cankered through and through with monogamy, inbreeding, unchivalry, communism and dirt; individually by insouciance, foreign diseases, kava drinking, and excessive smoking. The salvation of the race could only be attained by bottle feeding and the cultivation of football; by coroners' inquests and the keeping of cows; by securing the young gallants from sunset to dawn under lock and key and turning lady missionaries loose among the maidens. There were a hundred other suggestions, from which one stood out pre-eminent for grand simplicity; it was, "Representative Government and Home Rule," and the propounder of this remedy—all honour to him!—was an Irishman.

So far the secret springs of information had not been tapped. Upon this question of their own decay, about which foreigners contended in heated argument, the natives displayed a languid unconcern. "Will the race die out in our time? . . . No? In our grandchildren's, then? . . . Dear me!" was all that the most lurid

prophecy could draw from them. Yet they alone held the key to the mysteries of the "Wise Women" who played such havoc in the native nurseries. Day after day we sat in camera, patiently drawing admissions from native witnesses upon whose weaknesses we played with questions cunningly planned to disarm suspicion, piecing the scraps of evidence together, until we thought we knew as much of the secret villainies of native midwifery as the most hardened practitioner of them all. And what a caste they were, those Wise Women! Medical witnesses in England could not show a haughtier contempt for lay opinion, greater professional reticence or more bitter resentment against unqualified practitioners than those grim old ladies who guarded the secrets revealed to them by their mothers to hand them down inviolate to their own daughters. Happily for us, one of them had been cheated of the promised fee, and our sympathetic references to this painful subject, coupled with the hope that we could see justice done to her, had softened her into garrulousness. All we wanted now was the experience of a native lady of quick intelligence and wide experience, old enough to be versed in all native lore unconfused by Christian teaching and possessed of such experience in midwifery as an amateur with a pure love of the science is able to acquire. All these the Lady Asenath had, and for intelligence, throughout the length and breadth of the islands, there was not a witness to touch her.

I can see her now, as she paused in the doorway, waiting for a more pressing invitation, with the diffidence prescribed by good breeding. A tall and stately figure, a little withered by advancing years, but graceful withal from a lithe quickness of movement which told of a fire still burning somewhere within. Care had nothing to do with the myriad wrinkles about her eyes and forehead, but rather a habit of raising her eyebrows, which, like her mobile lips, were never still, and merriment, always lurking in her bright eyes, turned her laboured seriousness into a mocking gravity. The very cut of her pink pinafore and the knot of her sulu hinted coquetry, for all their deference in outward form to the fashion prescribed for ladies past middle age.

Though it is unusual for ladies of rank to pay visits unattended, I had begged her to waive convention and leave Ruth and the Pussy-cat at home, lest some regard for their comparatively untainted

morals—which I must confess had never yet appeared to trouble her—might lay constraint upon her revelations.

Her features wore a decorum that almost reassured me as she turned to address the medical member. Perhaps the responsibility of her position as the spokeswoman of her race, the table groaning under the burden of office stationery or the serious bearing of her inquisitors weighed upon her spirits. A dozen new wrinkles in her brow contradicted the wicked brightness of her eyes.

“The causes of the decline of the land, gentlemen,” she began in melancholy accent, “are twofold. Firstly, the women are to blame, and secondly the men.”

“How old are you?” interrupted the statistician, pen in hand.

“My eldest son was so high when the measles raged. Now we women—”

“That would make her fifty-two or fifty-three.”

We gravely noted the age as if it had a bearing on her real temperament.

“Gentlemen, I will tell you the whole truth. We Fijian women—”

“What do the people say about this Commission of Inquiry?” I interposed irrelevantly, for I had caught a dangerous twinkle in her eye.

“Who shall say? We eat and we sleep. We do not cast these things over in our minds as you do. To us it appears most strange that you foreigners should trouble yourselves about what becomes of us when you might be looking after your own affairs. Now, we women know many strange things. Shall I tell you?”

“That is worth recording,” said the statistician. “It is an epitome of the native mind.” But the medical member caught a professional ring in the last sentence.

“Tell us,” he said, “what you know of the practices of the persons known as Wise Women.”

She laughed softly to herself. “At births?” she inquired, stifling her amusement. “Why, I am a Wise Woman myself.” And, shutting us laymen out with her right shoulder, she plunged into a highly technical tête-à-tête with the medical member, chuckling now and again at his intimate knowledge of what she chose to call “women’s matters.”

I saw what was coming. To gauge the exact anatomical knowledge and record the nomenclature of these lady surgeons, the medical member had a book of coloured plates. There would come a moment when the Lady Asenath's knowledge of physiology would be put to the test, and lest I should be a party to what might follow, I rose and drew my fellow layman to the window to look at the palms in the verandah. My alarms were justified; first there came a hush of expectancy, and then a burst of suppressed merriment and little spurts of laughter with every rustle of the book leaves. I caught the native nomenclature, too, drawn from everyday analogies, most slangy and unscientific to my initiated ear. It was high time to interrupt them, for already the barrier of decorum, so carefully reared, had collapsed, and novel and most startling relations between the Commission and its witness had been established over its ruins. The picture book had done it all. When we took our seats at the table, Lady Asenath was confidential and a little reproachful, as who should say, "Thank Heaven we are done with your solemn nonsense, but why couldn't you say at first what you really wanted?"

What we really wanted was anything but what we got. Her discourse now ranged over matters highly curious, it is true, but more suited to the evening kava bowl than to a sober Commission of Inquiry. The medical member gazed sadly at his colleagues; the statistician concealed his countenance behind a shaking hand; and I—I lent a modest ear, knowing that never again would it be mine to have the riches of a specialist's half-century of experience showered at my feet. With a wealth of compromising anecdote fell many shrewd reflections, and sometimes a timely question dug a little channel to divert the stream. But these were mere backwaters, and for half an hour the river of anecdote flowed on without a check.

Yes, at Nandi a girl was the property of her father's sister's son if he cared to take her, which he always did unless she was marred by deformity. Did they marry? Sometimes, but not so often now because it was a waste. If young men were wise, they married other people, because their cousins were theirs all the same whether they married them or not. Now, her own nephew, *Man-o'-War*, the canteen keeper at Fort Carnarvon, had so many little cousins that . . .

His father's *brothers'* daughters? Good gracious, no! *They* were his sisters, and he was not allowed to speak to them. If he came into

one door of a house where they were sitting, they were bound to go out at the other. That was because he could not marry them. It was the tabu. "Oh, the decrease, yes, I am coming to that. Now, we women—"

"There are some who say it is caused by the abolition of polygamy."

She chuckled. "Shall I tell you the whole truth? Well, thus lies the matter. Before the missionaries came, our chiefs, it is true, had many wives, but the commoners had but one, and some were in very pitiable case, having to go without altogether. In those days every man tilled his own garden and dared not trespass. But now what have they to fear? Eternal flames, so say you foreign gentlemen, but the fire comes after death, and these are living men with beauteous women all around. In these days every man is married once according to the Church, and more times than you can count according to his wishes. Which of these is polygamy?

"Ah. This is the young men's age. And we women— An old maid, did you say? Have I ever known one? What a question! Let me think a little. Yes, I do remember one: Navusi she was called, and people came from far to look at her, poor thing; a jest of the countryside she was. Now we women—" She giggled like a schoolgirl.

"Yes, tell us about the women," said the medical member encouragingly. She reached across the table to slap him playfully on the arm.

"There are two things by which we women come to grief in these days. One is called *Viakila*—Curiosity, and the other *Tangaya*—Consternation. In these days everything is new. Girls want to roam about the country and see life. They want fine clothes and night dances and fun. That is *Viakila*. Suddenly they find that something has happened to them"—she winked comprehensively at the board—"and how are they to provide for a child and meet the reproaches of their elders? Then they seek out a Wise Woman and present an offering, beseeching her to free them from the impending danger. This is Consternation."

"And what does the Wise Woman do?"

"She tells them that they should not listen to the Voices of the Night,"

"All this is very deplorable," murmured the medical member, "but not peculiar to the Fijians."

"If I remember aright," observed the statistician to the ceiling, "we were asked to call this witness as being certain to throw a new light upon our subsection, 'The Condition of Women'!"

"Lady Asenath," I said sternly, "we beg of you to tell us about the lives of women before the coming of the foreigners."

She chuckled and, I verily believe, kicked the medical member under the table. "When I was a girl we were afraid to follow our fancies."—("I'll bet *she* wasn't," murmured a voice.)—"We did all things according to custom, obeying our elders, planting the yams, fishing, and marrying our cousins when we were old enough. Those who did wrong fell ill or were beaten or killed, and the others feared the more; but now, what has a girl to fear? A few mats to plait, expulsion by the teacher if she is a communicant. That is all, unless she is imprudent and does not fee the Wise Woman. Ah, this is the age to live in."

"In those days, then, the girls never got into trouble?"

She covered her face with her lean hands, but loosely, so that one eye glimmered through her sparse fingers, and for some moments her pinafore quivered with suppressed emotion.

"Why, what's the matter now?" cried my colleagues. To me they said, "Do pull her together; she's your witness."

"Lady Asenath—" I began. The gleaming eye was on me.

"Do you wish me—to tell you—the whole truth?" she stammered in a hollow voice, with catches in her breath that I greatly feared were due to merriment.

"Speak on; of course we do."

"I—that sit before you—I—too—have been—a sinner!"

"Good Heavens!" cried the medical member. "This isn't a confessional."

The hesitation, the shrouded countenance and the hollow tone were all mere concessions to conventional modesty, for now that the first plunge was taken she swam smoothly on into a sea of confession and revelled in the most personal details. No, her meek spouse, Luke, was not the offender, but a gay young dog of more exalted rank. It had shaken the foundations of society and imperilled the peace of two states, this youthful iniquity of hers. And, we were

led to infer, the fair sinner escaped the consequences of her crime against society rather from the accident of birth than any palliating circumstances in delinquency. Indeed—I blush to say it—there seemed to have been no element of innocence betrayed unless, indeed, her partner could have pleaded it, and this could never now be known, seeing that the measles had gathered him to his fathers twenty years ago. Still I like to think that in this she was doing herself an injustice, and that on that night of long ago, on that moonlit shore which she described so graphically, there were, even in her case, through the coolplash of the wavelets on the shingle, Voices of the Night to which she listened.

There was no need to ply her with questions, no possibility of checking her. We simply sat dazed and unresisting and let her stream of compromising revelation surge over us. It was a *chronique scandaleuse*, if you like. From heathen girlhood to Christian middle age her creed had been the same—to make life pleasant to the young, although in that far-off girlhood she had interpreted it as a personal call to arms; while, since youth was past, her mission had been purged of all selfishness and she had been content to direct the campaign against Calvinism with a marshal's baton. Nothing was spared us; no detail was too trivial to record; no name too honoured to be left unsmutched; no adventure too scandalous for plain portrayal. Lavish of subtle metaphor, prodigal of illustration, her story was yet an inexhaustible mine for the anthropologist. Strange customs, stranger superstitions were dangled a tantalising moment before our eyes, only to be snatched away in order to give place to a discomposing illustration; shameful rites undreamed of by mission or Government were darkly hinted at in enticing parenthesis. Skeletons were dragged clattering from the cupboards of every family from the Singatoka to Malolo. She knew something disgraceful about all of them, and what she did not know she guessed. If she paused at all it was to giggle with pure merriment, to shade her roguish eyes when a point was coming or to slap her bewildered friend, the medical member, with caressing playfulness, for she talked scandal in no spirit of carping criticism, but rather in keen sympathy and unwearying appreciation.

We learned many things that day: the curious physiological fact which taught Fijians to drive the new-made father forth into bachelor

society until his child was fully three years old and weaned, a custom fast vanishing now because the missionaries preach the English ideal of family life; the *Vei-sanganitani*, strangest relic of the *Couvade*, by which the health of the suckling babe is watched as the barometer of its sire's conjugal fidelity—for so, she assured us, are the sins of the fathers visited on the children. We learned that day what were the maddening delights of the *veimoko*; the mad orgies of the heathen dances in honour of the *luve-ni-wai*; the wild frolic of Catch-who-catch-can in the warm sea; the real mysteries of the rites of the first fruits; the true motive of the mountaineers who persisted in tattooing their maidens in defiance of the Church. It was Rabelais let loose, plus the lost text of the "*Scented Garden*," with Sir Richard's footnotes to the "*Thousand Nights and a Night*" thrown in.

Not a question had stemmed the torrent of her confidences, but our silence proved a more stimulating goad than the loudest approbation. There was nothing, I solemnly declare, in the demeanour of any of us to invite her to expand, and yet at the last she grew to think herself among kindred spirits and to take us to her heart as the most sympathetic and sensible listeners she had ever had. And when the twilight fell upon one last side-splitting jest and she rose to take her leave, she infused into her parting a sense of jolly partnership between people of the broadest views. From the twilight of the verandah she cried playfully in the dialect of her province, "*Veka; keimam' na kuai Nandi!*" which being freely interpreted is, "Oh, we of Nandi, what gay dogs we are!"

When she was gone the board sat awhile, like men recovering from intoxication, and sober judgment began to slink back to the board-room. The members toyed with pens, and when they spoke, looked over-earnestly at their papers the while.

"Thank Heaven she came alone!" said one devoutly. "More than half she told us ought to be recorded—in Latin."

"In Sanskrit," corrected the medical member. Then, turning upon me, he cried almost savagely. "She was your witness; did you know she was going to do this?" and while I stammered a reply, the statistician came boldly to the rescue of my character.

"It was the picture book," he declared with conviction. It may have been the effect of failing light, but I thought that they both looked older.

Our report was printed as a blue book and buried in the archives of the Colonial Office, though it contained information that might well have been published.* Sir Everard im Thurn, Governor of Fiji a few years later, calls it, "that little-worked mine of Fijian folklore."

In the island of Beqa (Mbengga) there is a ceremonial preparation of the *masawe*, a dracæna that grows in profusion on the grassy hillsides. Its fibrous root is full of sugar, but before it is fit to eat it must be baked among hot stones for four days. A great pit is dug, filled with large stones and blazing logs, and when these have burned down and the stones are at white heat the oven is ready for the *masawe*. At this point in the ceremony the clan Naivilaukata is called upon to leap into the oven (*Rikata na lovo*) and walk unharmed upon the hot stones that would scorch the feet of any but the descendants of the dauntless Tui Nkualita.

When I witnessed the ceremony, only twice had Europeans been fortunate enough to see it, and I was determined to get first-hand evidence.

At Waisoma I found a shallow pit, nineteen feet wide, dug in the sandy soil a stone's throw from the high-water mark. It was piled high with blazing logs and round stones the size of a man's head. Mingled with the roar of the fire were sharp reports as splinters flew from the stones. Men were dragging up more logs and rolling them into the blaze while on the brink of the fiery pit stood Jonathan Dambea directing the proceedings with an air of noble calm.

While the stones were heating, a grey-headed elder told me the origin of the ceremony.

"On an evening," he said, "very long ago the men of Navakaisese had settled down for the night in the house called Nakauyema and were telling stories and competing for the reward [*nambu*] for the best story. Tui Nkualita of the Ivilaukata clan cried, 'My *nambu* shall be an eel.' On the morrow he remembered that he had seen a large eel in the spring named Namoliwai. He knelt on the brink and plunged his hand into the water to feel for the eel. The pool

* Some of the material is to be found in my book, *The Fijians*, which, I believe, was at one time recommended as a textbook to cadets for the Fiji civil service.'

was deeper than it had been and, reaching down with his arm immersed to the shoulder, he touched something. He drew it out and found that it was a child's cradle mat. Then he plunged his arm down again and felt the fingers of a human hand. He felt his way down until he touched a man's head, which he dragged upwards by the hair. 'Whoever you may me,' he cried, 'you shall be my *nambu*.'

"' You must save me,' said the man, 'for I am a chief and have a town of my own and many others who pay me tribute.'

"' What is your name?'

"' Tui Namoliwai.'

"' I know all the Beqa chiefs and also many on the mainland, but I have never heard of Tui Namoliwai. What use will you be to me alive?'

"' I will be your guardian spirit in war.'

"' The island is small, and I am mightier than all others in war.'

"' Then I will be your god of safe voyages.'

"' My home is on the land, and I hate the sea.'

"' Then let me help you on the *tinka* ground.'

"' My lance flies truer and stronger than any other.'

"' Then I will make you beloved of women.'

"' I have a wife who loves me, and I want no other.'

"' I will make you pass unharmed through fire.'

"' If you can do that, I may spare you, but if you fail, you shall be my *nambu*.'

" Then the God gathered brushwood and piled it with stones and lighted it, and they sat down to wait until the stones were red with heat. Then the God took Tui Nkualita by the hand, saying, 'Come, let us go into the oven.'

"' What, and be roasted alive?'

"' Nay, the fire shall not burn you.'

" Then Tui Nkualita took his hand and lay on the hot stones and found them cool and pleasant, and the God said: "You shall stay four days in the oven and be unhurt."

"' Four days! And who shall find food for my wife and children? No, let me pass through the fire and come out unharmed. I ask no more than that.'

" It is well. This gift shall be yours and your descendants for

ever. The power shall remain with you to whatever country you may go.'

"So, on the day when *masawe* was cooked Tui Nkualita sprang into the great pit, treading down the green leaves as they were thrown into the oven to line it until he was hidden in the steam. When he came out alive and unharmed the people raised a great shout. It was thus that whenever *masawe* is cooked, the people of Rukua and Sawau must first leap into the oven to make the baking good.

"Last year we attended a great feast at Rewa, and a Rewa chief jested with us as we stood by the oven, saying, 'Come, leap into our ovens as you do into your own.'

"We told them that it is tabu to do this in *any* oven but the *masawe* oven, and that the food in the smoking pits would not be cooked. And our words came true: the pigs and the yams were as raw as they went in."

When all was ready we were called to the pit. The fire had been burning for four hours: the white-hot mass of stones was throwing out a heat beside which the scorching sun was a pleasant relief. They were dragging the burning logs out of the pit with green vines, and a cone of glowing stones remained in the middle. These were raked flat with green saplings, which acted like the teeth of a huge rake. This continued until an even floor of hot stones was produced. It took fully half an hour, but the tongues of flame playing among the stones left no doubt about their heat.

All this time, Jonathan preserved the air of holy calm that never left his face. There was a cry of: "*Vutu, Vutu!*" and forth from the bush marched sixteen men, two and two, dressed in garlands and fringes. They tramped straight to the brink. The leading couple showed consternation in their faces but did not pause, because their followers would have pushed them forward. They stepped down upon the stones and marched round the pit, planting their feet squarely on each stone. The crowd surged forward and flung in great bundles of green leaves, but the bundles struck the last pair in the procession and cut them off from their fellows, so they stayed where they were, trampling down the leaves in a dense cloud of steam from the boiling sap. The others leapt back to their assistance, shouting and trampling. After the leaves, baskets of *masawe* root

were flung to them; more leaves, and then the bystanders joined in shovelling earth over all till the pit was gone and a smoking mound of fresh earth took its place. This is the usual method of roasting in Fiji, and the result is excellent. This pit kept hot for four days before the *masawe* was cooked.

By a preconcerted arrangement with the noble Jonathan a large stone had been hooked out of the pit to my feet and, at the moment when the first man entered the pit, I dropped a pocket handkerchief lightly on the stone and snatched what remained of it as the last man left the stones. During the twenty or thirty seconds it lay there, every fold of the handkerchief that touched the stone was charred, and the rest of it was scorched yellow. So the stones really were hot.

We caught four or five of the performers as they came out and closely examined the soles of their feet. They were cool and showed no trace of scorching, nor were their anklets of dried tree fern burnt. This, explained Jonathan, is part of the miracle, for dried tree fern is as combustible as tinder, and flames were shooting among the stones.

Sceptics had affirmed that the skin of a Fijian sole was so thick that it would not feel a burn. Whether this be true of the ball and heel or not, the instep is covered with skin little thicker than our own, and we saw the men plant their insteps fairly on the stones.

The sceptics of our party were impressed. Even the skipper of our little steamer, who had formerly been a conjurer who ate fire at a variety entertainment, said that it was "very fair for niggers," but hinted darkly that he could improve upon it.

Seated before the *kava* bowl by the light of a candle stuck in a bottle neck, Jonathan submitted himself to cross-examination.

Why were the young men afraid? Because only five of the sixteen had ever passed through the fire before. The regular performers were elderly men, and it had been rumoured that picture machines would be brought, so they had selected good-looking youths.

The handkerchief was burned? Well, if it had been thrown into the middle of the pit instead of upon an isolated stone, it would not even have been singed.

Could a strange man share the gift?

Certainly, if he went with one of the clan. If only I had told him

my wishes sooner, he would have taken me in barefooted, and I should have found the stones cool and pleasant.

Yes, it was true that one of the men had nearly fallen. Would he have been burnt if he had fallen? He thought not.

Then why were the people so anxious to save him from falling? Well, many years ago a man did fall and was burned on the shoulders and side. But a Wise Man patted the burns, and they ceased to pain him.

Any trick? Here Jonathan's ample face shrunk smaller, and a shadow passed over his candid eye.

"Had there been any trick, the whole world would know it. Perhaps I do not believe the story of Tui Namoliwai, but I do believe that to my clan it has been given to pass unharmed through fire."

O wily Jonathan!

I have recorded faithfully what I saw with my own eyes, going to the sight as a sceptic, and I could detect no trick. Nor have I ever met a witness of the ceremony who had a convincing explanation.

CHAPTER XVIII

My First Prison

EARLY IN 1893 my wife found the climate too much for her and was advised to go home. She lost no time in making efforts to obtain for me an exchange to a more temperate climate. In December I received a cable, already eight days old because messages had to come from Australia by steamer, calling me home. I left the islands on Christmas Eve, 1893, for Vancouver and crossed the 180th meridian on Christmas Day, so that we had two Christmas Days running and Christmas dinners on each! We put into Honolulu in the middle of the revolution. There were American and Japanese warships there, and nobody knew what was to happen next. I was the only first-class passenger, and when we reached Vancouver I had to lock myself into my stateroom to avoid the reporters. On reaching Liverpool I was met with the choice of two jobs: either to go to Barbados as Auditor General and continue my colonial service, or to take charge of the Crown Prince of Siam (the late king) and his brother in England. The choice was difficult. To accept Barbados would have meant tropical service probably for the rest of my life; the care of the Siamese princes made it possible for me to be called to the Bar.

I left the Colonial Service and took a house at Ascot. The two Princes were very nice little boys. They had with them Mom Siddhi, later Siamese minister in Paris, whom we all loved. He was a sort of distant cousin and dependent, always cheerful and resourceful whatever he was put to do. We had an English tutor and a doctor attached to us. The doctor had been with the Guards; the late General Sir Thomas Yarr, K.C.M.G., who distinguished himself greatly in Gallipoli. The person most concerned with the stay of the Princes in this country was the late Mr. Frederick Verney, who had devoted the whole of his later life to the Siamese Legation, where he was Counsellor. He had formerly been in Orders and was, at one time, chaplain to my father.

I entered at the Inner Temple, and on the advice of the late Lord

Ludlow I read with Mr. Scott-Fox. In due course I passed the Bar examination and was admitted in 1896.

In the meantime, I became one of "Henley's young men." My first book, *South Sea Yarns*, had been published by Blackwood before I came home. It owed its existence to Rudyard Kipling's *Plain Tales from the Hills*, which had been lent to me by my Eton tutor, Mr. H. E. Luxmoore, when I came home from New Guinea. I now turned my Tongan experiences to account by publishing *The Diversions of a Prime Minister*, which Henley reviewed in the *Pall Mall*. He invited me to contribute articles to his magazine, which were afterwards published in *The Indiscretions of Lady Asenath*, the least bad of my books. This led to a standing invitation to tea on Sundays at his little house at Muswell Hill. There I met many writers of the day—Barrie, Charles Whibley, H. G. Wells, Harry Cust, and others who never quite fulfilled their promise. Through Henley I became one of the reviewers for the *Pall Mall* in the heyday of Harry Cust's editorship, and when he resigned there was a dinner attended by Whistler and an astonishing number of contributors who wrote anonymously for the paper. Through Henley, too, I came to know Lord Northcliffe, a friendship that lasted until his death.

Henley, with his lion's mane and his splendid torso, was a great figure. No one seeing him seated would have dreamed that he was a cripple, or, hearing his inspiring talk, would have guessed that he suffered almost continual pain. His keen encouragement to young writers, his vigour and his poetic imagination made him the most stimulating companion. His views on the newspaper critics of his day were sweeping: he professed to believe that books were handed over for review to the office boy to keep him out of mischief in his spare time. On sentimentality he waged a perpetual war. He belonged to the Elizabethans, and one could not help feeling that a man with his taste for high adventure and love of poetry had been born three centuries too late. His death was a personal loss to all of us who sat at his feet.

Beyond flattering reviews, I made nothing by my books. I had no literary agent; I was a novice at agreements! the publishers of *The Indiscretions of Lady Asenath* went into liquidation. Nevertheless, I went on writing in the hope that my luck would turn. Writing becomes a bad habit like any other.

To the Siamese Princes I owe my only audience with Queen Victoria. Mr. Verney had been trying hard to obtain royal recognition for the Princes, but probably Her Majesty felt that with so many foreign Royal children in England for their education, it would be unwise to single out a particular Prince. At twelve o'clock one day I received a lengthy telegram commanding us to Windsor at four. There was a wild rush for nail-brushes and clean collars, for the boys were gardening, and then, in correct Eton jackets, I bundled them into a carriage and drove across the Great Park. We were received by the late Duke of Argyll and the lord-in-waiting, Lord Harris, and taken up into a narrow gallery outside Her Majesty's private apartments. A double door stood at the end of the gallery and other doors led to the State rooms. In front of these doors was a little group, consisting of the Empress Frederick, Princess Louise and one or two other royalties, and we were drawn up in line with our backs to the windows. There we waited, talking among ourselves, until a functionary came out to marshal us. "An inch or two farther back, gentlemen," he whispered, and perhaps it was these preliminary ceremonies that contributed to the sense of awe we were under when the Queen appeared. The doors were thrown open quite suddenly, and Her Majesty came in, leaning on the arm of her Indian Munshi, who carried himself with great hauteur. The Queen was tiny. I had the impression of a little pale lady covered with lace, rather frail and infirm, but somehow invested with extraordinary dignity. She was smiling, and without a moment's delay the two boys were taken up and presented to her. I hissed into their ears as they passed, "Kiss Her Majesty's hand," but the younger boy forgot and shook her hand warmly, which made her smile. Then she called for me, and I was presented. There was only one topic of conversation—the health of the Siamese boys. Were they strong? Had I noticed that they caught cold easily? Would I say that in all respects they were not more delicate than English boys? And then, when that topic had been exhausted, she asked the Duke of Argyll to see that we were shown everything of interest in the Castle.

It was not until some weeks afterwards that I heard why we had been sent for. At luncheon on the previous day there had been a discussion on consanguinity, and one of the princesses remarked that the two Siamese Princes, who were in the country, were the children

of a brother and sister, as is the rule in Siam as it was with the royal family in ancient Egypt. Upon this the Queen, who was always interested in what appertained to births and deaths, said that she would like to see them. After that audience I was well able to understand the awe with which the Queen's Ministers regarded her.

The Crown Prince was a gentle, rather delicate boy, whose tastes were for indoor pursuits rather than outdoor games. On the other hand, his half-brother, Prince Abhakara, later an Admiral in the Siamese Navy, was like an English boy in his love of life in the country. Occasionally there were anxious moments, as when a pony bolted and upset us all in a deep ditch, the Crown Prince displaying afterwards the print of the sole of my boot in his white waistcoat, but on the whole they gave us little cause for anxiety. The reigning King had a great belief in the value of a Western education for his children, and several of his sons and nephews were in Germany and France as well as in England.

We spent the summer holidays in Brittany, where we took a villa at a seaside village and cycled out to see the local sights. The experiment was regarded as so successful that two more of the king's sons were put into our charge, and a fifth came to us for the summer holidays.

The Siamese Princes had been with us for nearly two years: I had been called to the Bar and was preparing to practise when a telegram from the Home Office changed all my plans. Among my visitors in Tonga had been a friend who had subsequently become private secretary to Sir Matthew White-Ridley, the Home Secretary of the day. In scanning the list of applicants for the governorship of a prison he had come across my name, and he telegraphed to know whether I still desired the appointment. By leaving the Colonial Service I had sacrificed ten pensionable years, and I should again be beginning on the bottom rung of the ladder, but the administrative side of the public service was always attractive to me, and I imagined that I might find criminals of our own race even more interesting to deal with than alien islanders on the threshold of civilisation. Just after a successor had been found to take charge of the Crown Prince while he was attached to Sandhurst I was presented to the King of Siam, who happened to be in England. He was courteous and charm-

ing, but he remarked rather ruefully, "So you prefer the society of criminals to that of my sons!"

In August 1896 I was gazetted deputy governor at Liverpool prison. At nine o'clock one morning I reported myself to the governor to be instructed in my duties. Mr. Walker was a governor of the old school. He had been in the service for more than thirty years and had worked his way up from the ranks. He knew everything that there was to know about the management of a prison, and if he was short and peremptory with those who broke the rules, especially with idlers, his bark was worse than his bite. He was scrupulously just and as kindly in his manner as was then thought consistent with the maintenance of discipline.

The deputy-governor's day began at 6.30 a.m. At nine Mr. Walker held a levée of all the heads of branches—the matron, the chief warder, the storekeeper and the foreman of works—for the business of opening the daily letters which he did with lightning rapidity and a running commentary upon their contents which kept his satellites in an agony of suppressed mirth. Then each went off with his bundle, to return later in the day with the material for replying to them.

He treated me as he had treated every deputy governor who had been sent to him for instruction—as a sort of joke. Liverpool prison had a daily population of more than a thousand men and women of all categories. As a rule the men were easy to manage, but when it came to the women, the mere male official had to take his chance. They were rough days, and these women were rougher than any primitive women I had met with in the South Seas or elsewhere in odd corners of the globe.

It happened on my first day that a young groom was to be hanged within the next twenty-four hours and that the petitions that had poured in to the Home Secretary praying for clemency on the score of his youth prevailed only at the eleventh hour. The Governor tossed the reprieve over to me, saying that I might begin my duties by a visit to the condemned cell. It was a cheerful double cell on the ground floor of the court from which all the wings radiated. I found the young man talking quite cheerfully to the two plain-clothes warders who never leave a man day or night after a sentence of death.

"I have got good news for you," I said.

"Have you, sir?"

"Your sentence has been commuted to penal servitude for life."

The boy blushed vividly, but remained silent.

"You're a lucky fellow," I observed.

"I am, sir," he replied with great heartiness.

It was the practice at Liverpool for the governor and the deputy governor to divide the prison between them when it came to visiting every prisoner in his cell at ten o'clock. A warder went first to unlock and throw open the cell doors. The governor followed, made a rapid inspection of the cell and gave its occupant an opportunity of speaking. Sometimes he would stop and exchange a few words with the occupant, especially when he was a new-comer. As I was going round the cells of the men sentenced to penal servitude the chief warder whispered, "In the next cell is the man who has just been reprieved." Never had I seen such a change. There he stood in convict dress, with three pounds of tarry rope before him which he was to pick into oakum. He had had the curious support that men derive from being a centre of interest—a subtle flattery that few can withstand even though they are to be hanged at the end of it. A few hours earlier he had been in a class by himself: now he was just one among a thousand. The barber had clipped his hair to pattern, and with his own clothing he seemed to have cast off every link that had bound him to the past. He was the most dejected man in the prison.

I have known many murderers whose sentences were commuted. I have known only one—Stinie Morrison—who might have committed a second murder if he had had the chance, but he died in prison in 1921, after defying prison discipline for years. The rest were always a good influence in the prison and qualified themselves for positions of trust.

An execution is the worst ordeal that prison officers have to undergo. They have charge of the culprit when awaiting trial; they are frequently asked by him to advise him about his defence; they are present at his trial, and they receive him back again to prepare him for what is to happen three weeks later. When the end approaches, the man is quite a different person from the creature who was admitted two or three months earlier, smelling of drink, unnerved and

sometimes truculent. They have, in a sense, grown almost fond of him.

My first case was that of a young man at Northampton, a shoehand, who had killed his girl in a quarrel. In mentality he was little above the animals, and when in liquor he was a very dangerous animal indeed.

When a man leaves the dock under sentence of death he is taken downstairs and searched to the skin. From that moment until he is dead, two warders are with him night and day. I often wondered as I went round the prison what this particular shoehand could find to talk about to these warders, but talk he did. According to humane practice he was supplied with tobacco. On his last morning he was, like all condemned prisoners, allowed to choose his own breakfast, and here I found him sitting down to a piled plate of beefsteak and onions, eating voraciously. The minutes dragged on. The chief warder was looking anxiously at his watch, for it was ten minutes to nine and he had but ten minutes to live, but at this moment a warder came out of the condemned cell with an empty plate and said that his prisoner would like another helping. The chief warder, highly scandalised, said, "The man ought to be thinking about his immortal soul instead of beefsteak and onions." But he had a second helping while the executioner, hidden round the corner, called my attention to the hands of his watch in dumb show. When the last mouthful was swallowed, the procession was formed and the man, supported on either side by a warder, walked quite cheerfully behind the chaplain until the shed, used as a coachhouse for the Black Maria, came into view; then for a moment he stumbled and changed colour.

All this takes so long to tell in comparison with the time it takes to act. In thirty seconds from the forming of the procession, the man was dead; the fall of the drop could be heard outside the walls, and there was a confused roar of voices like the moaning of the wind. The warder posted the signed certificate outside the gate signifying that the sentence had been carried into effect, and then came the business of getting the executioner out of a back gate in another street. He was bundled into a cab with his black bag and driven to the station.

It has never been explained why the executioner of those days always came from Lancashire or Yorkshire and why nearly always

his calling in private life was that of a barber. He acted under very strict rules. He had to present himself overnight and sleep in the prison after making the necessary tests of his apparatus. His diet was prescribed—I suppose to ensure against the temptation to keep up his nerve by artificial means. In those days he was a little man resembling a Yorkshire terrier, and I caught him looking at my neck from force of habit to judge, I suppose, what drop I would take. He deplored to me the times we were living in: “It is not as if people like to come and be shaved when they know who I am, and how is a man to bring up two daughters respectable on only ten jobs a year?”

In a preface to a book published by Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb, Mr. George Bernard Shaw said that there was not much difference between the death sentence and imprisonment: “each is a method for taking a criminal’s life.” It is a fine effort of imagination; no prison governor has ever yet met a condemned prisoner who would refuse a reprieve or who did not ardently long for one. It is said that Stinie Morrison was an exception, but I knew Stinie Morrison too well to doubt that if he had been taken at his word he would have besieged the Home Office with complaints and petitions.

Those were the last days of the treadwheel and the crank. The treadwheel was doing work; it pumped the water as it did in the old days in monasteries. The crank, otherwise known as “Appold’s hard-labour machine,” ground nothing but the air. The handle was inside the cell, the machine outside, and the prisoner had to make so many thousand revolutions as his daily task. The friction belt was carefully adjusted to a weight of ten pounds on the handle, and the warder counted the revolutions by using a highly burnished tin lid as a reflector. Probably the fact that the man knew he was grinding air was the worst part of the punishment.

In those days anthropometry and the fingerprint system of identification which succeeded it were regarded by criminals as hitting below the belt. In my first days at Liverpool I made the acquaintance of a middle-aged man who had persuaded the court that he was a first offender and had received a lenient sentence in consequence. The warder who had the best memory for faces was the schoolmaster who distributed library books to new-comers. He saw something familiar about the face, and when the man surrendered his last book with the

complaint that it had a "distinctly Cawtholic tendency" he was sure. Never have I seen any one so indignant as this prisoner when they took his measurements and established beyond a doubt that he had already served two terms of penal servitude in addition to an almost countless number of lesser sentences. His complaint to me was: "This measuring of a bloke's head is what gets me. Let an officer come honest and straightforward to my cell and look me over and say, 'William Watson, I knew you when you was Jack Taylor.' That's what I call identification, but this new business with the calipers is not right."

A case occurred in which a man had been wrongly identified as John Smith, with one previous conviction which he admitted, and as John Smith he appeared in the prison record. But when he was again arraigned and his fingerprints were taken he proved to be not John Smith, but William Brown. "I can't understand," said the reception warder, "why you ever admitted yourself to be John Smith."

"That's because you haven't studied William Brown's record. I had to be somebody, hadn't I?—and if they wanted me to be John Smith with only one pre. con., and as William Brown I had seventeen—well, I let them have it their own way."

I must not forget the matron, a really excellent woman beloved of her charges. She spoke of them all as "gurls"—"good gurls" and "naughty gurls"—and when one of them had smashed her cell windows and was tearing her clothes to ribbons the matron had only to appeal to her and she burst into tears. She treated all the disorderly ones as naughty children, and Walker believed that she quelled the disorderly by a hint that she would have to pay for the damage out of her own pocket.

The visit of the new Chairman of the Prison Commission, my old schoolfellow at Eton, Sir Evelyn Ruggles-Brise, had an important result for me. He thought that I ought to gain experience in a convict prison as well as a local prison and recommended me to apply for the next vacancy as deputy governor of Dartmoor. When I announced this to Mr. Walker he had a great deal to say. It was November, and at this season, he said, the climate at Dartmoor was arctic; a thick fog brooded over the place; all around were granite tors covered with frozen snow or dripping with moisture. The life

was one long, drab, grey monotony. "But of course," he concluded, "you must do as you like."

With these sombre anticipations fresh in my memory a few days before Christmas 1896 I put myself into a one-horse fly at Tavistock to be driven to Princetown. The night had closed in, and as the poor horse toiled up the endless hill the clouds descended and wrapped us in a blanket of fog. After two hours we pulled up at the prison gate, where a gaslight shone feebly through the fog.

There was certainly no drab monotony about my first two days. On my first afternoon, while the reclaiming parties were marching in from the bogs, a sudden fog had fallen, and two of the convicts made what the newspapers call "a sudden dash for liberty." One of them obeyed the order to stop: the other went on and in scaling a stone wall chanced to be stooping when the warder fired at his legs; he received the charge of buckshot in his back and died almost immediately. The whole question of the legal right to fire at an escaping convict was immediately raised in the press, and Princetown was crowded with journalists for the inquest. The coroner's jury returned a verdict of "justifiable homicide," but it was decided to overhaul the ammunition with a view to finding a kind that would stop a running man without inflicting serious injury. It fell to me to make the necessary experiments on a "human" leg of soft wood made in the carpenters shop. As a result No. 5 shot was adopted.

After two years at Dartmoor as deputy governor my turn came for the governorship of a local prison, and I was moved to Northampton—an appointment I held for nearly three years.

Return to Tonga

IN 1900 WHILE I was governor of Northampton prison the Colonial Office borrowed me from the Home Office to send me out to the Pacific in connection with the new treaty with Germany. Under its terms Samoa was to be treated as an exclusive field for German influence, and in return Germany was to cede all her rights acquired by treaty in Tonga, including her coaling station. Knowing that I knew the Tongan language and was *persona grata* with the Tongan chiefs, the Colonial Office had decided to grant me a full power under the Great Seal to make a treaty with the King of Tonga by which he would put himself under British protection. The pride taken by the Tongans in their independence promised me a rather difficult mission. I wondered how the faction-riven little people would receive me. Ten years earlier when I was leaving Tonga I had been escorted to the steamer by the Lords and Commons in procession, but I had then been a Tongan Minister of the Crown working my hardest to bolster up the independence of my adopted country. I was now merely an Englishman charged with a very different mission.

There was an apparent inconsistency in the two roles that calls for explanation. Ten years bring many changes in the circumstances of little states. When I had last been in Tonga, Hawaii was independent; three of the great Powers were still wrangling over Samoa; countless islands in the Pacific were still unclaimed. All these had fallen now, and eyes had been cast upon Tonga—the last independent state in the Pacific. She could make no resistance; her seizure was only a question of months unless she had a powerful protector. The British Government could not afford to tolerate a foreign power in possession of the best harbour in the western Pacific islands within striking distance of Fiji.

With the new agreement between England and Germany the last prop to Tongan independence had been cut away. Until then the

coaling station ceded to the Germans had been a guarantee against seizure by another Power, but now that the Germans had ceded all their treaty rights to us, we had either to accept the cession or leave the field open to other Powers. Therefore in taking the Tongans under our protection we were serving their interests even more than our own. The reports we had heard in Sydney, Fiji and Samoa were conflicting, but all agreed in one thing—that our arrival was awaited with anxiety. Some declared that the Tongans would resist the loss of their independence to the last man; others that they would not be satisfied with a Protectorate, but would ask for annexation. I knew the little people too well to believe this second forecast.

The Admiralty had detached H.M.S. *Porpoise* to carry me and Amherst Webber, my brother-in-law, who acted as my private secretary, to the Islands. On April 9, 1900, the ship approached Nuku-*lofa*, the capital. I began to notice changes. These had been prosperous years with the Tongans; not a native-built house was to be seen; trim little weatherboard cottages had sprung up everywhere, and in the vacant space beside the government offices of my day a pretentious wooden building, the new House of Parliament, flaunted itself in the sun. Naturally the traders who had erected all these had prospered, and the stores were resplendent in new paint. The town was sleeping in the sun; its trim grassy streets stretching away inland were utterly deserted. It was like a toy town, fresh-painted from the shop before its inhabitants have been taken out of their box. Not long before, one of my friends had encountered an American tourist, just landed from a steamer, standing at a street corner where four roads met. He had asked him what he was looking at. "Sir," replied the American, "they tell me that this is the business quarter of this capital, and I am watching these four grass walks till I see a human being, but I've wasted ten minutes and I guess I'll have to give it up."

If any of us flattered himself that the town would wake up when it learned of our arrival, he was disappointed. Flags, it is true, fluttered up to the head of every staff, but the streets remained deserted. Presently a boat was manned and a burly gentleman in frock-coat and silk hat whom, even at that distance, I could recognise as *Tui Belehaki*, embarked in her and came on board.

The lineal descendant of the Tongan deities had carried his ten

years easily. His hair was a shade greyer, but the brightness of his eye and the gaiety of his laugh were unabated. He said that they had heard of my coming from the Australian newspapers and they rejoiced, though they knew not the cause (here the hereditary laugh carried a tremor of nervousness). A princess had just been born to the young King, and he, as His Majesty's father, chuckled at the thought of being a grandfather and touched lightly on the still burning question of the King's marriage, for all it had threatened revolution, and "Misa Beika" was back again. He laughed long and loud at this admission and the reminiscences that it evoked. When he went off I asked him to get the King to appoint a time to receive us, and in the meantime sent a letter to the King to the same effect. To this I got two answers: one official, appointing ten o'clock next day, and the other private, thanking me for inquiries after the health of the Queen and the infant princess.

King George I of Tonga had died in 1893 at the mature age of ninety-six. His death was ascribed to his obstinate habit of bathing in the sea at daybreak. Contrary to expectation, his great-great-grandson, Taufaahau, had succeeded him under the title of George Tubou II without disturbance. His first act had been to dismiss my old friend Tukuaho, appointing him governor of the Vavau sub-group; his second, to appoint Sateki, my Auditor General, Prime Minister in his stead. For a time the Premier had had a European clerk, but the native government had gradually come to dispense with all Europeans except the customs staff.

In the afternoon we ran the Tongan ensign to the masthead and saluted it, and the report of the first gun did certainly produce some stir. Tongan guardsmen emerged from the guardroom on the wharf, and presently they hauled out two five-pounders and trundled them to the foot of the flagstaff. The Union Jack was run up in place of the Tongan ensign and saluted with twenty-one guns. The five-pounders must have been dangerously hot before all had been fired.

Next morning the Tongan guards were much in evidence: their band was descried marching to quarters. As regarded salutes I left everything to the captain. He went off with his officers in full dress, and I was told to wait till I was sent for.

At last they signalled for me, and we went off with Queen Victoria's picture and the Sword of Honour and the red dispatch box

containing my commission. They fired eleven guns while the boat's crew lay on their oars and on the wharf the captain and officers of the *Porpoise* were drawn up to receive me. In the palace grounds was the native band and guard of honour, and we stopped while the band played "God Save the Queen."

In the throne room were two rows of chairs, and I was made to sit on a sort of throne opposite the King's. With him were Fatafehi (Tui Belehaki) and Kubu (both old friends of mine) and an A.D.C., resplendent in uniforms. After the official speeches, in which I told them something of the object of my coming and referred to my former time in Tonga, and the King said that every Tongan rejoiced to-day at my coming, that I was known throughout Tonga for having made their laws, I presented Queen Victoria's picture and the Sword of Honour. We then took our leave. It was arranged that I should meet the King in the afternoon.

He was not unlike my old friend Tukuaho (his cousin), but much bigger and fatter. He stood well over six feet and weighed at least nineteen stone though not yet twenty-seven. According to Tongan standards he was good-looking.

I put him down at our first interview as a great overgrown schoolboy, but he proved to have behind this appearance a good understanding and a fund of passive obstinacy. His English did him great credit: it was acquired in a few months spent in Auckland many years earlier, but he worked at it steadily and still read English newspapers. He was covered with decorations which proved all to be alike: he had had them made in Sydney. He explained that the order had no name and was not given away to other people.

We sat side by side on the state chairs, and I broached the terms of the treaty, telling him that there was no intention of filching his country away from him. As he sat there in his ill-fitting white clothes, sweating at every pore, he was not prepossessing. He seemed singularly dense at understanding the terms of the treaty, but when I tried to tie him down, the most he would say was, "Will you let me have it in writing?"

After my interview I called on poor old Tungi, who was sitting in the dusk in the same house, but no dusk now would ever matter to him, for he was stone blind. He was very bitter about the state of Tonga, where the young men no longer respected dignities. During

my former visit every mounted man leapt from the saddle when he encountered a high chief: now, the most he would do was to raise his hand in salute.

I paid a visit to my old friend Kubu, whose house had been burned over his head in the time of the religious troubles.

Next day we all tumbled into full-dress uniform to receive the King on board the *Porpoise*.

The King's state barge was manned by a crew in black *valas* with red sashes. He was in full uniform and seemed a little bewildered. We led him to the cabin with Fatafahi, in black wearing a topper, Kubu, in diplomatic uniform, and his A.D.C. There we drank champagne and then took him on deck to fire a mine. His face froze a little at the tons of water flung into the air when he touched the button. Then we showed him gun drill, and I told him that the six-inch guns would carry to the remotest part of the island. They went at last, and the Tongan flag was run up to the main and saluted with twenty-one guns.

Ashore, in the afternoon, a sergeant of the guard put a letter into my hand, followed shortly by another apologising that the first letter was unsigned and asking for it back again. It was signed, "Your friend whom you have slain."

This letter was the result of reading the draft treaty. I went to see the King later in the day and found him in a state of great agitation. There were so many eavesdroppers that we had to conduct our conversation in English. The burden of the King's complaint was that we were taking his country from him by putting him under British protection. It was in vain that I assured him that his throne was left intact: "Only this morning we saluted you with twenty-one guns. Your Government is to be left to you without interference. Does that look as if your land had been taken from you?"

We talked of Lord Salisbury and Mr. Chamberlain, whom the King imagined to be a very ruthless and truculent person, and I did not take overmuch pains to undeceive him. He was a little easier when I departed and returned to the ship.

Next day I had a trying interview with him. He was in great distress; stroked my hand and asked whether he might not go to England to press his own case with Lord Salisbury. I said that he would be welcomed in England, but if he went there officially when

I had been accredited to him they might not receive him. Why not consult his chiefs and his Privy Council, whom I should be glad to meet?

He jumped at this and said moreover that there would be little difficulty about the coaling station. (We were to take over the German treaty rights in this respect.)

I gathered that it would ease the position for the King if I wrote officially to him and to the chiefs, asking for an answer by 3 p.m. next day, instead of letting it appear that the demand had his sanction. This I did. A letter came meanwhile from the King, asking me to meet the Cabinet next day at 3 p.m., to which I agreed.

I found that the Tongan Government had asked our Vice-Consul for a copy of the German lease. Fortunately I was able to take a copy of this document. I found that the Germans had helped themselves very liberally and that I should be in a position to give back a big slice, which we didn't want, in exchange for sites for a fort and for a repairing station in Nukualofa.

At three o'clock I went to the palace and found Fatafehi and Sateki only. To them I explained the situation. It was settled that Tui Belehaki, to give Fatafehi his full title (he was known as "Two Belly" to the bluejackets) should come in the *Porpoise* to Vavau to settle the position of the coaling station there.

Before we left I was invited to the throne room to drink a parting glass of champagne. The guard meanwhile were going through extraordinary antics. There were two windows. They marched to one and presented arms and then marched off to the other and presented arms again. This they kept up during the entire interview, and in pure pity for them I cut it short. The King came with us to the gate and implored me to show his father how to behave at table, fearing that he might disgrace himself before the officers. Poor dear old "Two Belly," he did nothing of the kind, but he was late. His luggage began to come off: it consisted largely of cocoanuts. He brought with him two boys, one of them armed with an ancient theodolite.

We sailed for Haapai and Vavau, two separate little groups belonging to Tonga. At Vavau, one of the loveliest islands in the Pacific, we marked off the coaling station, on a piece of flat land. It has never been used. Gaunt (later Admiral Guy Gaunt) proceeded to fix

the position by angles. Unga, Fatafehi's clerk, had brought his theodolite. To please him I asked Gaunt to make use of it, if he could, or to pretend to do so. The instrument was set up. It had been used for years for surveying tax plantations, but when Gaunt tried to remove the cap he found it solidly rusted on. As he wrenched it off Unga recoiled in horror: he thought that his precious theodolite was ruined. With real good nature Gaunt undertook to give him a lesson, and at the end of two tiring hours Unga was able to work out very tolerable angles.

We chained out a frontage of two hundred yards—four acres in all—and surrendered the rest to the Tongans. The ship's carpenter set up huge broad arrows in cement on the sea front and the other corners.

It was now clear that I must return to Tonga after hoisting the flag at Niué, otherwise Savage Island, the name Captain Cook had given it. This was the second part of my commission. The Niuéans had themselves asked for annexation, so there were no diplomatic negotiations to go through.

There is no harbour in the island. The *Porpoise* had to lie off the shore. The lead gave us nineteen fathoms under the bow and sixty-three fathoms under the stern. In other words, when we let go the anchor we were on the edge of a submarine precipice. Our fires had to be banked all the time we were there. The island is a flat plateau of coral rock, supporting a population of Polynesians. They are all Christians and Wesleyans.

I had a portrait of Queen Victoria to present to the King of Niué. We landed to meet the King on the plateau.

His Majesty the King of Savage Island was not a punctual person. Our meeting was timed for ten o'clock, and we sat waiting. A messenger reported that the King had arrived, but that he was arraying himself for the occasion. We were made to wait so long that I was on the point of deciding to go on with the ceremony of hoisting the flag without the King. It proved afterwards that the old gentleman had dressed himself in a military uniform imported by a trader and that his Samoan schoolmaster had made him take it off and dress in a beautiful Samoan mat. He stuck, however, to his head-dress: a helmet with cock's feathers.

When the procession did appear it was worth waiting for. Led by a

disorderly band of officers armed with clubs and spears and one old gentleman in a home-made Admiral's uniform topped with an ancient beaver hat, the King and Queen arrived. The King, a man of seventy-six, and the Queen, a fat girl of twenty in a muslin dress with a train and a hat wreathed with artificial roses, were escorted by a rabble in European dress.

When comparative quiet had been obtained by brandishing clubs over the heads of the spectators, we came out to the awning erected for us, and I made what I hoped was an appropriate speech, interpreted by the missionary in a voice that would have carried all over the island. Then came the flag hoisting on a staff erected by blue-jackets. At my suggestion the band was fetched from the ship: the first band the natives had ever heard.

The British flag was saluted on board with twenty-one guns, and I found standing at the salute the whole time very tiring to the arm. The heat was torrid.

All the Europeans on the island, eight in number, came to see me. They had no complaints to make about the natives, nor had the natives any about them, which says much for both parties. Moreover, the Europeans were all on good terms with each other—which I found in no other island that I visited.*

I invited Their Majesties to visit the ship. The Queen disturbed the proceedings by deciding to take off her royal boots at the bottom of the ladder. Being laced, this took a long time, while the bluejackets stood respectfully at attention to receive them and one of them carried the footwear to the deck and Her Majesty paddled about the ship in her stockings. The party was shown over the ship, and the King pronounced the chart-house to be the best kitchen he had ever seen. On leaving, the King stopped, fumbling in his dress before descending the ladder. The interpreter asked him what he was going to do, and he said, "I am going to give the captain eight shillings." He had intended to give me two shillings for Queen Victoria's picture. It must be remembered that money was the most precious thing they knew. They had so little of it.

But their worst poverty was in drinking water, for the rain percolated into caves, where it became brackish. So they drank water that dripped from the stalactites, and this was highly charged with lime.

* The full history of Niué has been given in *Savage Island*.

At Tuapa there was a cave with stocks in it: prisoners were confined in them when the natives first heard of this method of punishment from the whalers. At the time of my visit, the only punishment enforced was road making.*

The voyage back to Tonga was tempestuous. My cot brushed all the four walls of my cabin in turn; my poor brother-in-law was in perpetual seclusion, and even some of the officers succumbed. The *Porpoise* had a wriggle which I have known on no other ship-of-war, and I heard it greeted by the crew with, "There, the old pig's at it again!" In such weather her crew had no love for her.

* Niué was annexed to New Zealand in the following year and is now controlled by a resident commissioner. The population is four thousand.

I Show My Claws to a Recalcitrant King

ON THE WAY BACK to the Tongan capital we touched at Vavau to pick up Fatafehi and Finau, the hereditary chief of that island. For local reasons Finau was unwilling to leave the island, so we had to go without him.

At Nukualofa my brother-in-law and I were invited to stay with the American-Scottish doctor, Maclennan, who worked very hard for the Tongans with very little encouragement. He never interfered in politics, never asked for more pay and only laughed when they talked of cutting his salary of £500 a year—altogether a contrast to any European that the Tongans had known.

I spent the first morning in sending for Kubu, the Minister of Police, to talk over the situation, but he sent an excuse that he had a bad leg, though I knew from the doctor that he had leave to go out. The fact was that Kubu was afraid of being accused of betraying the country if he visited me, and I could see that the King feared to sign the treaty for the same reason.

At three o'clock I went to the palace. The King was most unsatisfactory. Whenever I introduced the question of the treaty he sheered off with some irrelevant remark, talking very fast and nervously. I could get nothing out of him except words. "Two things," he said, "occurred to them," and when I tried to get him to say what the "two things" were he wandered off the subject. I hinted that the matter would not end there, but that there would be stronger action on the part of the British Government. In the end I had to be content with the promise of a Privy Council next day.

Local Europeans called on me that day, including Roberts, the eccentric schoolmaster, and his wife, who curtsyed low and called me, "Your Lordship." They were "stickers." Old Watkin and his wife were sitting beside them looking out of the window. They saw someone coming up the path and hurriedly took their leave, as did the other people on the verandah. I was left alone to receive a broken-

down and sodden-looking old man who shook hands and talked amiably of the weather. We were talking of the birth and vanishing of Falcon Island when Dr. Maclennan came in and hurriedly withdrew at the sight of my visitor. It was not until he went that I realised that this was really the notorious Mr. Baker. In his semi-clerical garb he might have been playing a clarionet in a back street for a living. I bore him no ill will, but if he had said a quarter of the things about me that I had said about him I should certainly not have gone to see him. I fancy that he came to find out whether he was in any personal danger from me; possibly he wanted to disarm my opposition to his "Church of England."

At the Privy Council meeting I found the King, Fatafehi ("Two Belly") and Sateki, all in European clothes. I laid stress upon the danger they were incurring, pointing out that the French or the Italians might make a raid upon the island and hoist their flag. They said, "How would it be to wait until that happened and then appeal to England?" I said that then it would be too late; if they rejected this treaty England would regard the King as hostile to her interests and there would be stronger action on the part of the British Government. If the treaty was signed, and there were ever a civil disturbance in Tonga, the King would be the Sovereign recognised by England. Of course I gave him no promise to keep him on the throne, but the doctor said that he was unlikely to live long in any case, though he did not know it.

The King said that they would sign the whole treaty except Section 1, which proclaimed the British Protectorate. I said, "Why not add a sentence to it: 'without prejudice to the sovereignty of the King of Tonga'?" "That would do excellently," said the King, "but we must have time to think over it."

"And so must I," I replied, explaining that, though I was Plenipotentiary, I had no power to alter the draft of the treaty, and I was taking a serious responsibility on myself.

Then they said that they must summon all the nobles to discuss the treaty. I could see plainly that they feared being hauled over the coals at the coming Parliament for having given the country away. I told them I was keeping the *Porpoise* here to salute at the signing and that I could not keep her indefinitely. They explained that both their schooners were lost in the hurricane and that the nobles were

scattered over all the outlying islands. We deferred this discussion to our next meeting.

When the meeting was over, the King invited me to visit his Queen and her baby daughter. There had been trouble about his marriage. In the eighth year of his reign it had been felt that it was time for him to marry; overtures had been made to more than one Polynesian princess, but public feeling had run high in favour of Ofa, a chief woman of the Haatakalaua line. The betrothal had been announced and preparations had been made for the royal wedding when the King had declared that he preferred Lavinia, a woman of high rank on her father's side but not on her mother's. There had been a meeting of all the chiefs. They had recommended Ofa, but His Majesty's reply that if he were not allowed to marry Lavinia he would not marry at all had compelled the meeting to give way. The Lavinia party had trotted out that ancient stalking-horse, the Constitution, to prove to their opponents that inasmuch as "it shall not be lawful for any member of the royal family who is likely to succeed to the throne to marry any person without the consent of the King," the King was free to consent to his own marriage with any person he pleased.

I was taken upstairs to see Queen Lavinia and the infant princess. In a clean and well-furnished modern bedroom I found Her Majesty, Kubu's daughter, dressed in a loose European wrapper. She was not ill-looking, but she was far from justifying the King's infatuation for her which had nearly cost him his throne a year earlier. A girl brought in the baby princess—a big, brown infant three weeks old. She slept peacefully throughout the interview and throughout the kiss I imprinted upon her royal forehead, which salute seemed to please the parents very much. She was the first princess, and the last, that I have ever kissed. She is now the reigning Queen of Tonga.

Baker, the *bête noire* of Tonga, was now back again as a Church of England parson with a licence from the Bishop of Auckland. My brother-in-law and Gaunt went to call upon him. Since obviously I could not, I went with a European neighbour to see an old Tongan friend. From this neighbour I learned that Sateki had repealed most of my Code (founded on the Indian penal code) and had dislocated all that remained until it was quite unworkable. I suppose that Parliament had nothing else to do.

Baker assured my brother-in-law that some day he intended to go to the Foreign Office to explain to them that all Sir John Thurston's misdeeds had been ascribed to him!

I attended the Council meeting that day. For the first time we went through the treaty section by section. The King astonished me. Making an excuse, he left us, and from the next room came the tap of a typewriter. He returned with a typed list of proposed amendments. To Section 2 he wanted to add, "And the Queen undertakes never to seize the islands." Next he wanted a proviso that Europeans working for the Tongan Government should be amenable to the Tongan courts and punished according to the Tongan Code. The third was that he should be allowed to appoint a representative and discuss matters with our Vice-Consul. To this I made no objection, but I told the King that no European would be amenable to Tongan courts for crimes and, as to seizing the country, I pointed out that we might have seized it at any moment during the 127 years since Captain Cook, and to insert such a clause would be insulting. He looked rather foolish and asked me to send them a new draft with all the amendments. I said that I would not consent to an adjournment for more than twenty-four hours.

I went to see another old friend, Watkin, the Wesleyan minister. We talked of High Commissioners and, seeing that he had generally appeared before them to answer some charge made against him, "High Commissioners I Have Known" was not altogether a happy choice! In the course of conversation about church disputes he told me that last Sunday a preacher said that the "Chief from Britain" was still in Tonga; that the country was about to fall to England, and that the Free Church people had better be quick and return to the old fold before the door was shut. I told him that I should be glad if he would dissipate the ridiculous idea of annexation.

When we met next day I found that the King had not allowed his Ministers to read the treaty amendments. We adjourned to the dining-room to have a table to write upon. The last time I had sat at this table was when I was working to maintain the absolute independence of Tonga: I was now commissioned to limit it in the interests of the Tongans themselves. For a moment it made me feel rather cheap.

I found that I had again to begin from the beginning, for neither Sateki nor Fatafehi seemed to remember anything. The King sat

apart, gloomily watching us. I accepted a trifling verbal amendment from Sateki to please him and asked that the day might be fixed for signing it. The King said that he would send me a reply next day. During the meeting I happened to look through the open door into the hall, where there was a looking-glass in which I saw the reflection of a girl crouching close to the door. Our eyes met in the glass, and she bolted. This explained how my speeches had been reported to the public by people who had overheard them.

At this interview the King told me anecdotes about Captain Cook's visit, apropos of the piece of cloth he had sent me to give to Queen Victoria. This cloth, cut from a bale of red woollen stuff, had been given by Cook to the *Tamaha* (sacred chief) and had been kept in the family of Tui Haateiho.

When Cook's vessels were sighted approaching Hihifo in 1773, there was a heated discussion as to whence they came. The King mimicked the intonation of the old Tongans very funnily :

“I wonder whence they come?” said one.

“*Seuke!*” said the old chief, Ekinaba. “Why, from the Land of Riches—from Babalangi.”

Thus a nickname, given in chaff, has become the name for a European. “*Ba Ki Langi*” (reaching to Heaven), Fatafhi suggested as the derivation, meaning that the masts reached to Heaven.

On this visit, Captain Cook brought a strange yam with him, and the same chief, Ekinaba, took it in his hands.

“I give you that,” said Cook, and from that day the yam was called the “*Kivi*” (Give). It is a huge yam which must have thriven better in the new soil than the old.

Next day, May 2, came a letter from the King. It was a business-like document saying that they accepted the whole treaty, but that Section 1 (which proclaimed the Protectorate) “is difficult for us.” This is the Tongan euphemism for a flat refusal. It was an official letter, and it seemed to put an end to all negotiations. With it was a private letter begging me to alter or cut out Section 1. It surprised and upset me until I realised that it was a relief, for it gave me an excuse for showing them the ungloved hand.

Accordingly, I took Dr. MacLennan into my confidence. He was an excellent diplomatist and a great favourite of the King. I told him how the matter stood and asked him to find a medical excuse for

calling at the palace and to say incidentally that he had seen me read a letter which quite spoilt my appetite; that he had asked whether I had had bad news and that I had answered :

“ Not bad for me but bad for my good friend, the King.”

All this he did. The King had said :

“ The Europeans declare that if I refuse the Protectorate the British flag will be hoisted.”

The doctor replied : “ I don’t know about that, but you may depend upon it that, from Mr. Thomson’s behaviour, it is plain that he has some secret orders and that he is only keeping them back out of consideration for your feelings. Whatever happens, you must never quarrel with him. It is very lucky that the British have sent a good friend to Tonga instead of a stranger.”

Meanwhile I wrote a letter that must have stirred up the King considerably. I said that evidently he alone was opposing the treaty; that it was a poor requital for the forbearance of England and that I was pained, not with him, but with myself for having come to Tonga; that since my arrival there had been nothing but distrust, whereas I had left the country with their full confidence. It was a different Tonga from the Tonga I had known.

This letter was answered, in less than an hour, by a letter of passionate apology. Was this, he wrote, what I called friendship, to fall out with a friend as soon as he said anything with which I disagreed? I had asked him for his opinion and he had given it. Would I forgive him and show it by coming to see him at ten next day?

I showed this to the doctor, who at once said, “ Now you’ve got him.”

At ten next morning I found the King waiting for me in his reception-room. I took his great paw in both mine, and he was soon laughing like a great schoolboy and proposed an adjournment to the church, where there could be no eavesdropping.

In the church we were fairly safe. We sat side by side on the two thrones on the dais; after a long talk the King asked me point-blank what my secret orders were. I told him that there were some things that I was not allowed to divulge to any one. I said, “ Tubou, neither you nor I can stop this Protectorate. It has been decided upon.”

I went on to say that it was evidently to his interests to keep in with England; that, if any evil came from without his kingdom or from

within, England would feel an obligation to support his rights and that his Civil List would always be secure. He then said that he was afraid of what his chiefs would say if the treaty contained the word "*faha'a*." Why not use the word "*falala*" (lit. : "to depend upon")? He rose and leaned his immense bulk against one of the posts supporting the roof.

"That is '*faha'a*.'" Then he jumped away from it, saying : "Oh, it won't bear my weight. But you say : 'Don't be afraid, *falala be ki ai* (lean upon it with confidence).'"

And as his mighty bulk thrust upon the post it cracked ominously. The post represented England : *absit omen*!

So the trouble had all been about the translation of a word. I reminded the King that he himself had undertaken to find a word that would please the Tongans. Then I produced the English text and asked whether he objected to it. He said, "Not at all." The air seemed now to have cleared. He promised faithfully that the chiefs should be at the capital on the following Thursday if I would wait. I asked what guarantee he could give me that the chiefs would not reject the treaty. He said :

"Leave that to me. I shall ask them first which of them loves his country. Then I shall say, 'Would you rather that Tonga lived as a Protectorate or died altogether?' and all will answer, 'As a Protectorate.'"

So here was my King converted into an advocate for the treaty.

The change was due partly to Dr. MacLennan's good offices, partly to the King's conviction that a Protectorate was the lesser of two evils and partly to the stupidity of the Europeans working against me. Had they not tried to embarrass me by prophesying the hoisting of the flag, there would not have been this lever; but the Europeans in Tonga have always played into the hands of those they want to injure. The King said that, pained as he had been by my letter, he was grateful for it, since it was the first plain-speaking letter he had had from me and it convinced him of my friendship. He had lain awake at night wondering what was best for him, annexation outright or Protection, and he had decided at last upon the latter.

Next day the King sent me a translation of the treaty, very well done, with a request that I should bring it next day to discuss it with him. I found later that his draft of the translation had been written

by him in shorthand, which he knew as well as typewriting. He was remarkably businesslike and punctual with me, though others complained that he was not so with them.

It was amusing to me to note that my book, *The Diversions of a Prime Minister*, had done me no harm at all with the Tongans, as the Europeans had prophesied, and that even the Europeans who were "never going to speak to me again" all toadied me.

Next day Moulton, the missionary, told me that all my conversations with the King had been overheard and broadcast, but I didn't mind. The sooner they knew, the better. There was nothing in Protection to alarm the average Tongan: it was the governing chiefs who objected to it.

When we chose a site for the coaling station on Tongatabu, Unga, the "surveyor," brought his theodolite and actually took a correct angle—a tribute to Gaunt's teaching. We sheltered from a shower in the Roman Catholic school where we found a priest whom I addressed in French, to no purpose, because he turned out to be a Wallis Islander who had been ordained priest without ever leaving the Pacific.

My brother-in-law—who is a Mus.Doc. of Oxford and incidentally a very fine contrapuntist—wished to record specimens of native music. He did not care for the *Laka Laka*, which is founded on European compositions, but was interested in the *Otuahaka*, which is purely Tongan. The principle points seem to be that the Tongan scale is the same as ours, except that they never use the leading note if they can avoid it; that the *Otuahaka* is in the minor and the *Laka Laka* in the major scale; that the natives love consecutive fifths in their harmonies; that the *Otuahakas* are generally rough canons; that their idea of music was inseparable from action, either dancing or motions of the hands, and that the singing was in fact a mere accompaniment to these. He got one of the *Me'e tu'u baki*, the dance performed before Captain Cook in which the singers stand with toy paddles. In the course of our stay, my brother-in-law never missed an opportunity of taking down native songs in our notation.

When I took the King his translation of the treaty I asked him why he had changed the order of the sections. He replied, quite correctly, that in the Colonial Office draft the sequence of ideas was faulty and he wanted to get it right. He had some literary taste and a genuine

love of knowledge. He had taken immense pains with his translation, but he had left the word "*malui*" for "*Protection*," to which he had objected the other day, because, he explained, the meaning was so present in his brain that he had put it down without thinking.

All these conversations were not a waste of time, because I found that I was gaining influence over him every day. While we were talking I noticed a paper lying on the table with an amendment to which I could never have consented: "And the Queen undertakes never to lower the flag of Tonga," etc. I let it alone to see whether he would produce it, but, as he did not, I asked him about it and told him at once that I had certain secret instructions. He leaned forward, expectant, hoping that I should let the cat out of the bag. I said that I could not give him any positive assurance that we would not hoist the British flag if there were internal troubles. He replied, "If there are troubles you can tear up the treaty."

To which I said: "We could not do that. With us, Treaties are always binding, and I cannot tie the hands of my Government. Surely my concession of an amendment stating that your sovereignty will be maintained is enough? Don't ask for more—it may wreck the treaty altogether. You and I are of the same mind. All you want is something to show your Chiefs to satisfy them: I want exactly the same thing. The flag, of course, goes with the sovereignty; it is a symbol. If the sovereignty goes, the flag goes with it."

I went again to see the King and found him waiting for me. I began by asking for a place free from eavesdroppers. He declared that his reception-room would be quite safe, but to make assurance sure I spoke in English, watching his eye, a very expressive one, for any sign of bewilderment and breaking into Tongan whenever I saw one. I told him that Tonga was not in a healthy state; that I had heard things that perhaps were kept from him; that there were powerful chiefs who were very dissatisfied and that there was certain to be a row in Parliament. Why did he not go about more among his people? He made a clean breast of it, saying that Ata, for one, the powerful chief at the west end of Tongatabu, had quarrelled with him and that it was not for him to be the first to apologise.

After a long conversation I promised to use my good offices, provided that he was reasonable about the treaty. I added that the time for diplomacy had passed and the time for plain speaking had arrived.

His throne was in danger; on whom could he depend except upon England? Was I to report that he had wrecked the treaty and allow it to be thought that he was hostile to Great Britain? Or could I say that though he, personally, was opposed to the treaty, yet, out of his love for England, he had conceded it? This evidently had some effect, especially when I told him that the limit of my concessions had been reached and that I was bound by instructions that I could not disregard. He asked me to give him time to draft alternative wording. When I told him how unpopular his Government was, he suggested leaving the choice of Prime Minister to the Parliament. I noted in my diary: "I don't trust my 'dear friend' a single yard."

In the evening I saw the native Chief Justice and talked over the law. He was very intelligent. I promised that if he cared to send me questions on points of law I would answer them. This pleased him immensely.

That day Tungi sat to me for his portrait which is here reproduced. His head is typical of the Tongan noble's.

While I was there the King sent me his amendments. I could accept none of them, and I wrote to say so, to which I had an evasive answer.

During all this time the entertainments in the way of Laka-lakas, picnics, and the like, devised for us by the Tongans, were unending.

Vala, a powerful chief, lifted the veil and let me see behind the scenes. Two Cabinet meetings had been held, at which Fatafehi and two others favoured the treaty, but the King used every possible argument against it. The wretched man had led me to believe that he was playing fair, but it was better to know the truth.

I knew that it would not do to tax the King with his perfidy, for if I drove him into a corner he would dig in his toes and refuse to sign anything at all.

At three I kept my appointment with the King and got to business, on his assurance that he had sent every one out of earshot, but I could see a stolid sentry trying to catch all he could. I reproached the King for not being open with me and repeated my question—which would he prefer, that I should report him as unfavourable to the British Government or as sinking his personal objections out of respect for the wishes of England? I appealed to his pride, saying that, if the treaty were not signed, there would be nothing to prevent the taking of the country by any other power, whereas Section 1 gave him an under-

taking by England not to depose the King. I said that I was not afraid for myself but for his family, for, if he rejected it, his days as King of Tonga were numbered. It would be useless for him to pretend that his chiefs were to blame: he himself would be held responsible.

All this time he sat with a heavy veiled look in his eyes, just as Tukuaho used to assume when I was rating him, but I could see that I had made an impression. With a man blown about as he was by every wind, however, the impression was only transitory. I rubbed it in that, if he refused to sign, the British Government would certainly not acknowledge him as King.

It would be tedious to go through the interview. At times he pretended to be considering an amendment that would suit him, but I saw that it was only make-believe. He told me that sometimes a mood came over him that made him opposed to the treaty, he could not say why. He was relieved when I reminded him that the leases for the coaling station had not been signed. He said at once, "Come along with me and I will sign them." He behaved like a schoolboy while I was affixing the wax seal, and we parted friends.

In the evening there arrived a Christy minstrel in checked tweeds, who proved to be the Wesleyan "martyr," Tevita (David) Finau. I knew that he had come about the treaty, so I lay low. It came out at last that Fatafehi had shown him a copy and that there was a terrific hubbub about it. He explained that what went against the grain with Tongans was the word "*fakababau*" (agreed) in the beginning of the first section. Could it not be "*alea*" (discussed and agreed)? This shows the childish state of their minds. I told him what I thought of it and said that I didn't care two pins which it was. He went off primed with talk to last the night through.

In the morning three of Kubu's ladies called to give us leaving presents—Eseta (Esther), Pauline and a duenna. Among other things was a set of stamps for making the pattern on *gnatu*. When I had appropriated these, little Pauline, who had kittenish manners, said, "Oh, but I made them, and they are not for you. They are for *this* gentleman," indicating my brother-in-law, who tried to rise to this embryonic flirtation, but it died away in nods and smiles for lack of an interpreter.

In the course of conversation these ladies described the Tongan standard of beauty. You must be fat—that is the most important;

your neck must be short—they were horrified by the length of neck of some of my photographs; you must have no waist: if you have one you must disguise it with draperies or you will be “miscalled” in the streets; your bust, your thighs and hips must be huge. Possessing all these gifts, you will be pronounced “chieflike.” Features will not matter, though if you can produce a nose flat to the face you will be painting the lily.

This meant of course that the chiefs had sought out wives of that description until the figure became stereotyped as marking high birth. That, no doubt, was the reason why the Tongan women grew uglier year by year. We showed them pictures of lovely womanhood from the *Sketch*, and they were convulsed at the pictures of narrow waists and long necks. In looking back on these ideals of 1900 we can share some of their mirth.

I Hoist the Flag

THROUGH A MISUNDERSTANDING I visited the King unexpectedly and found him in a *vala*. It was the first time that I had seen him looking like a gentleman. He refused categorically to discuss the treaty until his chiefs were assembled and said that he had not felt equal to drafting his promised amendment.

I arranged with the captain of the island steamer that he would collect and bring the chiefs to Nukualofa for £60. I then consulted Captain Ravenhill of the *Porpoise* about the etiquette of flag hoisting. Could we hoist the British flag and haul it down again after saluting it? It seemed that Zanzibar was the only Protectorate which had a flag of its own, and there the flag was not hauled down. It was obvious of course that if I hoisted the British flag, the Tongans would haul it down as soon as we left. Between us we knocked out a plan to avoid hauling down that precious Tongan flag. We would land with a strong armed guard at seven-thirty and take possession of their flagstaff, running up the British and Tongan flags together, salute them with twenty-one guns and then haul them both down and offer the flagstaff to its rightful owners to do their worst with.

Having settled this, I went to see the King and told him that I was being played with; that, for all I knew, the chiefs from the outlying islands might have been instructed to dawdle and that, if he was a man of his word, he would sign the treaty and let me go. He looked much disturbed. Then I said that there was one way in which he could prove his sincerity: let him arrange for the steamer to call for the chiefs for the sum of £60. He jumped at this but began to haggle about the price. I said I would try to get it lowered, but in the meantime I must have an official letter from him assuring me that the meeting would be held on Wednesday, whether they came or not. To this he agreed.

I then began to criticise the attitude of his Premier, Sateki, and he said, "He is just like your Mr. Chamberlain." I must have looked

surprised, for he added, "I don't mean that he is as clever as Mr. Chamberlain—perhaps he is not that; but whenever he opens his mouth to speak he hurts somebody's feelings."

We parted friends.

I got the cost of collecting the chiefs reduced to £40, and then I went on to see Sateki and have it out with him. I had his clerk sent out of the office, and then I spoke firmly about his opposition to the treaty, saying that all who failed to advise the King to accept it were bad friends of Tonga, for if Section 1 were rejected something serious would happen.

"Will the flag be hoisted?" he asked anxiously. I said that I could not tell him exactly what would happen, but— At that moment there was an interruption, and I left his office.

I asked Captain Ravenhill to land some men for exercise next day. They marched straight to the palace, and Sateki leapt from his chair with a "What's this?"

On the customs verandah were sitting a number of loafing Europeans with a sergeant of marines.

"What does this mean?" asked one.

"It means intididation," said the sergeant.

"You mean intimidation?"

"No. I know what intimidation is. This is intididation."

The white man hurried off to consult his dictionary.

A former Tongan friend of my wife's came to bring a present for me to take to her. She said that Dr. MacLennan had saved her life.

The one thing that puzzled me in the King's attitude was why he was playing this double game when he knew that his throne depended on standing well with England. It was not until afterwards that I learned about his secret meetings with Father Olier, head of the French Catholic Mission, who had promised to arrange for a French flagship to come and effect a treaty with France and he had conceived the magnificent project of playing off one Government against the other and so maintaining his independence.

At last the steamer returned from the islands with all the Tongan nobles, and I was called to the Palace. I found the dining-room filled with forty-one nobles, dressed in black coats, sitting on rows of chairs facing the King's throne. A chair was left for me at the end of the table, and three scribes sat on a sofa against the wall. All stood up

when the King came in. Big man as he was, he looked his smallest on those occasions. Every feature in his rather silly face expressed his satisfaction with the empty externals of royalty. He nodded to me to begin. I made them a speech of about twenty minutes, to which they listened attentively, telling them that the only desire of Great Britain was to guarantee their independence from other nations without interfering with their autonomy and that this could be done only by their putting themselves under British protection. I reminded them that they had taken my advice before and had never had cause to repent it. Poor old Tungi did not come, but he sent a letter in strong support of the treaty. I was then asked to withdraw. About five o'clock the meeting broke up and the King came in saying that he had adjourned it until the next day. I asked him how things had gone: he produced a paper with the names pro and con. Two had spoken for and two against the treaty. Among the latter was William Maealiuaki, the Chief Justice, so he was a traitor, too.

I learned that the King himself had been the sole obstacle to the treaty; that the chiefs were quite ready to grant what I asked until the King spoke.

"I could have thought," said my informant, "that it was Father Olier speaking: it was all about France."

I asked whether it would be wise to convey a veiled threat to the meeting. He said, "Yes; it will come to that. You know that I don't want the Protectorate, but I know that it must be that or something worse. Don't use your threat until I tell you when it would be well to use it."

The meeting took place at nine next morning. Before it began I told the King that I knew what he had been doing and that he had better be careful. He looked foolish and said, "Well, I never pretended to favour your treaty." I reminded him of his promise. Then we went into the room, and I said that I would listen to any amendment that they proposed. One chief asked whether I would consent to a clause saying that Tonga would apply to England if ever she wanted help. I said, "Yes," and the younger men seemed much pleased. The King at once suggested an adjournment to allow a committee to draw up an amendment. The committee included William Maealiuaki, which was ominous.

After about an hour I was sent for. The King handed me an amend-

ment guaranteeing his throne for evermore, and I went so far as to say that I would consent if they would add the words, "making the island a British Protectorate."

We waited in the drawing-room until a scribe brought me a slip of paper saying that they would not agree to Section 1, but while I was reading it I heard one chief exhorting the King to agree. Old Tungi had come in his bathchair. He was furious with the King. Then I went in, and the King told me that Section 1 was difficult for them to sign. I then spoke in a low voice, and it was curious to see the tension in the faces of my hearers. I said, "Very well; you have chosen. I have done my best, and I have failed. The consequences are on your own heads: don't blame me for them. But there is one question I must ask: If you will not depend upon England, who is it that you are going to depend upon?"

The King then made me a long speech, and the meeting broke up. It was five o'clock when I went with the King to the throne room. I saw in his face that he meant mischief. I then said in a quiet voice, "Well, we will now sign the rest of the treaty and get it over." My brother-in-law proceeded to copy out the thing for signature, and I asked for Tui Belehaki. The King took the treaty, glanced at it and said, "What does this section mean?"

It was Section 2, limiting his foreign relations.

I said, "Oh, you've already agreed to that. Let us sign it."

He began to talk rapidly about trifles, and then he said, "Oh, it is too late now. Let us leave it until to-morrow, and then we can talk it over quietly."

I changed my tone and said very sharply that he was playing with me and that if he didn't take care he would be removed from the throne. I reminded him of his letter of May 2 in which he had already agreed to all the sections except Section 1. He denied that it was an agreement, and while I was talking he kept interrupting me by calling for his secretary. I then rose as if I'd given the thing up and said, "Very well, you refuse."

He burst into nervous laughter and said, "Surely you do not think that I refuse?"

"Then sign it to-night," I said. He seemed to waver, and when I pressed him more closely he reluctantly called in Fatafehi, who joined him in begging for a respite.

Then the King said, "Look here, we will go with you to the doctor's house and sign it there to-night."

And so we all set out on foot in the dark. The poor doctor sent off in haste for Eseta, his waiting maid, and got ready a sort of meal while my brother-in-law played to us and the King discoursed on his knowledge of music. I saw that the struggle was only deferred, and I let the King be plied with the whisky that maketh glad the heart of man.

On the way we had overtaken Tungi in his bathchair. At first the King wanted to let him go on unrecognised, but when he saw that this would be impossible without letting me see it, he greeted him affectionately, and Tungi, who hated the very sight of him, replied with his usual courtesy. Then the King in mellifluous accents said, "Well, good-bye, William. We'll meet again soon, William, and I'll come and drink a bowl of kava with you." All this because the two had never met since the King's marriage, though they lived not a quarter of a mile apart. When the King went to drink kava with Tungi the millennium would have come.

After dinner we took clause by clause. The King agreed to Section 2, with a slight verbal alteration, though I saw by his manner that there was something behind it. He displayed little interest in the other sections: Section 2 was to be the subject of the coming tussle. I called in my brother-in-law to copy out the treaty in its amended form. The King kept showing mock enthusiasm over his copying Tongan correctly without knowing what it meant. Then he said, "How would it be to omit all the last clause—'Except through the channel of Her Majesty's Government'?"

So here it was. I started up and said angrily that he had already agreed to it. He persisted, and I found that my nerves were scarcely equal to a tussle after midnight without going altogether. I knew that if I lost my temper the other sections would be lost and that if I sent to the ship for marines to be landed he would have said that he had been threatened into signing it. I appealed to his reputation, but I found Fatafehi had joined him in asking for delay.

"It is our request," they kept saying.

I threatened the King with consequences, but from his manner I could see that he had been put up to this obstinate refusal by some

European. It was not until much later that I learned that the snake in the grass was the French priest, Father Olier.

I said that I would sign it under protest if they would sign it that night. To this they agreed, and it became a matter of copying. The oil had run out of the lamps, and the house was in darkness except for one candle by which the scribes wrote. I found it hard to keep my temper when he had said, "Let us put in a clause to the effect that Tongan shall be taken to be the original in the event of any dispute as to the meaning."

I pretended to think that he was joking and said, "Let us put in another clause to the effect that no treaties shall ever be made again."

The treaty was ready for signature at 1.30 a.m., and we signed it then and there. I gave presents to Fatafehi. Dr. MacLennan, dead tired, waited up to see the treaty signed and told me that he was proud to have it signed in his dining-room because it would please his wife to hear it.

Next day, after packing and tipping the servants, we went to the wharf and waved for a boat from the *Porpoise*, having first sent a note to Vice-Consul Leefe asking him to come off as soon as possible. I wrote a letter to the King in English and Tongan, warning him that I held him to his letter of May 2 and that if he entered into relations of any sort with any foreign power we should regard it as a breach of treaty entailing the usual consequences. To this letter no answer was returned.

What I wanted from Captain Ravenhill was advice as to whether there were precedents from proclaiming Protectorates without hoisting the flag and whether, if we did not hoist it, we could fire a salute without a flag, for I knew what effect the salute would have upon the Tongans. There was the precedent of the native states of India and of Zanzibar, and it was possible to hoist the flag on the ship (then lying in Tongan territorial waters) and salute it. Also we could dress ship. My fear was that if we hoisted the flag on shore we should be punishing our supporters as well as our opponents and there might be some fiasco such as forcible opposition. Moreover the Tongans would haul our flag down as soon as we left and not hoist it again, and they would look upon this as a sort of victory. So I made up my mind not to hoist the flag on shore. I wrote out the proclamations, and it was arranged to dress ship next day. Of course this leaked out, and we

were quite prepared for a crowd when we landed. I had notified the King that I would take official leave of him at 11 a.m. This I knew would take all the available guards to the palace and would give me an excuse for taking an armed escort on shore.

Next morning, May 19, 1900, fifty men were landed under Lieutenant Orr to wait for me on the pier. I landed with the captain and walked through the crowd to the palace, meeting Vice-Consul Leefe at the gate. Here our guard of fifty men was halted, but just inside the fence was the King's guard and band to salute us as before. In the throne room they were all assembled in their Sunday best. Here I had to speak. Speaking officially, I had to warn the King that the unworthy duplicity he had shown over Section 2 would not avail him, for I warned him solemnly that any breach of it (entering into relations with foreign powers except through the British Government) would be treated as a breach of the treaty and visited on his head. I said that if the representative of a great Power had behaved as he had, it would have resulted in war. He looked very foolish and uncomfortable, and Captain Ravenhill told me later that Fatafehi's face was "changed." So it ought to have been, for the old wretch ought never to have supported his precious son in an outrageous lie.

When I had finished speaking there was a pause. The King and Kubu smiled their relief when I said that I had done with official warnings and was now to take leave of them as a friend.

The King said that he wished to speak to me privately, and we went out to the porch. Even then he could not speak the truth. What he wanted was to find out what I intended to do. He said that my letter of the day before had hit him very hard. I replied that there were times when plain speaking was necessary. When I said that it was a sad day for me, he pricked up his ears. He thought that I was grieving for what I was going to do, and this above all things he wanted to know. His face fell when I said that I was grieved at having to leave Tonga. We shook hands at last, and I had to halt outside while the band played our national anthem. At the gate my guard presented arms and fell in behind us. The entire population, white and brown, were assembled on the beach, and I heard afterwards that the Tongans were saying, "There they go, beaten; they fought our chiefs for our country and got the worst of it." Poor things, they were soon going to sing a different tune!

We diverged from the flagstaff, our guard falling in behind us. H.M.S. *Porpoise* looked very well dressed with the Jack at the main and my flag at the fore. The whole square was crowded. My brother-in-law handed me the proclamation, and the guard presented arms. Immediately the crowd closed in to listen. I read the English version announcing that the country was a British Protectorate. The natives made no sign, but when I read the same proclamation in Tongan and came to the words "*buleanga malui*" (Protectorate) there was a kind of sob. Then we stood at the salute while the ship fired twenty-one guns and my secretary gave copies to the sergeant of marines to distribute—one each for the King, the Premier and the heads of missions. I could not help adding to Father Olier's copy a few words explaining that the immediate result of the Protectorate was to restrain the King from entering into relations of any sort whatever with any foreign Power. I should like to have seen his face when he read it. I warrant that it was not a prayer that he uttered.

The grass square was emptied by magic: every one had run off to carry the news. Presently the doctor came off with it. It seems that a number of the chiefs, including Matealona, were disappointed that the flag was not hoisted. He said, truly enough, that he had been threatening the King with that and that he now looked a little foolish.

Among the spectators was Tungi's nephew. I had taken a touching farewell of the poor old blind chief the day before and had hinted at what I intended to do, and he had thanked me. He was the only one of the chiefs who still maintained his traditional respect for England. We were destined never to meet again.

I learned that it had been proposed to the Europeans to cheer the hoisting of the British flag, but that the wretched gang refused on the ground that the Protectorate would do them no good. It remained for the Polish Jew, Huter, lately naturalised, to hoist the Jack on his flagstaff, and there was a brave display of bunting everywhere. The doctor told me that Bulatele, the English-speaking clerk, had overheard a colloquy between Father Olier and the King. Olier had asked to see the treaty and had said, pointing to Section 2, "Whatever you do, you must never sign this." He had also promised that the French flagship, the *Duguay Trouin*, would come to the Islands in June.

We were now on board; leaving presents began to come off and at last a letter from the King—a letter that read like thanks, though he

intended it, I fancied, to be melancholy-ironical. We got under way at three o'clock, and I watched Tonga receding with mixed feelings. It had not been very kind to me in this, my third visit, but I owed the little country so much that I felt far from shaking off its grass seed with hatred. As it faded to a cloud in the evening light the lotus charm of the South Seas went with it. It passed like a dream, grew fainter, and I was again in the day with a day's work before me.

Many years have passed since then, but it is a satisfaction to me to know that the Protectorate that I negotiated has worked admirably and that Tonga has been comparatively free from the internal upheavals that have beset so many other countries.

Dartmoor Prison

NOT LONG AFTER my return from Tonga I was transferred from Northampton prison to Cardiff, where I achieved some notoriety among my superiors by writing a serio-comic account of my experiments with the bed-bugs that infested the prison. I proved that the only remedy for them was heat. An old ship's boiler was adapted to accommodate four bed boards at a time under a steam pressure of two pounds. This sufficed to kill the insects and their larvæ at the same time.

But I was not destined to remain long at Cardiff, for a month or two later trouble broke out among the convicts at Dartmoor, and I was promoted out of my turn to take full charge of the prison and reduce it to order. In this I was successful.

The unfailing symptom that something is wrong with the administration of a convict prison is a combined attempt to escape. It was to one of these incidents that I owed my promotion to the governorship of Dartmoor, not because I was supposed to have any special skill in the management of refractory convicts, but because I had been deputy governor at Dartmoor for two years and knew the place inside out. When I had left the prison three years before, it had been under a model governor, and I found it hard to believe that the tone could have deteriorated so far in that short time. When I had left it the discipline had been maintained without any apparent effort and with the minimum of punishment. Attempts to escape and assaults upon warders were rare. The daily number of "applications" to the governor seldom exceeded fifteen in an average population of seven hundred men, whereas during the first day or two after my return they were more than double that number.

The governor who had been in charge for the past two years had been an Indian civil servant—a gentle, conscientious, hard-working man whose only aim had been to administer his prison with justice and humanity: unfortunately, his well-meant leniencies to offenders

against the rules, being interpreted by the collective convict mind as due to fear of them, led to outbreaks, and he would then swing over to the opposite extreme and punish with undue severity.

Nothing upsets convicts so much as changes in the scale of punishment. Like public schoolboys convicts are uncannily quick in discovering that those set in authority over them are losing their nerve, and they take advantage of it at once. Whenever the poor governor passed one of the working parties the men would hum some ribald song, and the warders did not report the offenders because they knew that they would not be supported. When things were not going smoothly he gave orders to his staff that when they found it necessary to come to his quarters to call him into the prison for some trifling cause they were to approach the door chanting a refrain, "It's all right, sir." If the emergency was grave they omitted the calming chant and quickened their pace: then he knew that he was in for it. When a governor reaches this point he is invoking the catastrophe of which he is going in hourly dread.

After sleepless nights and days broken by tidings of disorders in the quarries or on the bogs, it was not surprising that the poor man broke down. Matters then moved swiftly. One winter afternoon a sudden fog swept down on the working parties on the bogs; two convicts made a preconcerted signal; fifteen dropped their spades, broke through the circle of civil guards and were lost to view in the blinding mist. They were all recaptured eventually, though one or two left a chain of petty burglaries behind them in their eagerness to exchange their convict dress for civilian clothing.

My first step was to instal telephone wires from the prison to the working parties and to furnish the sergeant of the civil guard with a portable instrument. When all was ready we staged a little comedy. It was the planting season, and the principal warder in charge purposely forgot to take out the bag of seed. The moment arrived when the bag was wanted. The eyes of every convict were fixed upon him. He shouted to the sergeant to use his telephone; every eye turned to the distant prison frowning on the hill. Almost instantly a mounted warder was seen to issue forth at a gallop, and in a few minutes the bag of seed was on the spot where it was wanted. Talking between convicts is forbidden, but there is no collection of human beings among whom news travels so quickly. In a couple of hours every convict

knew that the day for combined escapes had passed, and this became a conviction when a mounted guard was sent out with every party working on the moor. Convicts in the pink of condition from pick-and-shovel work felt sure of themselves in an open flat race with warders out of training, but a Dartmoor pony with a man on it was an unfair handicap.

The collective conscience of a great convict prison was a very interesting study. At that time many of the worst men in the kingdom were congregated at Dartmoor, and yet the collective conscience corresponded roughly with that of the class from which they came. They were devoted to children and would leave little improvised toys behind them when they worked in the warders' quarters. Anything in the nature of cruelty to animals revolted them. I remember seeing an old "lag" with four long sentences to his discredit furtively using his cap to steer out of harm's way an early butterfly that had settled in the chapel aisle lest it should be trodden on. The convict nurses in the prison hospital showed unselfish, though clumsy, solicitude for sick patients.

Most of them understood and made allowances for the difficulties of the warders and would condemn violence and disorder: certainly, the majority would have intervened to save a warder's life. Their courage in moments of danger was surprising. On the occasion of a fire I had to intervene to stop men from risking their lives to save Government property.

In 1915 eleven hundred habitual criminals were known to have joined the army and to be fighting at the Front, and more than seventy had been killed. One of these had stood his trial for murder and had been condemned to death, but his sentence had been commuted to penal servitude for life. In due course he had been set at liberty on licence, and his first act had been to volunteer for the Front. In another case an ex-warder, serving as a private, recognised in his sergeant a former prisoner who had been in his ward, but, like a wise man, he held his tongue. One "old lag" did give a comrade away. The colonel of a certain battalion had selected as his sergeant major an old soldier who had rejoined the colours—a man who feared nobody and was a strict disciplinarian. All went well until one day a corporal applied for a private interview with the colonel and imparted to him the news that his sergeant major was an ex-convict. It turned out

that the corporal had attempted unsuccessfully to blackmail the sergeant major and that now he was taking his revenge. Having made his revelation, the corporal was seen no more. He had deserted, knowing that his sergeant major was no less redoubtable with his fists than with his tongue.

The Convict Supervision Office drew the line only at the Royal Army Medical Corps. Since it was their duty to watch over the welfare of the men committed to their charge, they did not think it fair to place men of these antecedents in the way of temptation when they had the kits and valuables of the dead and wounded in their charge. There were, of course, a few back-sliders. Some of the men gravitated to the lines of communication after they had given the trenches a trial, and there were cases of thefts from stores and rations as well as from the property of comrades. Generally, however, the penalty awarded by court-martial was suspended and the men were given another chance in the trenches.

In one case a man convicted of burglary won the Victoria Cross. He had volunteered on a night of heavy rain to crawl out alone over No Man's Land and silence a machine-gun post. He told the officer before he left that if he did not return in half an hour the company could open fire "and never mind me." Just before the half-hour expired he dropped back into his own trench, plastered with mud from head to foot with the job done. Returning to the Front after receiving the V.C. he was killed in action. I knew the man—a rough, silent, Lancashire lad who had come to grief and to prison from a love of adventure and who was as free from pose and self-consciousness as any of the men I knew. When the Great Book is opened his crimes, such as they were, will, I think, be far outbalanced by the entries on the credit side of the account, and there will be found recorded virtues that had but a tardy recognition while he walked this earth. None knows the life history of the Unknown Soldier. It would be strange if he too were one of these.

The code of conduct that weighed with convicts was fair play. When there were fights among them the Chief Warder ordered a search for illicit tobacco, and as the party was marched down the passage to the searching place it could be tracked by a trail of contraband articles discarded as it went—tobacco, written missives, little slivers of steel sharpened to a razor edge for shaving. The Chief Warder was seldom

wrong in his belief that the fights were due to an unfair division of the spoil. By good conduct a man earned a remission of one fourth of his sentence, and for this reason all but a few reckless spirits asked only for a quiet life. Every prison offence and every application to the Governor was entered in the convict's sheet: there were quite a number of men who had served for five years or more without an entry.

When the late King George and Queen Mary visited Dartmoor as Prince and Princess of Wales I thought that it would be unwise for them to go out to the parade ground, since I was sure that they would be recognised and there might be a demonstration. They watched the convicts march out to labour from the window of my office. This was afterwards commented upon in a convict's letter to his friends :

The Prince did not come out on the parade, but stayed indoors which was a pity. I suppose he did not know that there is no more loyal body in the Kingdom than His Majesty's convicts.

I have said that there were bad men in Dartmoor at that period. The first that occurs to me is the notorious Stinie Morrison, whose hand was against every man. One of the worst men in the prison at that time was an American, Jackson, who had received a long sentence for what he and his wife did in what was known as the "Swami case." He was a puny, cowardly little man and very unpopular with his fellow convicts. The pair had been convicted of preying on young girls in London under the guise of preaching a fake Oriental religion. Jackson was a constant source of trouble. When reported for a prison offence he had a habit of fainting at the door of the adjudication room, but since his bright colour remained unblenched and the Medical Officer pronounced him to be malingering, I determined to break him of it. I had him carried in and propped comfortably against the wall. I heard the evidence against him and invited him to reply to it just as if he were standing before me. He lay there with closed eyes and a foolish smile on his face. Then I passed sentence and he was carried down to a punishment cell, where he was left to recover. His recovery was so swift that when I visited the cell an hour later he was on his feet protesting against his punishment. He declared that he would appeal. I asked him how he knew that he had been punished if he was unconscious at the time. To that he had no answer, but his

“epilepsy” was cured from that day. His wife, a voluble mountain of flesh, was liberated earlier than he was and came down to Dartmoor dressed in flowing purple. She left for America, and I was afterwards informed by the police of Detroit that she had established herself as High Priestess of a new cult called the “Flying Rollers.”

Dartmoor was relieved from monotony by its farm on which shire horses, ponies, cattle, sheep and pigs were bred. An annual sale was held in September, attended by buyers from all over Devon and Cornwall, and the surplus stock realised something over £2,000 for the Treasury. I tried an experiment while I was there. We had a number of youths who had been sentenced to death for murder and reprieved on account of their youth. They were scattered about the prison in various parties with older criminals. Up to that date the only men regarded as eligible for employment outside the prison without an armed guard were good-conduct men within a year of their release. I obtained leave to employ these young murderers, some of them with fifteen years yet to serve, on the farm without an armed guard, provided that their conduct had been satisfactory. The experiment was an entire success; not one of them incurred a report for misconduct, though two came very near to fighting over a missing currycomb which one of them had hidden because he was jealous of the shining coat of his rival’s horse. There was no jealousy about the horses themselves because each youth became so deeply attached to his animal that he would never willingly have changed it. It was so also with the short-horn cattle and the sheep; but the sheep were in charge of a certain Welsh criminal, who used to commit burglaries as a means for getting back to his sheep in Dartmoor Prison. He achieved newspaper notoriety as “The Dartmoor Shepherd,” and when Mr. Lloyd George visited the prison he asked to see the shepherd in order, I fancy, to show off his proficiency in Welsh to the gentlemen of his party.

Dartmoor Prison was a factory rather than a jail. Many trades were carried on there. When one passed through the inner gate, the artisans’ yard and the tailors’ and shoemakers’ shops were on your left, while on your right were the hospital and the Roman Catholic chapel. All were built of granite blocks, but the buildings of the war prison epoch were constructed of surface boulders mostly undressed, while the modern prisons were built of dressed stone from the prison quarry. The quarry instructor, a Devon man, had a mine of informa-

tion when you could draw him out. Between the strata of granite were tiny lodes of tin and copper running at right angles to one another, but the quantity of ore was too small to make its recovery worth while: consequently it went to the "spoil heap" on the opposite side of the road to Tavistock. The preparation of granite blocks for building was always the same. A row of holes five inches deep was drilled with jumpers—that is to say, crowbars with heavy steel bulbs to give them weight. Naturally when the chisel point of the jumper struck the granite it was blunted, either by fracture of the point if the temper was too hard, or by bending if it was too soft. It required great skill to arrive at the exact degree of hardness required, and this skill was possessed by a few men in the separate blacksmith's shop in the quarry. Some of these had an uncanny instinct as to the exact colour of the red-hot steel before it was plunged into the bucket of water to temper it. The tempering of tools for working granite was an art.

When the holes were drilled it became a matter for the points and feathers. The feathers were narrow strips of steel cut from old spades; the point between two of these feathers acted as a wedge; then a quarryman with a sledge hammer went down the range of points and drove them deeper into the heart of the granite. For a time the blows gave a musical note, and then came the dull sound indicating that the vertical fracture had been made. The next step was to propel the detached block of granite to the quarry edge until it was induced by leverage to come clattering down to the quarry floor. As soon as it was cut up into blocks small enough for the carts, it was trundled down through the prison gate to the stone-dressing parties who shaped it with point and chisel. The ring of their tools could be heard all over the prison yards. It was this hard work that kept the convicts out of mischief: it was rare to have serious disorder from any party concerned in quarrying or stone dressing.

From fifty to eighty men who were medically unfit for hard work were employed in the tailors' and shoemakers' shops inside the prison walls. In order to obviate the danger that the cut of liberty clothes should give away the wearer's life history, the men were invited to choose their own cloth and their own style when they were liberated: it was remarkable how little the selected materials and styles varied. They were measured by men who had been tailors before their lapse,

and the cloth was excellent; therefore no complaint that their clothing betrayed them to the police was well founded.

The prison clothing was a different matter. It was of the colour of khaki, and the cloth was woven in Wakefield prison. When issued for wear it was stamped with a broad arrow in printer's ink. The laundry party made a point of attempting to wash out the broad arrow from their own clothes until the vigilant eye of the chief warder fell upon them and ordered all the garments to be restamped. The stamping of prison clothing with the broad arrow was no idle act of red tape; it was designed to facilitate the recapture of a fugitive.

One of the duties of the governor and his deputy was to taste the food issued for every meal. Basins were put out on the kitchen table containing the porridge and soup, meat and wholemeal bread, and it was very rare to find any complaint against the food—certainly not that it was insufficient in quantity. If I were condemned to eat the meals issued to the convicts I should have jibbed at the quantity I was expected to swallow, and yet very little food was returned; what there was went to nourish the pigs.

When I handed Dartmoor Prison over to my successor, neither of us suspected that the grim granite pile would soon be emptied of its convicts by the war and that their places would be taken by that curious fraternity—the Conscientious Objectors. At that period I received a visit in London from one of the leading men of Princetown village. He had come all the way from Devonshire to implore the Government to take the "Conchies" away. "Can't you use your influence, Sir, to get the good old convicts back? I tell you that these Conchies are a disgrace to the place. Just take a day off and run down and you'll see what I mean—long-haired, idle young men wandering about a respectable village with their arms about each other's necks! It makes us sick to look at them."

Turbulent Days

AFTER I HAD SPENT five years at Dartmoor a mutiny broke out at Wormwood Scrubs and, as apparently I had acquired some reputation as a mutiny breaker, I was sent for. It was an instructive experience. When I entered the prison I found Mr. D——, one of the Prison Commissioners charged with the care of Wormwood Scrubs, holding an inquiry. This was almost his first experience of meeting criminals face to face, and criminals they were. The mutiny had broken out in C block, where convicts undergoing their separate confinement were kept. After smashing up their cell furniture and intimidating the warders, they had contrived to climb to the skylight and had smashed it. Thereafter one of them had climbed on to the roof some sixty feet from the ground and, having a sense of humour and being no mean acrobat, he had performed feats at this giddy height, attracting a crowd of sightseers from the dwellings that bordered on the Scrubs. He varied his performance by occasionally retreating into one of the wooden ventilators on the roof and singing to the warders below one of the music-hall songs at the moment which was popular on account of its refrain, "I wouldn't leave my little wooden hut for you," and "Gilbert, the Filbert":

Oh Hades, the ladies,
They leave their wooden huts,
For Gilbert, the Filbert,
The Colonel of the Knuts.

The newspapers were full of sensational matter, and almost every one of them had double headlines about the prison mutiny. Reporters were camped about my doorstep.

Though the "mutiny" had been quelled and the prison was now quiet, it had left a strange legacy of terror behind it. The chief warder, who had been a corporal major in the Life Guards and looked it, took me round the prison. The four halls were connected by a roofed

corridor with doors opening on the various exercise grounds. The chief warder threw open the door of the Jewish prisoners in D hall and led the way on to another door. Here he stopped irresolute. "These are the men concerned in the mutiny, and they're all at exercise. It would scarcely be safe for you to see them now, sir; they might do anything."

"Never mind; unlock the door."

There was a murmur of conversation when I stepped in, and I recognised among the men as they circled round many of my old Dartmoor friends who were now undergoing their period of separate confinement on a fresh sentence. I told the warder to halt the men and bring them up in two lines before me. Anything that broke the monotony of circling around on an asphalt path appeared to be welcome: they obeyed the order with alacrity. My speech was short but to the point:

"I hear that you fellows have been painting the place red, so I want to give you a word of advice. I've taken over this prison, and I'm going to run it exactly like Dartmoor. I see quite a number of my old Dartmoor friends here, so you will all understand what I mean. You can 'do it rough' or you can 'do it smooth,' but if you choose to 'do it rough' you will find me quite ready for you."

There were grins on the faces of most of them, and winks were exchanged. "Carry on," I said to the warder, and the exercising circles were in motion again.

I had no more trouble.

A few months after my arrival at Wormwood Scrubs I had had a change of deputy governor. Major Briscoe made way on promotion to the Hon. Harold Fitzclarence, who was just the man for the post. He had seen active service during the Boer War with a troop of irregular horse—a useful training for a man when dealing with criminals. Nothing disturbed his night's rest. When it was reported to him that an ex-convict serving a local sentence had left the adjudication room, where Fitzclarence had awarded dietary punishment to him for some breach of discipline, declaring that on the first opportunity he "would stick a *chiv* [knife] into the deputy governor's back," Fitzclarence stopped at the man's cell and said, "Smith, I hear that you are going to knife me in the back when you get out." The man nodded. Fitzclarence continued: "Well, I just wanted to

warn you that I shall know you again in civvy clothes and that if I find you walking just behind me I shall get in first." The man looked sheepish and, on sizing up the deputy governor's physique, replied, "Yes, sir, thank you, sir."

I had received a hint that I should not long be left at Wormwood Scrubs; that Major Clayton, the veteran secretary to the Prison Commission, would shortly be retiring and that I would be called upon to take his place. This was correct, and within a very few months I found myself Secretary to the Prison Commission. As far as office work was concerned, it was the most strenuous job in the prison service; every bundle of official papers was dumped on my desk to be marked out to the Chairman or one or other of the Commissioners, for each Commissioner had a group of prisons under him, and some of them required constant nursing. I had besides the duty of allocating work to the prison inspectors and of interviewing the various people who had axes to grind. Some of these people were sub-human. An approaching execution never failed to produce droves of them, for the most part women and long-haired sexless men.

A typical specimen was the lady who called to intercede for the Indian Dinghra, who had murdered Sir Curzon Wyllie at a public meeting. I explained to my visitor that I had nothing whatever to do with the question of reprieves. She clasped her hands and said, "I am asking that this poor man should not die for India, but live for it." This kind of irresponsible advocate seems never to think of the victim or his family when they come to intercede for a murderer. I happened to know that the Home Office was receiving thousands of signed petitions for Dinghra's reprieve.

My term of office as Secretary to the Prison Commission was destined to be turbulent, for in 1906 the Women's Social and Political Union, founded in 1903, resolved upon a policy of militant tactics to force the Government to grant the suffrage.

I, in common with most of my colleagues, was depressed by the conviction that if the vote were not granted to women the suffragettes would be a cross which we should be doomed to bear for ever, and there were not a few of us who believed that if the vote were granted comparatively few women would take the trouble to go to the polling booths and therefore that would make little difference to the balance of parties. It needed a stern awakening to rid us all of these futile

dissensions, and the awakening was nearer than any of us imagined. On August 4, 1914, three women were actually in custody for breaking windows in Downing Street and the Great War was upon us. The three women in custody were liberated; the country had greater problems to solve than window breaking.

I held the office of Secretary until about a year before the war, and I might have been holding it until my retirement had it not chanced that a vacancy occurred in the Criminal Investigation Department at New Scotland Yard. It was an office that I had long coveted. No one at that time dreamed that within a year we should be at war. I had visions of being able to introduce much-needed reforms into the C.I.D. if I were given control of the Department. On the other hand I felt that it would be straining the kindness of my chief, the late Sir E. Ruggles Brise, to ask him to support my application to leave him, after his great kindness to me.

I broke my project to him as gently as I could, and it was characteristic of him that he should immediately have taken me upstairs to Mr. McKenna's room to back my application. Mr. McKenna took the obvious course. He said, "You will have to get Sir Edward Henry to put your name forward. If he expresses a wish to have you on his staff, you may count upon my approval."

At that time I did not know anything of Henry except that he had introduced identification by fingerprints. He had succeeded to the Commissionership only a few months earlier. He listened to my request without saying a word. At the end he said, "If Mr. McKenna wishes to appoint you, well and good." It was not what one might call strenuous advocacy, but as he knew nothing of my work, it was, I suppose, the most that I could expect. With this temperate support I crossed Whitehall and went up to the private secretary's room. In due course I received the appointment, which raised my salary by four hundred a year, and in June, 1913, I became head of the Criminal Investigation Department, New Scotland Yard.

I found that beyond his daily visits to my room on his way upstairs Henry left me entirely a free hand. I spent the first days in visiting every police station where C.I.D. officers were employed and making the acquaintance of the various Superintendents. Henry had just solved the problem of the relations between the Superintendents of a Division and his C.I.D. staff, for there had been friction. The Superintendents

disliked the idea of an *imperium in imperio*. The solution was that every C.I.D. report should be sent through the uniformed Superintendent before it came to me, thus vindicating his authority over all the men in his Division. The solution worked quite well, and so things remained until the post-war upheavals, when officers from the Services, who were not trained to consider questions of expenditure, were appointed.

About the time when I took over the C.I.D. a special sub-department of the War Office had been constituted to deal with foreign espionage and had collected information about a number of persons engaged in furnishing information to their governments. When war broke out through the German invasion of Belgium and it became clear that the British Government would be involved in it, we were called upon to arrest all the known spies and to look out for others who were certain to be sent to replace them. The War Office had none of the machinery for arresting and keeping men in custody: the Metropolitan Police had; and so we found ourselves playing the role of general servant to the Admiralty and the War Office. My room at Scotland Yard became the meeting ground of the two Services. I conducted the interrogation of suspects with naval and military officers sitting with me. A short-hand writer took down the interrogations, and her notes were produced in the subsequent proceedings in the High Court. It is a fundamental rule in British police administration that when it has been decided to charge a delinquent with an offence he must not be questioned, though an opportunity is to be given to him to make a statement if he wishes. It was quite obvious that this rule would not work in cases of espionage, when the suspected spy may have an innocent explanation of documents which he is carrying, and it says much for the judges at the trial of enemy spies in the High Court that they allowed the shorthand notes of my interrogations to be admitted as evidence for the prosecution, provided that they recorded both question and answer and were sworn to by the stenographer, and that as soon as the war was over the former rule was reverted to.*

* *Vide* my book *Queer People*.

The War's First Spies

I GIVE IN HER OWN WORDS my daughter's recollection of our state of mind in July 1914 because they show how little Lord Roberts' warning that we should be at war with the Germans within the next few years had been taken to heart. No one except a few who were classed as "alarmists" foresaw that the murder of an Austrian Archduke and his wife was to cost the lives of many hundred thousand men, the flower of both races, some of whom were destined never to see another Christmas. We were dancing on the steps that led up to Armageddon :

On July 16, 1914, I was present with my parents at a Court Ball at Buckingham Palace which had been postponed for just over a fortnight on account of the two weeks' court mourning for the Archduke and his wife. It had originally been fixed for a day or two after the murders at Serajevo. To most of us the days that followed the murders had been anxious because the outbreak of "yet another Balkan war" might endanger diplomatic relations between some of the Great Powers, but by July 16 that danger seemed to have waned, and we feared at most an Austro-Serbian war, which was likely to be short, since Germany would obviously stand behind the Austrians. Indeed the odds against Servia, as she was then called, seemed so great that many people believed that she would climb down and avoid war altogether.

The Court Ball itself was a brilliant function. It was my first, and proved to be my only, experience of one, and I enjoyed it immensely, though it was not possible to dance much. The royal quadrille in which the Prince of Wales, a very shy young boy, was his mother's partner and was firmly piloted by her, was a really charming spectacle. The ballroom and anterooms seemed far more attractive when crowded with people in uniforms, dance frocks and jewels than they had looked when I was presented during the previous season.

While we were standing in a group watching the scene we noticed Count Benckendorff, the Russian Ambassador, in grave conversation with King George. At first we noticed it idly as a fact worth point-

ing out to each other, but as the conversation went on, still obviously on some topic so serious as to be incongruous with its surroundings, we began to speculate about its subject. There were in our group Lord William Cecil, one of the King's equerries, a member of the General Staff at the War Office whose name I forgot and a senior permanent official of the Foreign Office who was not in the department directly concerned with Austrian-Serbian affairs. These three men were all friends of my father and mother and had no reason for not speaking quite openly their real opinions in this discussion. I remember several theories being advanced as to what could be the subject of so serious and protracted a conversation. The Serajevo assassinations were suggested and rejected because "they would hardly be so much disturbed about them now. If this had taken place a week ago . . ." Several other suggestions were made, and each was turned down as not being important enough to account for the gravity of their expressions. The King began to show signs of sorrow or uneasiness, and Count Benckendorff was plainly distressed. Suddenly our Foreign Office friend exclaimed, "Of course, how stupid of me not to realise it before; they must be talking about Benckendorff's son, the boy who was drowned in a boating accident a week or two ago."

Not one of the four men in our group, who were all fairly senior men in their respective Services, thought that the King and Count Benckendorff could be worried by the possibility of England and Russia being dragged into war. I think that in the course of the discussion this suggestion *was* made, but it was turned down as too unlikely for consideration. Yet, August 4, 1914, was only nineteen days away.

There is one other vivid memory I have of those days that may be worth mentioning. On July 31—by which time war for England was of course "in the air," though one felt that something would still happen to prevent it—I broke a journey at Salisbury to spend the day with my brother, then a subaltern in a Field Artillery battery stationed at Bulford Camp. He had only held his commission for about eight months and was keen to show me the camp and its surroundings. Conditions were normal on the railway for the time of year; he met me with a car and we spent the morning exploring the Plain according to plan. After lunch he took me up to the camp to show me his quarters and left me in his rooms while he just "ran up to the Mess to see if any news has come in before we go on to Larkhill."

He came back full of excitement. "I'm fearfully sorry, but we must put off Larkhill till another time. I have leave just to run you back to Salisbury, and after that we mayn't leave Camp. Officers

on leave are being recalled and we are to mobilise at present strength" (i.e., without reservists or remounts, each battery keeping "on the strength" in peace time only men and horses for three guns out of six) "and hold ourselves in readiness to proceed if necessary to the East coast to repel a raid." The news, though very exciting, seemed absolutely unreal, and we parted at Salisbury, planning to finish our interrupted programme if and when the alarm subsided.

Ten days later I was installed with my mother in the hotel at Amesbury, full of officers' wives, while the Brigade, which was part of the 3rd Division, was mobilising for service in France. Officers rode over the three miles from Bulford whenever they could be spared for an hour or two from the training of remounts and the polishing up of reservists. I remember our pride and joy when our own officer was able to dine or spend an hour or two at the hotel and, when he could not be spared, our envy of more fortunate relations. In between their visits we spent our time making things that they would need on active service: there was much knitting and sewing of khaki "accessories."

On the 17th August we saw the troop train off at 6 a.m. A few days later the battery was in action at Mons—less than three weeks after our interrupted picnic.

Had the Germans but known that their new British enemies were not the careless unorganised people that their spies had represented them to be, the mortality among their secret agents would have been substantially reduced. They did not know of the complete list that had been compiled of the names and addresses of all their spies or of the copies of all the letters they had been sending to their employers in Germany. Consequently, upon the very day when war was declared no less than twenty-one spies were arrested and interned: one had succeeded in making his escape in time, but he had nothing to tell. As a result an impenetrable veil had been dropped over our mobilisation—a veil which had somehow to be penetrated. We were therefore prepared for the next move on the part of the enemy.

In the meantime the public was soothed by the fable of the Russians passing through England. Even now it is not known who put this astonishing story afoot—that four Russian army corps—that is to say, a quarter of a million men with their war material—were on their way through Scotland and England, coming from Archangel, to which port there was but a single line of railway. But nine out of ten people believed it, which did much to hearten anxious

spirits at home. Actually one of the German spies did us notable service in sending his German employers an account filled with pictur-esque details of huge bearded soldiers kicking the snow from their boots, who had been seen passing southward to the scene of war.

The first indubitable spy was no hireling, but a patriotic German who had been an officer in the German navy. It was Karl Hans Lody, and the story went that he had been specially selected by the Kaiser. He had resigned from the German navy because his income was not sufficient to support him, and he had applied for employment in the office of Thomas Cook & Sons, but without success. He had then engaged himself as a guide with the Hamburg-America line, who employed him in Norway. He arrived in Berlin on the very day when England entered the war and the day when the twenty-one German spies were interned instead of being executed because their offence had been committed in peace time.

Lody came to England, a country which he knew well. He spoke English fluently with an American accent acquired in the United States. He carried a passport in the name of an American, Charles A. Inglis. We do not know what became of the individual to whom this passport had been granted: all we do know of him is that a man of that name applied to the American Embassy in Berlin for a visa permitting him to travel in Europe. No suspicion, of course, was attached to Inglis, the victim of an unfortunate mischance. The Embassy sent the passport to the Foreign Office in Berlin, where it was "lost." Before this mischance the Foreign Office had removed the photograph of Charles A. Inglis and had substituted for it that of Karl Hans Lody.

At that moment crowds of Belgians and other foreign refugees were flowing into England, and it was impossible to carry out any meticulous examination of the papers carried by the refugees. Probably Lody took advantage of the crowd to pass through the barrier at the ports unrecognised. At any rate we find him in Edinburgh at the North British Hotel. From this address he sent a telegram to a man named Adolph Burchard in Stockholm, and this telegram was his undoing, because it was passed to the postal censor, then just established, and it was obviously in code or cipher. Thereupon every letter posted by Lody was examined. The letters described coastal fortifications, naval armaments and other confidential matters. The

four letters written to Burchard by Lody would have been alone sufficient to condemn him.

Lody did not stay long at the hotel. He took a small flat in Edinburgh. His landlord, judging from the new tenant's accent, took him to be an American tourist who was sight-seeing in the neighbourhood, and Lody passed about two weeks in cycling about the country and making notes on the naval base at Rosyth and its fortifications. Then he moved to London and took a room in a Bloomsbury hotel; thence he sent reports on the anti-aircraft arrangements.

It is proper to say at this point that all his movements and the whole of his correspondence was examined without his knowledge and that none of his reports containing information important to an enemy reached its destination. This, of course, he had no means of knowing.

He was soon back in Edinburgh, but on September 26 he left for Liverpool. As an expert on the mercantile marine he sent to Berlin very valuable reports on the armament of mercantile vessels. From Edinburgh he crossed to Dublin via Holyhead, being careful to inform his correspondent in Sweden (as well as ourselves) that he had selected the Holyhead route as the most favourable for collecting information, but that he had reason to fear that he was being watched. He had left Dublin for Killarney when, on October 2, he was arrested by the Royal Irish Constabulary and held in custody until officers from Scotland Yard arrived to escort him to London.

His pocketbook contained £180, a few Norwegian bank notes and German gold pieces. He had also on his person notes on the subject of the last naval engagement in the North Sea and drafts of his letters to Burchard. He was interned in the Tower, tried by military court-martial on the 30th and 31st of October and found guilty of espionage. His counsel made no defence except that he was a man who, having done his duty, left his fate in the hands of the court. His grandfather had had a military reputation: he had held a fortress against Napoleon, and his grandson wished to stand before the court in that spirit. He was not ashamed of anything that he had done; he would not cringe for mercy; he would accept the decision of righteous men.

The letters he wrote to his friends in Stuttgart before his execution and to his judges breathe a spirit of dignity which cannot but touch the hearts of their readers.

MY DEAR ONES,

I have trusted in God and He has decided. My hour has come, and I must start on the journey through the dark valley like so many of my comrades in this terrible war of nations. May my life be a humble offering on the altar of the Fatherland.

A hero's death on the battlefield is certainly finer, but such is not to be my lot. I shall die here in the enemy's country, silent and unknown, but the knowledge that I am dying in the service of the Fatherland makes death easy.

The supreme court-martial of London has sentenced me to death for military conspiracy. To-morrow I am to be shot here in the Tower. I have had just judges, and I shall die as an officer—not as a spy. Farewell, God bless you.

HANS.

To the officer commanding at Wellington Barracks he wrote:

London, November 5, 1914.

SIR,

I feel it my duty as a German officer to express my sincere thanks and appreciation towards the staff of officers and men who have been in charge of my person during my confinement.

Their kind and considered treatment has called my highest esteem and admiration as regards good fellowship even towards the enemy, and if I may be permitted, I would thank you for making this known to them.

I am sir, with profound respect,

KARL HANS LODY,

Senior Lieutenant Imperial,

German Naval Reserve 11.D.

A ring which he left to be forwarded to a lady in America was duly transmitted.

The German government had insured his life for £3,000 in favour of his relations, and when his death became known in Germany the people of his native village planted an oak to be known evermore by his name.

On the morning of his execution he said to Lord Athlumney, the assistant provost marshal, "I suppose you will not shake hands with a spy," and that officer replied, "No, but I will shake hands with a brave man."

Lody won the respect of all who came into contact with him. In

the quiet heroism with which he faced his trial and his execution there was no suspicion of play-acting. He never flinched, he never cringed, but he died as one would wish all Englishmen to die—quietly and undramatically, supported by the proud consciousness of having done his duty.

As the war went on we came to wish that a distinction could have been made between patriotic spies like Lody and the hirelings who pestered us through the ensuing years, but probably the military authorities were right when they quoted the international tradition that spies in time of war must die. If we had departed from that tradition the Germans would not. Though the risk of death might not appeal to the courageous national, it was certainly a deterrent to the scum of neutral spies, who were ready to offer their services to either side.

The Germans' experiences with codes also were unfortunate. Very early in the war our code experts, under Ewing, of Room 40 O.B. in the Admiralty, had deciphered the German secret code. The Germans were obtuse enough to think their code undecipherable and maintained it throughout the war. Even if they had changed it we should have deciphered new ones within a week, but it is characteristic of the German mentality to underrate the intelligence of other nations and really to believe that anything German must be *über alles*. It was largely owing to this self-satisfied obtuseness that they lost the war.

The First Days of the War, 1914-15

NO PREPARATIONS for the internment of prisoners of war had been made, and quarters had at once to be provided for the crews of two Austrian ships as well as for a number of Germans who were known to be enemy spies. It fell to my department at Scotland Yard to make the arrests and provide quarters for those interned.

Olympia was empty at the moment: I arranged with the directors to hand it over to me, and I ordered the crews to be sent there on August 6th. On the previous day we had interned a number of prominent Germans there, but we found it necessary to rope off the Austrian and German prisoners because of the ill feeling between them. The Austrians had gone in a body to the Commandant, saying that they would rather be shot than stay in the same enclosure as the Germans. They had with them nine criminals of various nationalities whose company they seemed to prefer to that of their allies. Among those that I paroled on the 7th was Friedrich von Bülow, brother of the late Ambassador at Rome, who was Krupp's selling agent in England, though formerly in the German Foreign Office: I found this man the only German gentleman I met during the course of the war, apart from Prince Max of Baden and his family. He spent a very uncomfortable night in the police station before he was paroled, but he laughed it off, saying he quite understood the conditions of war. He kept his parole, and even wrote letters to the German press to point out how well German prisoners were being treated, and to obtain information about individual British prisoners for relatives.

Eventually the Foreign Office insisted on interning him as a set-off to certain distinguished English prisoners. Before leaving for Donnington Hall he thanked me warmly for his treatment and said that he hoped we might meet in happier times. He sold his house in Putney, warehoused his furniture and sent his wife back to Germany. His brother, a German general, had been killed. During the wireless scare, he had been denounced to me on the clearest "evidence" of

sending messages by wireless, the clicking of the spark being distinctly heard, but when the police burst into his house they found him banging on an ancient typewriter near an open window. (After the war, this man acted as my host in Essen when I visited Germany and took me over Krupp's works, where the lathes employed on Big Bertha had just been demolished.)

I dined with the McKennas and met there Birrell, Chief Secretary for Ireland, Montagu, Secretary to the Treasury, besides Asquith and Tyrrell. After dinner, the conversation turned upon current events and the interest and importance of keeping diaries during these first days of the war. It was, I think, this conversation that impelled me to dictate my war journal to my wife, who wrote down in the evenings any current event that seemed to be worth recording.

Asquith said: "I know one person who is enjoying himself, and that is Winston." Tyrrell wondered whether Winston Churchill was keeping up his diary now that he was so busy. Birrell said that he was, and by the conversation it appeared that three members of the Cabinet were doing this—Winston Churchill, Harcourt and Lord Crewe. I said that for historical reasons it was a great pity that diaries were neglected. Asquith took me up. "Do you think so? It seems to me that the great point about the Cabinet is that no record is kept," and he went on to say that discussions and decisions were much more free when diaries could not be quoted.

In January, 1915, my war journal took definite shape. I give a transcript from it in these pages because there is a certain interest in noting how apparently trivial circumstances led to important developments. It has interested me in re-reading these entries after a lapse of years to see how large some incidents loomed at the time, although they have since petered out into insignificance.

Speaking of the story of the passage of the Russians through England, Asquith said that nothing had been so conclusively "proved" by evidence and yet had no foundation in fact. No one could have seemed less preoccupied and worried than Asquith at this time. He kept chaffing Birrell, whose wit depended on a quiet dig or two to set it going. Birrell mentioned that he had been sitting in St. Thomas's Hospital with some of the wounded, who told him that the habit of joking was so engrained in the Londoner that a man had cried out in

the middle of the chaff they were having in the trenches: "There goes my bloody leg," and it was so.

My help had been invoked by the War Office on behalf of two British officers who had been sent off to tour East Anglia in a car equipped with a wireless detecting apparatus to locate an alleged illicit wireless sending station supposed to be sending messages abroad. My first knowledge of the proceeding came from a telegram from the Suffolk constabulary to the effect that two German spies had been arrested in a car equipped with wireless. Both men spoke English fluently and declared themselves to be employed by the War Office. After communicating with the military authorities I sent a message advising the Chief Constable that they should be set at liberty, but I pointed out to the War Office that it would be safer for the officers if they were in uniform. This was on a Saturday: they had already spent a night in the police cells. They were liberated with apologies from the Chief Constable, and they put themselves into uniform.

On the Monday a message came from another county Chief Constable saying that two enemy spies, both speaking fluent English and disguised in British uniforms, had been arrested: they had spent the week end in police cells. The experiment was discontinued, and other means were tried for deciding whether wireless messages were really being dispatched from East Anglia.

I received an invitation from the *Daily Mail* to a secret view of a German cinematograph film which had been made with the Kaiser's concurrence for the instruction of neutral countries. The American who shot the film was on his way to America with it and consented to show it privately to diplomats and Government officials at a matinee at the Ambassadors' Theatre. It had been faked very clumsily and stupidly and showed an extraordinarily naïve disregard or ignorance of the effect that it would have on other peoples. In effect, its publication would not only help the Allies but be detrimental to German interests. One film had the Kaiser in it, quite unfaked, and showed him standing by a road, with his staff, while the most magnificent troops marched along it past him. His hair was quite grey, and there was a hollow shade in his cheeks; his movements were nervous and jerky. At one point the operator had evidently told him to look at the camera, which he did, stiffly and gravely, before getting into a car and driving away.

Of the genuine films there were quite a number of good ones, all selected for propaganda purposes. Sapper operations and other engineering were shown; artillery positions; reviews before the kings of Bavaria and Saxony; a huge monument to Hindenburg, already erected in Berlin; a mass meeting in Berlin and diplomatic presentations to the Sultan in the presence of Enver Pasha. Also Balkan diplomatists talking to the Sultan, who was sitting on a seat. There were several films of the Danish army and navy manœuvres intended to give the impression that Denmark was on the German side and was quickly mobilizing.

The faked films were of German soldiers feeding crowds of Belgian and French children, and the title was "Barbarians Feeding the Hungry." A row of colossal and grinning German soldiers with the title, "Sehen Barbarien zo aus?" made one feel inclined to answer, "No barbarian has ever looked so unattractive." English prisoners were depicted with delighted expressions of love for the Germans who were guarding them.

Here follow excerpts from my diary :

Jan. 23, 1915. I dined at the Albert Greys' and met Admiral Custance and Lord George Hamilton. The conversation was all about the war, and Lloyd George gave us stories about Disraeli. He told us of how Lord Halsbury and another K.C. were arguing a case in the House of Lords rather brilliantly; "Dizzy" said to the man sitting next to him, who had remarked on the fine efforts of both advocates, "Yes, but they need not both look like hippopotami."

Admiral Custance was rather reticent about the new guns on the next Dreadnoughts which are said to be going to make short work of the Heligoland forts. He said that the Heligoland guns did not amount to much, and that range did not count so much, especially in a foggy climate: what counted was having a really smashing instrument, and he said, apropos of submarines, that they believed that the Germans had lost twenty-five out of their eighty which they had at the beginning of the war.

Jan. 24. We lunched with Admiral Bruce. He told me how in 1887 he had been in command at Spithead, when the Kaiser, then Crown Prince, came on board. Bruce asked him into his cabin and ordered a bottle of champagne. They talked for half an hour. The Kaiser

was quite unaffected and pleasant, but he had a restless manner about him, walking about the cabin while he talked. He said: "You know my brother is trying to become respectable. He is going to marry." This was Prince Henry of Prussia.

On returning from the luncheon, I was rung up at home to be asked whether I had heard anything of a naval engagement in the North Sea, which was being discussed in the clubs. I rang up the office and found that the report was true. It was a telegram from Reuter. The *Blücher* battleship had been sunk near Heligoland.

Jan. 25. I lunched with the McKennas. Winston Churchill and Montagu (Secretary to the Treasury) were present. Though the fact has not been published that our battle cruiser *Lion* is badly damaged, the news is true. She has not yet got home. She had a convoy of thirty destroyers. Churchill seemed very disappointed that the North Sea was not wide enough; otherwise, he said, we might have bagged many more of the German destroyers, but we had to cry off when we got into the mine fields off Heligoland. The German shooting was very good. As soon as they sighted us, they sent their cruisers in front and bolted for home; otherwise, it might have been a regular fleet action.

I learned that when the war appeared to be imminent, there were five Cabinet Ministers who wanted war and eleven who would resign if war was declared. These eleven had arranged a meeting for the afternoon. Another three, engaged as peacemakers between the two parties, intended to waylay them and prevent their resignation, but before the meeting King Albert's telegram asking for help was published and all but three joined the war party. Lloyd George had said that not only would Germany not be unscrupulous enough to invade Belgium, but also not foolish enough.

Feb. 6. To show how hazy everybody is about the duration of the war, I must quote a war correspondent—Bullard—an intelligent American. He expected the war to be over by the 13th July or not long after, and he said he would not be surprised if the bulk of Kitchener's army were landed in Holland to cut the enemy's communications in that way. An Italian diplomat who was present, the Marchese Rosales, said that Italy had forty thousand first-line troops ready, and he thought that she was only waiting for the snow to melt on the mountains to come in. Bullard said that America was almost wholly

pro-Ally, but he did not think that they would do much to help us if they did join.

Feb. 7. It appeared, from conversations at lunch, that we have now 480,000 troops at the front. It was believed that the *Lion* had been hit by a mine. They told a story of a prominent young man who, when offered a commission, said: "Look at me. Could I lead men? I have never done anything in my life but sit and sew." He insisted upon going out as a private and did splendidly, always keeping his fellow Tommies cheerful and contented when the commissariat broke down and they were "on the verge" (of mutiny, we inferred). He said he enlisted because, being the greatest rotter in London, he thought that if he did it, others less rotten would do it, too. When he returned wounded in the hand, a too sympathetic lady saw him fumbling with his latchkey and cried: "Oh, let me do that for you. I can see that you are one of our wounded heroes." "I'm afraid not, madam," was the reply. "I fell off the bus when I was drunk," and she fled incontinently. He exasperated the drill sergeant by his clumsiness at squad drill. After a string of profanity which continued for some minutes, the sergeant shouted, "Is there any bloody thing you *can* do?" The recruit smiled mildly, "Well, they say that I am rather good at embroidery." This reply reduced the fire-eater—the terror of recruits—to silence. Language had entirely failed him. And what the young man had said was true.

Feb. 18. The German blockade of England is ordered. This may have something to do with the wreck of two Zeppelins yesterday—*L-3* and *L-4*.

Feb. 20. Captain Hall, Director of Naval Intelligence, told me that he had sent a man out to Constantinople who had succeeded in buying the Dardanelles forts. He felt pretty sure that when we attacked them the deal would come off and that our ships would be let through.

[Some months later, I had an interview with the man who had acted as intermediary. He was an Indian Mohammedan naturalised Turk, and although he may have been quite honest, he did not strike me as being likely to carry any deal to a successful issue.]

Feb. 25. The Allied fleets began their attack on the Dardanelles.

Mar. 2. The Russian victory at Przemysl was announced.

Mar. 4. The German submarine *U-8* was sunk off Dover.

It was curious to find in those, who professed to know, such as Stephen Graham, what a false view observers took on social conditions in Russia; that war with Germany was popular, but war with Turkey was the great inspirer of the people; that the longing to get to Constantinople was inspired by the desire to possess the Holy Sepulchre. When war broke out, Russia was busy with her own evolution. That was in the forefront and not revolution. When war was declared, the sale of vodka was about to be prohibited, and when it was a *fait accompli*, it meant absolute temperance for the Russian people, because Russia grows no wine and the Russian people never save money. The consequence was that the money saved from liquor went into the savings bank and the peasants themselves were astonished when they found the sum saved to be mounting up.

Mar. 10. The news to-day was the capture of Neuve-Chapelle and that H.M.S. *Ariel* had rammed a German submarine.

Mar. 25. The German submarine *U-20* was sunk.

Apr. 4. I received definite evidence about Sir Roger Casement, that he has an office in Germany and goes round the internment camps inviting Irish soldiers to desert and join an Irish brigade to be stationed in Berlin. Their uniform would be green with an embroidered harp. A few men in each camp, dazzled by the prospect of liberty with good pay, appear to have joined.

Casement first came into prominence when he was vice-consul in Putumayo, in Colombia. His report of atrocities by rubber collectors caused a great sensation two years before the war. He was given a C.M.G. and retired very discontented. He is inordinately vain, and he expected higher honours. Though he is a Protestant, he is also a violent Nationalist, and at the outbreak of war he was in America consorting with rebel Irish Americans. He was next heard of as crossing to Bergen in a Scandinavian steamer, which was stopped and searched, but as nothing incriminating was found he was allowed to proceed on his journey. On his arrival at Christiania, his servant denounced him to the British Minister and claimed £2,000 and a safe conduct if he

could deliver Casement into the Minister's hands. As it afterwards turned out, all this was a "plant" of Casement's, who sent word from time to time that he was sailing by this or that steamer, whereas, in fact, he was enjoying a soft job in Berlin. Finally the German papers came out with a facsimile letter of the British Minister (a forgery), promising to pay £10,000 for Casement's body, dead or alive. The Minister was so indiscreet that I thought at first the letter might have been genuine, for he had given Casement's servant a key to his back door, and this would have enabled the servant to steal the letter. At any rate, no one would allow Casement to pass, because we have ample evidence against him for a charge of high treason, and he is a very conspicuous figure.

Apr. 14. A Zeppelin visited the Tyne.

The Turks were routed on the Euphrates.

Apr. 15. I happened to be in the Intelligence Department of the Admiralty when a British sailor blew in to take leave. It was a very untheatrical performance. "You off?" said the assembled sailors. "Aye, aye," said the man. Then someone hit him on the back, and all said: "Good luck!" And off he went. As it turned out, his mission was historic. It was to direct the operation of landing troops at Gallipoli, with seven other naval post captains all trained in the naval manœuvres of last year, when troops were landed on the coast of Essex under the fire of an army in position. This particular man had become notorious in parliamentary circles as having given the order "On the knee," or as it has since been twisted in Labour circles: "On the knee, you dogs," which is said to have caused a mutiny among the stokers in the naval barracks. As a matter of fact, he was a very smart officer on the best terms with his men, and the mutiny arose from quite a different cause.

Apr. 22. This date is memorable as being the first occasion on which asphyxiating gas was used by the Germans.

May 7. The Lusitania was torpedoed and sunk. There will be repercussions.

May 12. H.M.S. *Goliath* was torpedoed in the Dardanelles.

May 14. The *Times* military correspondent came out with an article,

"The Want of an Unlimited Supply of High Explosives Is a Fatal Bar to Our Success."

May 15. The United States Note on the sinking of the *Lusitania* was published. It seems to bring American intervention in the war a good deal nearer.

May 18. Lord Kitchener announced our resolve to use asphyxiating gas, as the Germans have done it.

May 19. Mr. Asquith announced the coming reconstruction of the Government.

May 23. Italy declared war on Austria.

May 25. Coalition Cabinet formed.

May 26. H.M.S. *Triumph* torpedoed by a submarine off the Gallipoli Peninsula.

The Italians occupied positions which threaten Trente and Trieste.

May 27. This morning, the Society of Architects sent me a fire bomb, dropped by a Zeppelin in Tonbridge. I had it carried over to Duck Island (in St. James' Park) to be opened. While I was in the bomb shelter with Major Cooper-Key, Chief Inspector of Explosives, Professor Dupr s and others, a shipping agent from Liverpool brought in a high-explosive bomb, thrown into an ammunition ship in New York and discovered on the top of the cargo when it reached Liverpool. This ship had been berthed alongside a German interned ship. No doubt, the bomb had been placed there by one of the German agents working under Captain von Rintelen.* On being opened, the bomb was found to contain sulphuric acid in one chamber and a high explosive in the other. But the acid had been too strong to eat its way through the membrane and ignite the charges: a weaker solution would have done the trick.

I had been called over to Mr. McKenna's room to advise on some point of policy, when a message arrived calling him to the Prime Minister. Up to this moment, McKenna believed that he was to continue to be Home Secretary. As soon as he came back I was called into his room, and he said: "You are the first person that I tell

* Alleged head of German sabotage operations in the United States. See Apr. 6, 1917

the news to. I have got to leave you and go to the Treasury." He seemed genuinely sorry and went on to say that at the beginning of the crisis he had offered Asquith to vacate his office and serve the country without salary, in any capacity. "You see, I don't want the money," he said. Asquith then told him that he must continue as Home Secretary, but at the last moment the demands of the Unionists had been so insistent that the Cabinet had to be reconstructed and he had to replace Lloyd George as Chancellor of the Exchequer in order to keep Bonar Law out of the Ministry of Munitions. McKenna sketched out the new Cabinet and said rather triumphantly: "If you leave out Balfour, who does not belong to the party, the Unionists have secured only two of the big offices." This same day, we received news that the Turks had been heavily defeated on the Gallipoli Peninsula.

May 30. The text of the German reply to the American Note about the *Lusitania* was published.

May 31. I was asked to dine with McKenna to meet the new Home Secretary, Sir John Simon, and the new Lord Chancellor, Lord Buckmaster. It was an open secret that Simon had refused the Lord Chancellorship on Asquith's advice, which means that he was expected to succeed some day to the Leadership of the party. Our dinner party consisted of the heads of departments, and McKenna and Simon made informal little speeches after dinner. Among the guests were: Sir Edward Henry, Sir Evelyn Ruggles-Brise, Sir Ernley Blackwell, Sir Edward Troup, Cecil Harmsworth, Harris, Pedder and three or four others. I was talking to Simon at about ten fifty-five and the party was about to break up, when McKenna ran in from the small room, crying, "Zeppelins! Zeppelins!" He explained that a telephone message had come in from the Admiralty saying that Zeppelins were coming up the Thames. Mrs. McKenna said: "What about my babies? Shall we take them into the cellar?" It was decided first to telephone to Scotland Yard for further information, so we trooped into the small room. Simon, who came in last, said: "It is exactly like the scene in the second act of a melodrama," and it was. Unconsciously, we had formed ourselves into a wide circle round the telephone table, the Cabinet Ministers more eager and excited than the rest. Mrs. McKenna was solely concerned with the question of her

babies and the cellar; Harris, quite passive at the telephone. After a delay that seemed an age, he handed the instrument to Sir Edward Henry, who said very quietly: "Dropped bombs on Whitechapel, four or five killed, many injured. It then turned north and is now dropping bombs on Stoke Newington. Any fires? Oh, a good many fires, thank you," and rang off. We did not stand on ceremony. Sir William Byrne ran upstairs with Mrs. McKenna to help to carry down the children, and then we all trooped off to Scotland Yard to hear the news. Sir John Simon spent his first night as Home Secretary in the telephone room at the Yard. I walked home across the park. It was a lovely clear night, but there was not a sign or sound of Zeppelins, and the policeman on the beat in Kensington had not even heard of the raid, at eleven-thirty.

It transpired later that no one in London saw the Zeppelins. Ninety-two bombs in all were found, of which about thirty were high explosive, mostly small with a little propeller attached, which turned during the descent and unscrewed the fuse. Fastened to each bomb was a piece of stuff, like the leg of a stocking. Two children were killed by these, but a good many failed to explode. The Zeppelin dropped three very large high-explosive bombs; one made a huge crater in Kingsland Road, one was found afterwards in a garden unexploded at a depth of eight feet, another had gone through the roof and floor of a stable and was found seven feet deep. It weighed 150 pounds and would have done enormous damage, being three feet in diameter. It appeared from these bombs that the Zeppelin had followed the rails of the Great Eastern Railway as far as Bishopsgate Station, where it dropped a bomb, and had then followed the branch line towards Waltham Abbey powder factory, but it dropped a bomb on the wrong side of the river and missed the factory altogether. From Waltham Abbey it turned east, towards the coast, and was not seen again.

June 5. Lord Lonsdale, who used to be a great friend of the Kaiser, was asked what he thought of his friend now. His reply was: "It only shows how careful one must be whom one makes friends with."

June 7. A Zeppelin was destroyed by Flight Sub-lieutenant Warneford between Ghent and Brussels and another by the British army in Flanders.

June 8. Mr. Bryan, the United States Secretary of State, resigned.

June 9. The second U. S. Note about the *Lusitania* was forwarded to the German government.

The British torpedo boats, numbers 10 and 12, were torpedoed off the east coast.

June 11. The *Daily Mail* attack on Kitchener, beginning with Repington's (the *Times* military correspondent) visit to the front with French's sanction, suggested there was an understanding between Northcliffe, the proprietor of the *Times* and *Daily Mail*, and French. I heard on very good authority that the Prime Minister had told French that he was not indispensable. This brought him to his senses, and he has given less trouble since the warning. I was kept in touch with all these matters. [At a later date, when French had been sent to Ireland as Viceroy, I had a long talk with him in Dublin, having been called in to advise on the best way of dealing with Michael Collins. French struck me as a heavy-witted man, and I do not think that he very much liked the advice I gave him.]

June 13. That very dangerous man, Venizelos, has won the elections in Greece. I can never understand how the British statesmen and newspapers could accept such a man as a pro-Ally supporter. Venizelos has never been pro-anything but pro-Venizelos.

July 2. Rumour was rife that Winston Churchill had bought all the forts in the Dardanelles and that the Queen of Greece, coming to know of it, had told her brother, the Kaiser, who had immediately changed all the commanders of the forts for German officers. [This rumour was, of course, unfounded.]

July 9. It may be interesting to put down my present war views. [They can now serve as a warning to anybody else who dares to have war views.]

I expect:

- (1) Failure of ammunition for the Turks who are out of Constantinople.
- (2) The Dardanelles opened.
- (3) The entry of Bulgaria and Rumania on our side.
- (4) Germany falling back on the Rhine.
- (5) The Peace party in England becoming stronger.

- (6) Belgium and France having fled from the enemy, peace is made, not on the principle of a drawn game, but on the footing that the Germans had not got Warsaw, and all this is to take place before November 15, 1915.

My brother-in-law's views are that, before the spring, the Germans will make a push to get to Calais, ending in failure, and there will be trench warfare on all the fronts until April. In April there will be a general offensive of the Allies, and the Central Powers will be gradually squeezed back.

July 10. Mr. Batten, the American peace delegate, came to see me on his return from Berlin, where he had had interviews with Tirpitz and Bethmann-Hollweg, and also with the author of a remarkable book "*J'accuse*," just published. He did not gather that the Germans were depressed by the position of affairs.

Aug. 31. The salutary rule that all ships bound from New York to Rotterdam must call at Falmouth, bore fruit to-day. A Mr. Archibald, an American journalist, was found to be carrying dispatches from the Austrian Ambassador in Washington to the Foreign Minister in Vienna. They were of considerable interest.

Sept. 2. I learned from the Admiralty that the submarine which had torpedoed the *Arabic* had been sunk by us near our south coast. The Colonel of the Gordon Highlanders had told me that the submarine bobbed up alongside an empty transport and put a prize crew on board her. An old tramp steamer was lying alongside. Suddenly the sides of the tramp fell down, disclosing bluejackets and guns. Two shots were fired, ripping the sides of the submarine, which sank like a stone. At the same moment the Germans on board the transport were killed. [This was the first appearance of the "Q" ships, which had been prepared with such secrecy.]

Sept. 3. The Vice-Chairman of the Inland Revenue called on me to-day, saying that the G series of £1 Treasury notes was being extensively forged, and as a report had reached them before the forgeries were discovered, they thought that it must have been arranged by the enemy to create a panic. De la Rue's paper expert pronounced the watermark to be genuine, and, therefore, the paper could have been produced only by a firm with a very costly plant. I took steps immed-

iately to find out what was known of this in America and to scrutinise all the notes which passengers from U.S.A. were carrying. I also saw Miss Hilda Howsin, who made a statement about the Indian murder conspiracy to assassinate simultaneously the leading men of the Entente countries—Grey, Kitchener, Poincaré, Viviani, the King of Italy and others. The bombs were manufactured in Italy and were tested by Germans at the military testing ground in Berlin.

Sept. 4. Captain Hall told me that he had had a great fight with the people surrounding the First Lord—Balfour—to get him to allow the Austrian dispatches taken from Archibald,* the American journalist, to be published in America. The documents had got into the hands of the Foreign Office, who wanted to treat them through the ordinary diplomatic channels, which would occupy weeks. Hall told them that the Americans had them already. He had shown a copy of the documents to Bell, at the American Embassy, and he had both cabled and mailed them. I asked him why he had not insisted on the publication in America of the number of submarines destroyed, for that is the real reason why the Germans are abandoning the submarine warfare. He said that he had urged it very strongly on Balfour, who at last consented to issue an official statement—with a note, however, that the figures were not proved. Hall said that he wanted no official statement, for no American cared about that. What Americans wanted was the personal touch. He wanted Balfour to grant an interview to an American reporter. (This Balfour refused.) He said that what with the losses of submarines on their way to Gallipoli and the Baltic, the Germans had not enough of them to continue the blockade.

Oct. 1. I had for some time been investigating an Indian assassination plot, and in the correspondence seized were many references to a Rajput named Sisodia, living in London.† I summoned him to my office and found him to be a good-humoured-looking person with easy manners. He had in his lodgings a number of letters from well-known Indian officials and copies of the *History of the Rajputs*, a very expensive book, with an introduction by Sir O'Moore Creagh, but among the papers also were revolutionary letters addressed to notorious rebels and fomentors of assassination. In one of these he tells his corres-

* See Aug. 31.

† See Sept. 3.

ponent to prepare for his great destiny. The stars have told him—Sisodia—that he (the correspondent) would some day become ruler of India. When these were read to Sisodia, he showed no confusion, but tried to laugh it off, saying that as an astrologer he was often carried away by his discoveries; that his language was figurative; that he had, like every other patriotic Indian, a desire to see his country freed, but that he knew now that this could not be yet.

I pressed him to admit that he was a revolutionary. He denied this. "Will you go so far as to say that you are coqueting with revolution?" This he admitted, but urged, on the other hand, that he had given information of plots to authorities. This proved to be true to some extent, for he had told Mr. Brown, of the India Office, of some little plot, but nothing of the bigger one. The choice now lay between interning him or using him as an informer, but when a hint was given of "payment for expenses," he drew himself up and said he would only give information from a sense of patriotism. For some weeks we heard nothing from him, but one day he sent in anonymously information about Persia and German activities there. However, he succumbed, and he is now on our regular pay list.

Oct. 13. Wellesley, of the Foreign Office, came to see me about the Bulgarian Minister, to convey to me that, as we are not at war with Bulgaria, we must not stop any Bulgarians, whatever their age, from going on. I said, "Very well, but if I consider them suspects, I shall stop them, not as Bulgarians, but as such." This was a "facer" for poor Wellesley, because I do not take orders from the Foreign Office, and I am in a far better position than the F.O. to know who is suspect and who is not.

The King of Greece is in a mortal funk of Germany's winning the war and does not sleep on account of perpetual telegrams he gets from his brother-in-law, the Kaiser. He may be a good soldier, but like other good soldiers he is a very undiscerning man. People suspect his wife's influence, because she is the Kaiser's sister, but she was always on her mother's side in the family camp and squabbles, and she told Amy Akers-Douglas [now Viscountess Chilston] some years ago how she wished to be born again quite English. Therefore there is no danger from her influence.

I was playing piquet with my brother-in-law when the telephone

rang to say hostile aircraft were within thirty miles. We decided to finish our game first, and then I went upstairs to the top windows and saw shrapnel bursting, but could not detect any Zeppelin.

Oct. 14. I lunched with the McKennas and met Spender, the editor of the *Westminster*, Montagu (Financial Secretary to the Treasury) and the colonel of the Hood Battalion at the Dardanelles. The two financial Ministers were full of the Budget. McKenna remarked it was lucky he had taken off the duty on plate glass just in time for the air raid last night, about which they all wanted information. Spender told a curious story about a Bulgarian emissary who had just gone back. When taking leave, he said: "Remember, I have nothing to say against this plan of assassinating Ferdinand; you are clearly within your rights, but I think you will find, as time goes on, that Ferdinand will be more use to you alive than dead." And Montagu said that a Rumanian friend of his was asked to dine in Berlin lately with some sort of Rumanian syndicate. A general of the Prussian staff was present, and after dinner, the Prussian general said to him: "I knew your late King. He was a fine man. What a pity the English murdered him!" The Rumanian said: "There must be some mistake. His Majesty died in his bed." The Prussian brushed this aside contemptuously and gave him a list of the notables that had been murdered by the English. One of them was Jaurès,* the French socialist!

The colonel of the Hood Battalion also said that the Indian Mohammedan troops had the greatest contempt for the Turkish Mohammedans.

Oct. 17. The First Lord, Arthur Balfour, told an amusing story. Among those appointed to the anti-aircraft defence of London was a librarian who had been put in charge of a gun, and Balfour said that his first executive act at the Admiralty had been to "stop that librarian firing off that gun."

Oct. 23. My long investigations with Nathan into the Indian assassination conspiracy culminated to-day in a confession made by Harish Chandra.† The conspiracy, at first reported three months ago, was that three men, named Har Dayal, Chattopadhyā and Hafiz, who are

* Jaurès was actually killed by a half-demented fanatic in Paris, July 31, 1914.

† See Sept. 3 and Oct. 1.

now employed by the Germans, were sending bombs for the assassination of Sir Edward Grey and Lord Kitchener. I had arrested a Swiss girl named Brunner, who was carrying messages to an English woman, Hilda Howsin, the daughter of a Yorkshire doctor, and Anna Brandt, a German, who pretended to be the wife of an Indian revolutionary named Vishna Dube. By sheer good luck I had heard of another Indian, lately returned from America, and had arrested him a week ago on information about his revolutionary activities. His interrogation disclosed very little, but three or four days in the police cells had some effect upon him. He tried to bargain at first for his liberty, but when the room was cleared he made a confession that took four hours to record in shorthand. Briefly, it was as follows:

After his expulsion from the U.S.A., Har Dayal went to Switzerland and, when war broke out, to Berlin, taking with him Chatto-padhy and other Indian revolutionaries from Switzerland. Knowing that they could not get away, the Germans treated them rather contemptuously, but did allow the formation of an Indian committee, with a German president, to concert measures for starting a revolution in India. They had a press bureau and a regular scheme for corrupting the loyalty of Indian prisoners of war. Still matters were not prospering, until last March, when, whether by accident or design, a land-owner named Pertabri conceived the plan of going over to the Germans in the character of an Indian prince, to which title he had some claim as being the son of a deposed ruler of a small native state. The Indian government was quite taken in because his application for a passport was backed by one of the Oudh chiefs, whom they believed to be the mirror of loyalty. He took with him a secretary, Harish Chandra. From Marseilles they went to Geneva and asked for Har Dayal, who took them to see the German Consul. Pertabri had played his part quite well enough to deceive the German. He wore native dress and was very aloof and condescending. He declared that he would not cross the frontier until the Kaiser promised to receive him. All this suited Har Dayal. Henceforth he would be the intermediary, and the money would begin to flow through him.

After several journeys to and from Berlin an audience was arranged and about the end of August, a mission started for Kabul, consisting of "Prince" Pertabri, several released Indian prisoners and three German officers, to raise the Amir against India. They passed through

Constantinople in the first week in September, and efforts are now being made by the Russians to stop them. At least two other missions have been sent off—one to Japan and another to Singapore—to engineer mutinies and assassinations.

Chandra also told me about the extremists in California, who are printing and distributing the newspaper *Ghadah* (Mutiny). Money is collected from farm-hands, who also do the rough work of printing. Half a dozen students do the writing and editing, and all are hungry for money. The subsequent proceedings in California were dramatic. One of the Indians had turned informer, and while he was still on the witness stand, one of the accused pulled out a revolver and shot him dead. The deputy sheriff, who was standing a little above the prisoners, shouted "Heads down!" Everybody ducked, and with unfailing accuracy the deputy sheriff shot the murderer dead, and that ended the whole episode.

Nov. 5. The *Globe* published as a fact that Kitchener had tendered his resignation to the King. Actually he had gone off to Serbia, but it was thought safer to keep the fact of his departure dark for the moment.

Nov. 6. At four o'clock I was telephoned to go over to the Home Secretary's room at the House of Commons. There was a large meeting: the Lord Chancellor, Attorney General (F. E. Smith, later Lord Birkenhead), Cave, the Solicitor General, Sir Charles Matthews, Sir Edward Troup, Sir Archibald Bodkin and others who had met to decide whether the *Globe* should be suppressed and the form of the warrant, no newspaper having been suppressed in England for more than a century. The *Globe* had reiterated its pronouncement about Kitchener's resignation in the face of an official denial issued through the Press Bureau to-day.

I took charge personally of the suppression of the *Globe*. Knowing nothing about how one can effectively suppress a newspaper, I walked down with a couple of inspectors into the basement where the big machines were busy. I began to talk to the foreman and, after some conversation about the machinery, asked him, if he wanted to make it impossible for these machines to work, how he would set about it. He said: "That is quite simple. Look here, you see this little piece of metal? I have only to pull that out and put it in my pocket." I

thanked him and did so. That was how the *Globe* was suppressed. I did not wait to see the Editor!

Nov. 14. I dined with Godfrey Isaacs to meet the Dutch cartoonist, Raemaekers, who had been throughout the war strongly pro-Ally. Isaacs told me that the weight of lead fired out of the German rifles daily was sixteen hundred tons, and though an enormous reserve had been accumulated before the war, it is now exhausted, and that they are firing steel bullets, coated with some glazing composition, which will take the grooves and not damage the rifling as steel would.

Nov. 15. To-day a new regulation was drafted to prevent any person from leaving England without a passport, and no passport is to be granted to a man of military age. The whole episode is typical of our lack of system. It was well known that large numbers of Irish were emigrating to escape military service. The Home Secretary was implored to prevent it. He applied to the Irish Office under Birrell, who declared that emigration was below the average. Figures were then produced, showing that the average for November was five hundred, but that the actual number of emigrants during October was four thousand. Even so, the regulation would not have been made but for the fact that the Irish stokers on a White Star steamer struck work rather than carry the Irish emigrants, and one steamboat company after another ordered them off their ships, including two American lines.

Nov. 17. For some months past, forged Treasury notes* have been in circulation. At first, it was thought that they were being printed by Germans and circulated from America. I had inquiries made in America, but meanwhile two men, a Servian and a Frenchman, came to my office to tender information and ask what reward they would get if they brought the whole organisation to light. They turned up their noses at a suggested £500, for it appeared that one of them had private means. The forgeries had become more and more skilful. The Treasury were inclined to skimp the reward. At last I sought an interview with Sir John Bradbury and showed him the latest forgery,

* See Sept. 3.

which Sir John admitted to be so perfect that if they were tendered to him he would accept them. The result was that I was given a free hand. There followed a game of hide and seek. Besides the two informers, three or four other men were engaged in uttering the forgeries. These men could have been arrested at any time with the notes on them, but I was playing for the printer, and whenever my man tried to follow one of them, he showed by his manner that he expected to be followed or he disappeared in the darkness. To-day my patience was rewarded. The whole gang were in the habit of meeting to play cards in an office in Jermyn Street. One of them, a less constant visitor than the others excited the Serb's curiosity. He noticed that the man's fingers were stained with printing ink, and he drew a bow at a venture. "I know that man," he said confidently. "He used to come to my office. He is a money changer named Lyons." The other man said: "Nothing of the kind. He is a printer, and his name is Williams." The head of the gang had driven up in a taxi. My men found the taxi driver and made him repeat his journey with detectives as passengers. He drove them to a quiet street in Stoke Newington where, between two houses, a little shed had been erected and the name, "Williams, Printer," had been painted on the gate. We at once put the shed under constant observation from a window opposite, in order that the psychological moment for raiding the premises, when the printing was in progress, might be seized.

At 8 p.m. they rang me up from St. Ann's Road, Tottenham, to say that they had captured the Treasury-note forgers with all their plant. I went up there in a taxi and found the three prisoners in their cells. Williams, aged sixty, his son, aged twenty-five, and Edwards, alias Elliot, a powerful ex-convict burglar of about thirty. The police had gone to their window at 11 a.m. and had seen Edwards and Williams go through the gate together. They waited all day, expecting them to come out, and when it grew dark they posted their men at the entrance. Elliot came out alone, and the moment he was seized he put up a fight, making wild-beast noises to alarm Williams inside, but the stable was so remote from the road that his confederate did not hear the alarm. The scene of the battle was carpeted with false notes like autumn leaves, but as soon as Elliot was secured and the notes picked up before an audience of some hundreds of people, the police went to the door of the stable. The little building was packed

with printing presses, cutters, etc., and by the light of one stable lantern Williams was at work. When he saw the police he fainted, and when he came to he was ready to answer any question and to produce all his blocks and plates.

Then the police went round to his father's house, where they found acids, etc., used for etching the plates and the glass negatives for the notes and postage stamps. It was a shock to find that all the forgeries and the watermark had been made by photos in process. Young Williams said that it had been the result of much experimenting. It was very ingenious. He first covered his zinc plate with black varnish and drew the watermark on the varnish in freehand. Then, having scraped off the varnish under the pencil marks, he etched the plate with acid, but not very deeply, and the varnish was then cleaned off. The paper was laid upon the plate and a thin metal plate was laid over it. The whole was then laid under a roller heated by gas and exerting considerable pressure, the whole note was ironed except where the watermark was etched in, and there the paper was left in its original condition.

The point of interest about the printing was that Williams had sawn out a piece of the block and introduced in its place a numbering device, thus improving on the manufacture of the real note, in which the numbering was done separately. The ex-convict was keeping up two flats. We knew the address of both, and he must have been earning about £2,000 a year, because for each £1 note the printer got 5/- and the utterer 10/-. The man had a number of utterers but never allowed any of them to know who the printer was.

Nov. 20. We arrested another utterer and found notes on him. I asked McKenna and Sir John Bradbury of the Treasury whether they would like to see the place. Bradbury confessed that it was only by fingering the paper that he could detect the difference between the real and the forgery. He ridiculed De la Rue's expert. I presented each of the two with a sample forgery and noticed that they were careful to write "forgery" across the note. The net result of our expedition was that I was given a free hand from the Treasury in the matter of rewards. I was liberal. Each of the informers was given £750, and I gave £50 to my own men. I also had freedom to inform the press, and after consideration I decided to do so. As McKenna said, in the

first weeks of the war to forge the currency ought to have been a shooting matter, for if confidence had been shaken in the currency it would have been a very serious matter. What made it more awkward was that, in reply to a question in the House of Commons a fortnight ago, the forgeries were denied by the Treasury and now it was certain to leak out in consequence of the arrests. It was important that the press should be given something without telling them the extent of the forgeries (£60,000).

Nov. 28. On the 6th and 8th of next month there is going to be a great attempt in Congress, on the part of the Irish-Germans and Mr. Bryan, to put an embargo on the export of munitions to the Allies. At the beginning of the war J. Pierpont Morgan lent privately to our government £10,000,000 and promised more under certain conditions, which were never fulfilled. He lent another £10,000,000 on condition that a plan should be forthcoming within the next fortnight, but we had no plan to suggest, and when we raised the loan officially, he was anxious that it should be placed in his bank, as his grandfather had lent the French money in the Franco-German War and he wished his grandchildren to have the same satisfaction as he felt in this matter, but he was told by a person in authority, "We have made other arrangements."

Balfour said that the ordinary Treasury procedure had broken down absolutely under the stress of war conditions, and the result was reckless extravagance. He said further that our mission to America to raise a loan had been a failure because the wrong men had been sent, that Lord Reading's time was much taken up by trying to keep them in order; and that Lord Reading himself finally had been a success, as the Americans found him able and straight and pleasant to deal with.

Arthur Balfour said that Lloyd George had no idea whatever about finance.

Dec. 2. I lunched with Claude Serocold of the Admiralty, and there were present: Raemaekers, Reggie Hall, Masterton Smith, who had been Winston's private secretary, and who showed great loyalty to his ex-chief, saying that it had been a thrillingly interesting time, though tragic at the end, that Churchill had abundant ability and a

power to work. It had been an education to him. Sir Walter Tyrrell and Arthur MacLachlan were present. The latter was full of a new credit opened in Holland by the Germans. The Dutch Bank negotiated the credit but insisted on the following terms: security to be in American investments or a few municipal stocks Dresden, etc., and 40 per cent discount. He had a long conversation with a Dutch banker who had lately been meeting the high finance of Berlin. He said that one and all told him that they must have peace; that their Swedish credit was exhausted and could not be renewed. They knew now that they could not look for a penny of war indemnity. Not an ounce of German gold was to leave the country. They wanted it all for buying materials and starting their factories after the war. MacLachlan thought that peace offers would begin within the next few weeks; that the terms would at first be extravagant and that when they were refused, the squeal would go up to the neutrals that England was preventing peace.

Hall said that a German submarine mine layer is interned in Holland. We have sunk several, but they had destroyed a good many of our ships in the North Sea. It was arranged that an expert should be sent over to Holland in disguise to have a good look at her, by collusion, of course, with the Dutch authorities.

Dec. 21. I learned to-day that the Navy had definite information that several ships manned by Japanese and laden with munitions had been chartered by the Germans to land arms on the coast of India. The intention was to intercept and sink them, if they came. The landing was timed for Christmas Day to synchronise with a native rising in India.

Dec. 25. News reached me that a convoy of arms and treasure had been seized on the Siamese frontier.

Dec. 26. Donald Gullick returned yesterday from Switzerland. He had been at the same sanatorium as Anna Brandt and was very much in love with her. At his first interview he proposed a daring scheme for the capture of Chattopadhyá by luring him into France, on the understanding that, if he was captured Anna would be set at liberty.*

* See Sept. 3, Oct. 1, and Oct. 23.

Gullick is a marine engineer, age twenty-four, very resolute and powerful, and quite convinced that he has not more than a few months to live.

After all arrangements had been made with the French for the arrest of Chattopadhy, Gullick vanished into Switzerland, and all that was heard of Chattopadhy was contained in telegrams from one Indian to another saying that he was "all right." That was from our point of view all wrong. He was an anarchist, an Indian revolutionary, etc.

Then there was a long silence until, on December 8, Gullick's father walked into my office to show me a letter announcing his son's arrest and imprisonment. Having ascertained that he had been arrested as a German spy, I sent a telegram to Grant Duff, our Minister in Berne, asking him to say that Gullick was a police officer and to get him out.

Gullick's own account of the proceedings was most interesting. After an exchange of telegrams and several days' delay, Chattopadhy appeared in Berne. He was very communicative and appeared to trust Gullick implicitly. Brandt had mentioned Gullick in her letters, which made matters easy, but Chattopadhy assumed that Gullick knew everything about his schemes, and Gullick did not dare to ask questions for fear of exciting suspicion. Chattopadhy was quite ready to cross the French frontier, but just as they came to details, Swiss detectives ran up and arrested them both on a charge of espionage. They had been together for only two hours. In the prison, a man, apparently a fellow prisoner, came up and tried to pump Gullick in English. This was evidently a police agent. The two most interesting of Chattopadhy's statements to Gullick were that Persia would join Germany on January 1 and the Afghans would then attack India; that this scheme in England had failed only through treachery. The scheme evidently was assassination. Gullick is now engaged on a new plan for getting hold of Chattopadhy, but he has been banished to Berlin by the Swiss authorities.

Dec. 30. I dined with the Henrys and met there Lady Davis, wife of the general in command of the army corps in Gallipoli. She said that the heaviest artillery could not dislodge them, they were so securely dug in, with the sea behind them; that it would be out of the question to evacuate, as the navy must hold the Dardanelles as a naval base

against submarines. About Salonika, what brought things to a head was that the British general was marching his troops out to bivouac when the Greeks opened fire on them with blank cartridge. A Greek officer then came up and said that unless they retired back to Salonika he intended to fire on them with ball. This state of things was put an end to by an ultimatum to the Greek government.

CHAPTER XXVI

The Dark Days, 1916

THE FIRST HALF

Jan. 6, 1916. The Dutch steamer carrying Boy-ed and Von Papen, the German Naval and Military attachés at Washington, put in at Falmouth and was boarded by a naval officer, who asked to see their papers. Von Papen protested that his papers were covered by his safe conduct from the British government, but this was waved aside, and all his used cheque butts and paying-in slips were taken from him. These proved to be a mine of information, for the cheque butts gave the object of the payments in each case. There were payments to Horne, the bridge wrecker, and other outrage-mongers in America, and there were also sums paid to Kupferly, Bridgeman Taylor (alias Von der Goltz), as well as other suspects. The point of this discovery is that Bernsdorff has just solemnly declared that no member of the German Embassy has had anything to do with outrage or espionage. When Mr. Page, the American ambassador, heard of this discovery, he leapt from his chair and asked for immediate publication of some of the payments relating to trouble in Mexico. I never saw him so much moved. [These were published.]

Jan. 7. Major Wallinger, the Indian secret service officer, returned from Paris with the result of the examination of Harish Chandra, the Indian who confessed to me the details of the Indian conspiracy.* Chandra had gone out to Switzerland in the guise of secretary to a rajah who happened to be in England last month. The anarchists at once crowded round him and told him everything. The revelations of the German-Indian plots are all confirmed from other sources. When he was leaving, the German consul gave him a sheet of white calico on which was typewritten the plans for the Indian revolution. It was to be a military rising under the direction of German officers,

* See Sept. 3, Oct. 1, Oct. 23, and Dec. 26, 1915.

and no one was to discuss the relative merits of monarchy or republic until the military provisional government had abdicated. The document was signed "Zimmermann." Harish saw the original and pressed for it. The German consul would not part with it. Among the names of persons who could be trusted were those of Victor and Sophia Duleep Singh. It is known from French sources that Victor has been receiving treasonable letters. The writers of the letters were pathetically anxious to get an Indian of high social standing to join them. They seemed to have realised at last that the present gang are not influential.

Jan. 13. I saw the Rev. Dr. Macfarland, who is on an international mission for the solidarity of the churches. He was in Berlin last Monday and had interviews with Van Jagow and Zimmermann, (Under-secretaries of State). Both were communicative and anxious for a good understanding with America, even to the extent of abandoning submarine attacks on merchant ships. The instructions to Bernsdorff promising the U.S.A. to abandon these attacks were cabled to Washington the day after the interview. Dr. Macfarland described the average German view as follows: "They desire peace, but in view of their achievements, they think that the Allies ought to give them compensation. They hope a good deal from an attack on Egypt, and many think that England has yet to reckon with the German fleet. On the other hand, all the old bitterness of the 'Gott strafe England' kind is at an end. Their anger has been transferred to the French, who will not listen to any palliation of the German activities." He said that he himself felt and believed that this feeling was genuine throughout Germany, even among high officials; that the war might be ended quite suddenly and dramatically at any moment by some occurrence unimportant in itself. He saw no signs of German starvation.

I lunched at the Automobile Club with "C" (Captain Cummings, head of our secret service). Present: General Macdonagh, Ernest Maxse, Consul General at Rotterdam, Colonel French (intelligence), Colonel Kell and Campbell from the Foreign Office. Macdonagh said that he had not noticed any deterioration in the morale of the Germans at the front. That they had had no officers deserting from them. Maxse, on the other hand, said that he had had a German officer

deserter in his office at Rotterdam. Having heard of him, he invited him to come. Maxse told him that we heard all the stories of inter-German frightfulness—officers shot by their men, men tied to their machine guns, etc., etc., but, of course, we did not believe them. Whereupon, this officer (Reserve Landsturm) flushed up and said, with heat, that not only were these stories true, but worse things of the same kind.

Jan. 16. The following document came into my hands :

THE MEDITERRANEAN CREED

Whosoever will be decorated : before all things it is necessary that he hold the Mediterranean Faith.

Which Faith except every one do keep whole and undefiled : without doubt he shall be stellenbosched everlastingily.

And the Mediterranean Faith is this : That we worship one G.O.C. in Trinity, and Trinity in Unity;

Both confounding the Generals : and damning their Commands.

For there is one General of Egypt, another of the M.E.F. : and another of the Levant Base.

But the Authority of Egypt, of the M.E.F., and of the Levant Base, is all one : the Glory equal, the Majesty co-eternal.

Such as Egypt is, such is the M.E.F. : and such is the Levant Base.

Egypt separate, the M.E.F. separate : and the Levant Base separate.

Egypt incomprehensible, the M.E.F. incomprehensible : and the Levant Base incomprehensible.

Egypt futile, the M.E.F. futile : and the Levant Base futile.

And yet they are not three futes : but one futile.

As also there are not three incomprehensibles, nor three separates : but one inchoate, and one incomprehensible.

So likewise Egypt is Almighty, the M.E.F. Almighty : and the Levant Base Almighty.

So Maxwell is G.O.C., Murray is G.O.C. : and Althan is G.O.C.

And yet there cannot be three G.O.C.'s : but one G.O.C.

So likewise Maxwell is Boss, Murray is Boss : and Althan is Boss.

And yet not three Bosses: but one Boss.

For like as we are compelled by the Army Regulations: to acknowledge every General by himself to be G.O.C. and Boss;

So are we forbidden by Lord Kitchener: to say, There be three G.O.C.'s or three Bosses.

Egypt is made of none: but separate, and misbegotten.

The M.E.F. is of the sea alone: not ashore, but separate, and misbegotten.

The Levant Base is of Egypt and the M.E.F.: both ashore and separate, but misbegotten, and not succeeding.

So there is one Egypt, not three Egypts; one M.E.F., not three M.E.F.'s: one Levant Base, not three Levant Bases.

And in this Trinity none is afore or after other: none is greater, or less than another;

But the whole three Generals are quarrelling together: and quibbling.

So that in all things, as is aforesaid: the Unity in Trinity, and the Trinity in Unity is to be worshipped.

He therefore that will be decorated: must thus think of the Trinity.

Furthermore, it is necessary to everlasting promotion: that he also believe rightly the appointment of our G.O.C., Sir Archibald Murray.

For the right Faith is, that we believe and confess: that Sir Archibald Murray is G.O.C. and M.E.F.

Equal to Maxwell as touching his troops: and inferior to Maxwell as touching his administration.

Who although he be G.O.C. and M.E.F.: yet he is not two, but one Command;

One altogether; not by confusion of Generals: but by complexity of commands.

For as the reasonable soul and flesh is one man: so should Murray and Althan be one command;

We suffered for this re-organisation: for Murray descended into Alexandria, rose again the second day with a disordered brain.

He descended into Cairo, he sitteth on the top of Maxwell, G.O.C. Almighty one: he shall come to take troops that quicken the dead.

At whose coming all men shall rise again in their brevets: and shall immediately proceed to damn each others works.

And they that have done well shall go into the Honours List everlasting: and they that have done evil into everlasting retirement.

This is the Mediterranean Faith: which except a man believe faithfully, he cannot be promoted.

Jan. 31. Von der Goltz, a major in the Mexican army, was brought up from prison (he had been taken off a ship at Falmouth) to be asked about a cheque which was found upon Von Papen when he passed through Falmouth.* This cheque was made out to Bridgeman Taylor (Von de Goltz's alias). He admitted having received the cheque for two hundred dollars and offered to make a statement, provided that he got a guarantee against further proceedings or against being sent back to Germany after the war. This was given. He then told the remarkable story of how Von Papen had sent him off to blow up canals and factories on the Canadian frontier to keep back the Canadian contingent. He made altogether four written statements and afterwards swore to their truth. We are deciding to submit them for publication.

To-night there was an air raid on the midland counties.

Gunther, from the American Embassy, called on me, and I told him about Von der Goltz's statement. He asked leave to tell the ambassador in confidence.

Feb. 6. I had news to-day of a panic on the Berlin Bourse on account of the strained relations between Germany and America over the torpedoing of the *Lusitania*. America demanded that Germany should admit that the sinking of the *Lusitania* was an illegal act, and Germany obstinately refused to make any admission of the kind. It had become, therefore, urgent that the Von der Goltz papers be published as soon as possible. I have had clerks working on the sworn statement all through Saturday, day and night, and Sunday.

The anti-aircraft people think that the Germans had information about weather conditions before their raid on Monday. It seems that after the raid in October, people were overheard in a café in Rotterdam describing where the bombs had fallen in London the night before. Out of three places, two were correct. The conversation took place at

* See Jan. 6.

noon and could only have reached Rotterdam by cable or wireless in the time. The Flushing boats are said to use their wireless directly they clear the Thames. Paget, of the anti-aircraft service, is investigating this.

I lunched with Dr. Battin (the delegate of an American Peace Association) and Claude Schuster. Dr. Battin said that in Berlin one did not even hear the Kaiser or the Crown Prince mentioned; only the different generals in command are talked of. At the service on the Kaiser's birthday in Berlin, there were no occupants of the Royal pew, though the Crown Princess was said to be somewhere in the church. Dr. Battin asked where the Kaiser was, and he was told that he had not been seen for about four months; that he was practically a prisoner at General Falkenhayn's headquarters and had to go where the General wanted him. No one seemed to know, any more than in London, the extent and nature of his illness, though he is reported to be very thin and white.

Feb. 8. The Von Papen papers* were published in the form of a White Paper to-day. Among the payments were those to Von Wedell. This man was captured by a patrol boat in the north of Scotland a year ago. On the way to Scotland the boat struck a mine and foundered, and Wedell was drowned. A few weeks later the German Government began to inquire about him through the American Embassy: Where was he? Was he interned? They got evasive answers and at last came the question: Did the British Government know where he was, and was he in a position where he could communicate with his friends? Captain Hall's answer was that they did know where he was and that they believed he could communicate with his friends. Since then, no further inquiries have been made.

The Von der Goltz papers were completed and sent to the Admiralty yesterday. There seems to be some friction between the War Office and the Admiralty about them.

Feb. 10. Dr. Battin came to dinner. He had just come back from a visit to Paris and Berlin. In Paris he saw Briand, who said that he would never think of peace without the surrender of Alsace and Lorraine. He found the whole of Paris to be very anti-peace, very

* See Jan. 6 and Jan. 31.]

determined and very confident, though quiet and dignified. He said that the calmness and absence of talk is very striking.

From Paris he went to Berlin and saw Von Jagow, who was much depressed by Briand's firm anti-peace attitude, and said that Germany was ready for peace on the *status quo ante* basis, Germany retaining some of the lost colonies in any case. Von Jagow said that he felt sure that Sir Edward Grey would help him in his efforts towards peace, but he felt that Grey's influence was not very great in England just now, that he was a waning star. Dr. Battin also saw Bernstein, the head of the German peace party, who told him that Bethmann-Hollweg, speaking to a small group of leaders of all parties, said that they must not now think either of an indemnity or a decisive victory. Battin says that till now Germany has always had her wars paid for, and he thinks that after this lesson she will be less likely to make war again. The official standpoint is that they have beaten the Allies, so why won't we admit it and meet Germany's peace proposals? There is no talk now of *future* victories.

He gave an amusing description of Von Tirpitz, who stands for frightfulness at sea and all the horrors like the *Lusitania*, for which he was responsible. (They say it was against the Kaiser's wish). Battin was calling on the Tirpitz family to give them news of their son, who is interned in Scotland, and of whom he had heard through the Grand Duchess of Baden, when old Von Tirpitz came in looking like a very old farmer, his socks hanging down over his boots, marks of chalk upon his trousers and a benevolent expression on his face. Tirpitz seems to have complained about the Americans making munitions of war for the Allies. Battin pointed out that the Allies fetched them and any one else could fetch them. "If," he said, "you had had command of the sea, would not you expect to get them?" "Yes, of course," was the answer. Battin said that he had seen trains of munitions obstructing the carriage of food to New York. He quoted a case of a rich German-American who was putting his money into the English War Loan, as the safest thing he knew was the word of the English Government. He believed that 60 per cent of the German-Americans did not want Germany to win.

Feb. 15. I saw Anderson of the American State Department, who has come here from Washington where he had some conversation

with Bernsdorff, the German Ambassador. Bernsdorff told him it was his personal opinion that circumstances had been too strong for the Germans in the west, and they had now to revise their war plans. They had to look to compensations in the east, and with through communication by land with their new possessions in the Orient there would no longer be any need for a German fleet. They were now prepared to evacuate Belgium and France, with adequate guarantees against invasion via Belgium. England would have to cede half her shares in the Suez Canal. Mr. Anderson gathered that Germany intended to take Constantinople and part of Asia Minor.

He said, further, that German conspiracies had gone so far as actually to plan a seizure of New York by surprise. They had twenty thousand disciplined German soldiers and arms and munitions for all. The sinking of the *Lusitania* had split the German-Americans into two parties and put an end to their schemes. He said that the United States Government has many grave difficulties, and there are no federal powers for dealing with political conspiracies. Every office, even the secret service, is honeycombed with pro-Germans who warn conspirators before they get arrested. There is the great body of Germans in the Middle West, who might easily bring about a local insurrection. He said that, hideous as war was, war was actually needed to weld the Americans together.

Major Lafone heard from a man in the Foreign Office to-day the following extraordinary story, which seems to be quite true:

Up till a few weeks ago, the Germans were practically in possession of Portugal. All the prominent officials were Germans and their Portuguese chiefs were in Germany's pay. The Portuguese met at a distance from Lisbon and quietly planned a revolution. A few days ago Portuguese warships suddenly began to shell Lisbon. There was a rising in the town, and seventy people were killed, including some Germans, and the German régime came to an end.

Feb. 17. The Marquis of Santa Anna (King's Counsellor in Spain) and Señor de Pedraza came to see me. Santa Anna is the sole proprietor of the largest Madrid newspaper, which is very pro-Ally. Pedraza had a scheme for using the Austrian interned ships. He claimed to have seen the Kaiser five months ago and found that he was very much under the influence of the Austrians. They sometimes

overruled even General Falkenhayn, who probably knows how to manage the Kaiser better than any one else. He says (though I doubt it) that he told the Kaiser that he thought England was unconquerable. With that, the Kaiser stamped up and down the room but did not deny it. He also added that the Austrians had nothing but friendly feelings towards us. I think that Pedraza is out for private profit. He claims, however, to have come over here to negotiate some arrangements by which the Austrian interned ships, now in Spain, shall be purchased by a syndicate under British control, with a view to their being made available for transocean traffic during the war. He claims that he has had interviews with the King of Spain and professes to know about German intrigues from the German Embassy in Madrid. Both men are very anxious to see someone in the Foreign Office on the political aspect of their mission. On the whole I was impressed with Pedraza's *bona fides*, and so was Mr. H., who was on the staff of the *Daily Telegraph* and who had become acquainted with Pedraza through Santa Anna, who is himself a newspaper man. [At a later date, Santa Anna turned out to have been Pedraza's dupe.] Pedraza had brought an Austrian secretary with him, but he was not allowed to land in England. He stayed in Amsterdam with the family.

[Two months later, in April, Pedraza applied for facilities for himself and Mr. H., of the *Daily Telegraph*, to go to Holland at very short notice. I pushed this through in the case of Mr. H., as I wanted an Englishman to accompany Pedraza and give his impression of him. The plan proved fruitful, for as soon as Pedraza had got Mr. H. away on the steamer, he said that it was not ships that he was after, but peace, which was a much more paying thing, and that if H. would pose as a big man of influence he, Pedraza, would provide him with a fortune. He said that at Amsterdam a shipowner from Vienna was to meet him and H. was to pose as an emissary of the English Government. It proved afterwards that in Vienna they had grave doubts about Pedraza.]

Mar. 1. A number of flat-bottom boats with escorts and partly weighted to represent an invading force were supposed to have been seen to-day in the North Sea, but they took fright and scuttled as soon as our patrols sighted them.

Mar. 3. We heard that a cruiser had been sunk in the North Sea,

probably a commerce destroyer, by the *Queen Elizabeth*. Two hundred men were landed at Leith. An account of this appeared in an Edinburgh paper and was at once suppressed, as it was hoped that the Germans would not know the fate of their ship.

Mar. 4. There came a cable from the U.S.A. asking that Von der Goltz* should be sent over as a witness in a criminal case against two German Consuls, one of them Krupp's agent in America. Their crimes had been discovered by Von der Goltz's statement, which I had conveyed to the American State Department through the American Embassy in London.

On the whole, the atmosphere in official London is cheerful about all the theatres of war except Mesopotamia.

Mar. 5. Only one German ship appears to have been sunk in the North Sea, and the *Carmania* (auxiliary cruiser) was sunk by the Germans. We only just missed sinking the commerce destroyer *Moewe* through fog.

Mar. 7. I heard from Captain Hall that the German officers in the Turkish army are being recalled for their own safety, and also that Greece now wishes to join us.

I had Von der Goltz up from Lewes prison and arranged for him to go to New York to give evidence in support of his written statement. This he was willing to do if he were guaranteed against prosecution and protection were promised him against the Germans.

One of our secret service men came to see me about getting a man through Denmark into Germany. He showed how active and good our secret service had been; how they knew the whereabouts of every German unit. He said that they had been much worried at having lost one of the German divisions for three weeks. It had been in Serbia, and a very good division had been taken from Ypres to Verdun; that another division from Antwerp had taken the place of those at Ypres and that the lost Serbian division was filling up the gap at Antwerp. They were wretched troops in a wretched state. This same man said that the Russian line was thinly held and that he did not think that the Germans could afford to take away any more troops from that front. Further, there had been serious riots in Germany, especially in Cologne and in Schleswig-Holstein.

* See Jan. 6, Jan. 31 and Feb. 8, 1916.

Mar. 18. Von der Goltz left to-day for America.* The account of this case was to have been published together with Von der Goltz's statement, but the American Government changed its mind and asked that the whole story should be kept secret pending the trial in which Von der Goltz is to be a witness. This was for fear that certain people implicated by the statement would take alarm and get away before the trial. The press have been warned to print nothing for the present. The Foreign Office are also keeping back their White Paper.

From a report by an American who has just been in Berlin, it seems clear that Berlin is being cooked for neutral consumption. Not a single wounded man is to be seen anywhere. Cheap and abundant food is to be had in certain restaurants, and unlimited bread for the asking, notwithstanding the regulations and bread cards.

A lady who met the American Military Attaché told me something of the last days before war was declared. At Baron Von Kühlmann's† house, many incriminating papers were found which, of course, he could not speak about. The Military Attaché told her that he found from Von Kühlmann's papers that the Ambassador was only a figure-head, and that all the real business was being done behind his back between Von Kühlmann and Berlin, and that Von Kühlmann had actually been sent to spy on and report on his chief to the Wilhelmstrasse; that after this became known, Mr. Page, the American Ambassador, went to call upon his German colleague and found him speechless with horror and disgust. He came down in his dressing gown and could only pace up and down the room, saying: "But, Mr. Page, Mr. Page." Evidently the German plan in sending Prince Louis to London was that he was such a *persona grata* and such a gentleman that he would gain English confidence and that Von Kühlmann would be behind him to do the job and take advantage from it.

We met the Belgian Prince Alphonse de Chemay, who had a good deal to say and said it well. He is of French birth, naturalised Belgian. He said that he was an old and warm friend of England, but he thought that our diplomacy had blundered much, because Sir Edward Grey was not a trained diplomat. As an instance, he quoted what had happened in Switzerland early in the war, when Von Bülow came

* See Jan. 6, Jan. 31, Feb. 8, Mar. 4 and Mar. 7.

† Dr. Richard von Kühlmann, councillor of the German embassy in London.

there. He did not see him, but a friend told him that Von Bülow had in his pocket at that moment the signed treaty between Germany and Bulgaria, though our Foreign Office was still busy trying to win Bulgaria over to our side. We could have got King Ferdinand, but as we would not pay his price, he was forced to sell himself to Berlin, as he had no money and must go to the highest bidder. The Prince told me that he remembered being in the French Chamber at the time of the Dreyfus scandals, when a deputy, whose name I forget, rose and said that instead of their thoughts being turned to things of that kind, they should be looking to their eastern frontier, etc. The man was hooted down. He told me that they could have had conscription in Belgium long ago quite easily, but the Conservatives had been in power for seventeen years, and it had not seemed urgent enough to go against the landed agricultural interests, as, in the event of an attack by Germany, France had promised to come to the defence of Belgium within seven days, and the Belgians were counting upon this, knowing that they could hold back invading forces for over seven days. What vanquished them was that the seven days were prolonged into weeks. He said that he thought that the anti-war socialist minority in Germany was slowly increasing, and that increase would be greatly quickened and become a serious threat to the Kaiser in the near future. The delay of Italy in declaring war on Germany was due apparently to finance. The Italians had to get their big banking concerns out of German hands, as up till then they were almost entirely German.

Apr. 4. Mr. Laughlin, First Secretary of the American Embassy, called on me. Laughlin is a Pittsburgh steel magnate, very rich, and has an intense hatred of the Germans. He was Consul in Berlin in 1908 at the time of the Agadir incident. Incredible as it sounds, the Germans made overtures to him, as they do to all Americans, to give them information. He was so certain that there would be war within five years, and that an attempt would be made to drag in America, that he reported this to Washington. At that time the Germans were clumsily, but insistently, insinuating that the Japanese were going to invade Mexico. When the war broke out he reported his opinion that there would be sabotage and trouble with Mexico within a few months. All this has come true. He claims no power of

prophecy, but he gave me his deliberate opinion that the war would end by the defeat of Germany in the summer of 1917. He said it could have been ended by this time if Kitchener had declared for universal service at the outset, and if a close blockade had been made. He cited the case of the Southerners in America who continued the war for eighteen months after all intercourse and supplies of money had been cut off. He did not deny that there might be surprises, but that was his deliberate opinion. He stayed with me for one and a half hours and ended by offering his services to me in any way I chose to ask for. Incidentally he said if America had joined the Allies at the outset after the Belgian atrocities the whole nation would have backed the President. He thinks that a diplomatic rupture might take place now, but that this would not involve the United States in the war.

He said that when he was in the Berlin Embassy in 1912 his house was searched for papers more than once. He was so certain of this that he used to leave dummies about. Several times he found a police officer in his house when he came home, but always with some valid excuse of having brought a letter, or something of the kind.

Gerard, the United States Ambassador, saw Zimmermann, the Foreign Under-secretary, a few weeks ago. As Gerard would not give way on some point, Zimmermann said significantly: "Your Government should take care, Mr. Gerard. There are two hundred thousand Germans of military age in the United States." Gerard replied immediately: "Why, yes, and we have two hundred thousand lamp-posts to hang them to."

Apr. 20. I saw Captain Hall. He had seen the terms of the American Note and thought it so strong that the Germans would declare war on the U.S.A. He said that Gaunt, naval attaché in Washington,* had been allowed to see Gerard's letters from Berlin. Gerard described the state of Germany as desperate. There was a shortage of everything in the way of fat, butter, and so on, but the Government was trying to coddle the towns and let the country people starve. Riots were constantly breaking out, some of them serious.

An American who was withdrawing his balance from the Deutscher

* Now Admiral Sir Guy Gaunt.

Bank in Berlin was asked whether he would not invest it in German War Loan, which he could obtain at 20 per cent discount for cash.

Hall said that the destruction of merchant shipping was becoming serious, because we were not building as we ought to have done. Even now, if British workmen would work as the French do instead of 30 per cent less hard, we might be building ships as fast as the Germans sink them. He thinks that Sweden will not come in on the German side.

Apr. 22. I learned very confidentially to-day that three men, not one as stated in the *Times*, were in the canvas boat with arms and munitions, all of German manufacture. The boat had come from a German submarine.* Two of the men escaped and are being sought for. The third is being brought over to me to be interrogated. Probably it is a Casement plot with the Sinn Feiners.

I was sleeping that night at the office. I learned that in the war prison the news from Germany had produced great depression. The prisoners seemed to think the position desperate.

At about 10.30 p.m. Hall rang me up: "Is that you, B.T.? Do you know who it was that landed in that canvas boat from a submarine in Ireland?"

"No, do you?"

"I do. It was that blighter Casement."

He added that Casement was now in charge of the provost marshal, on his way to London, where he should be met by police officers, and his interrogation could take place at Scotland Yard at ten o'clock next morning.

A paragraph in the *Times* says that Count Bernsdorff's difficulties are enhanced by the capture of the Von Igel papers and by the publication of Von der Goltz's confession,† both of which prove that the German ambassador was cognizant of the German plots in the United States. This, together with the surly anti-American tone of the German press, is doing much harm to German interests in the U.S.A.

I saw Charles Anderson, of the American State Department, who was just starting off for America. He said that he expected war, the only danger being that the Germans might ask time to consider the

* See April 23.

† See Jan. 6, Jan. 31, Feb. 8, Mar. 4, Mar. 7 and Mar. 18, 1916.

Note, and if that was so the Americans could not declare war, but he hoped that the Germans themselves would declare war on account of the Note which was very strong.

Yesterday a Dutch spy working for us brought me a very interesting report. The Germans had given him £250 and £3 a day travelling allowance while he collected information in England. The man said that the Germans are very short of news from England.

Apr. 23. We were just sitting down to breakfast when Captain Hall turned up. He had news that an Irish rising of Sinn Feiners was to take place to-day, and that the army and munitions supplied by Germany must be landed not later than Good Friday. The Admiralty were prepared for this, and news came in late last night that a steamer, loaded with arms and painted as a Norwegian, had been captured and ordered to Queenstown, but she was scuttled by her crew on the way. During the fight she displayed German colours. An officer and nineteen men were the only survivors. They claimed to belong to the German navy, but if an officer fails to produce his commission he may be treated as a pirate. They are being brought round to the naval prison in Chatham to be confined separately pending interrogation. This was fixed for ten o'clock.

They were some time hunting up the Casement file, and then the prisoner was brought in. He was tall and thin, and rather cadaverous, with thick black hair turning grey, and a long pointed chin. He had thin nervous hands, mahogany coloured from long tropical service; his forehead was much wrinkled, his complexion deeply sunburnt. He was very vivacious and at times histrionic in his manner. I told him to sit down and asked his name. He said, "You know it."

"I have to guard against impersonation."

"Well, I am Sir Roger Casement."

I gave him the usual caution. He was very reticent, his great fear being that he might say something that would betray others or make him appear treacherous to the Germans, whose guest he had been. As long as the shorthand writer was present he said very little, though he admitted acts of high treason, but when he was alone with us he became more communicative. The rising in Ireland had been planned for Easter Day. He was to have landed last week, but his submarine broke down, and they had to signal for another, with a less pleasant

captain, to take Casement on. This submarine could not approach the shore, but put Casement and his two companions into a flat-bottomed canvas boat without a rudder and left them to their fate. The boat upset, and they were all wet through. They buried their belongings in the sand, and Casement sent on his two companions, who he admitted were Irish renegade soldiers from a German internment camp. Casement said that when the captain had asked him what clothes he would take, he had answered, "I only want my shroud." He professed to know nothing of the intrigues in America, which fixed the date of the rising. He had been ill in Munich when a trusted friend told him to go to Berlin, as the time had now come to act. He said he had a signed treaty promising that when the rebels in Ireland rose the Germans would help them with men and arms. When he found that all they intended to do was to send one ship with arms, but not a single officer, he said he charged them with criminal folly. The German officer got very red and said: "Well, this is all the Government intends to do. You must go with them. If you refuse, your countrymen will know that you betrayed them." They wanted him to go in the ship itself, but he stipulated for a submarine, intending, so he said, to warn the rebels that they had no chance, but the submarine broke down. He was very insistent that the news of his capture should be published, as it would prevent bloodshed. Hall pointed out that most likely it would have the opposite effect. When I told him that we knew of his recruiting Irish soldiers from internment camps to fight for the Germans, he was indignant and said that he had recruited them for the Irish army. He said that the Kaiser's proclamation to the Irish was conditional on an Irish army being enrolled. I said something about their Oath of Allegiance, and he retorted that many great Englishmen had had to break their oath for the sake of their country. He himself had never taken an Oath of Allegiance; if he had, it would not have weighed with him. He insisted strongly that his object in coming to Ireland was to stop, not to lead, the rising, for he was certain that it could not succeed with the German aid sent, and his only thought was to prevent "the boys" from wasting their lives at this time.

I thought he was an idealist, not a self-seeker, but extraordinarily vain. It would probably have flattered his vanity to be sent to the Tower but I made out a warrant on which he was sent to Brixton,

under the name of C—— R——, to be placed under special observation, as he might be suicidal. The military authorities fully agreed, they having no staff at the Tower to guard suicidal cases. When he arrived at Euston this morning, an officer from the Tower was present to claim him, but my inspector explained that he was under orders for that same purpose. We had tried to cut him off at Willesden, but it meant stopping the train, and there was not sufficient time for this.

Our interview was but half completed when Patrick Quinn, Superintendent of the Special Branch, peered round the door with the expression of Mephistopheles, tiptoed up to my table and deposited a MS. volume upon it. He then withdrew discreetly and left the interview to proceed. Whether Casement recognised the volume or not, I am unable to say: at any rate it did not appear to confuse him. Quinn had abstracted it from his luggage, which was lying in the Special Branch office. It was a diary, and when I came to examine it after the interview, I realised that it could not be printed in any language. At that time there were paragraphs in American newspapers in Casement's favour. I had a page or two of the diary photographed and took them to Mr. Page, the American Ambassador. He was not a person easily moved, but he had read only half a page when he laid it down, saying, "Forgive me, but I have a luncheon engagement to-day and, if I read any more, my host and his other guests will think that I have been taken suddenly ill! One needs a strong stomach to eat anything after reading this. Still, I suppose that it will be my duty to send it to the State Department. I trust that it will not have the same effect on Mr. Bryan that it has had on me."

[Being a personal diary and irrelevant to the charge of high treason, it was never mentioned at the trial. Lately I came across a typewritten copy of the complete journal among my papers, and I committed it to the fire in case my executors should find it.]

Friends of Casement have raised the question as to whether he was sane. As far as his conduct of his affairs was concerned, he was certainly as sane as the majority of people, but on his moral side he was definitely abnormal.

I put to him suddenly the question: When had he last seen Anthony Brogan? He admitted knowing him as a matter of course, but said he was a scoundrel, and that he did not trust him. Anthony Brogan,

Ritchard FitzGerald and Captain Foster had all been over in Ireland on different missions, professing great loyalty to England. There was no evidence against them, but strong suspicion. Brogan had just been to Berlin and was intending to come over, but he is probably too much frightened to come. FitzGerald and Foster are still here, and it is intended to arrest them if possible.

Gaunt, our Naval Attaché at Washington, had lately announced that a plot had been organised for a Sinn Fein rising and that in view of the action recently taken by the Irish executive in searching for arms, the Sinn Feiners in America had sent an ultimatum to Germany that the arms must be landed by Good Friday and the rising must take place on Easter Day. My informant, who is inside the Sinn Fein movement, had heard nothing of this, which shows that they are keeping their projects in a small ring.

Casement said that in the early part of the war the Germans really believed in a successful rebellion, but as they grew weaker, this belief faded, leaving only the desire for bloodshed in Ireland as an embarrassment to the British Government. He said that he had met only one gentleman on the German staff. Germans would do things to serve the State which they would never do as private individuals.

Casement really seemed to believe that the Kaiser's proclamation promising to support and guarantee an independent Irish republic was disinterested when made, but that they had since become quite cynical. Count Reventlow had always said that a free Ireland was the only hope for German naval supremacy, but Casement was doubtful whether the General Staff really counted on a free Ireland—certainly not at the moment. No doubt, from certain things he said, he thought the Germans were already beaten.

Apr. 24. I had a conference this morning with Sir Charles Mathews, Director of Public Prosecutions, to decide upon the form of trial for Sir Roger Casement. As evidence of German association was insufficient, I sent for Casement from Brixton and, after cautioning him, read to him several new documents and thus secured the necessary evidence. I was armed with fresh information, for at three o'clock I was asked to meet Mr. Birrell, the Irish Secretary, at the Home Office, in Sir Edward Troup's room. Birrell had just received a telegram from Dublin saying that the two men with Casement were Captain Mon-

teith, not yet arrested, and an Irish renegade soldier, a corporal in the Royal Irish Rifles, who had made a full confession on arrest. The Under-secretary wanted authority to arrest all the leading Sinn Feiners and send them over to England to be interned during the war on account of their enemy associations. Birrell explained that they had not liked to arrest them before without something to show that they were negotiating with the enemy, and also that, among the Irish, deportation had a very ugly sound. I described my interview with Casement and detailed the Sinn Fein plans. Birrell remarked, "You fellows get all the fun; in my long term of office I have never had a bit of fun like that." He said there were ten thousand Sinn Feiners, but if all had gone well, Casement would not have had more than five hundred out with him. He laughed at the idea of a rising taking place on account of Casement's arrest, saying that the Irish were secretly ashamed of Casement. He was just off to see Mr. Redmond, and he pressed me to get them to issue a communiqué as early as possible, as otherwise his position in the House to-morrow would be difficult.

Five minutes after I returned from the Home Office, the Admiralty rang up to say that the rebels had seized the General Post Office in Dublin. The War Office reported that there had been a total cessation of telegrams from Dublin since the morning. Later in the afternoon a telegram had got through by a devious route saying that the G.P.O. had been wrecked by a bomb. About 7 p.m. the Admiralty reported that the G.P.O. was held by the rebels. The bomb story seems to be the more likely.

Sir Charles Matthews said that he was now quite satisfied that the evidence was sufficient for a trial either for high treason or by court-martial. Naval and military opinion favours court-martial to avoid political pressure.

Late last night Captain Hall asked me to send for Casement again, as he now had information that there was a second ship carrying arms. At 11 p.m. he came. A shorthand writer was hidden behind a screen. He denied strenuously that there was a second ship. He went over most of the ground again, but did not add much to his former statement. He kept repeating: "You failed to win the hearts of the people when you had the chance." I said: "You do not seem to realise that you speak for a minority of the Irish people. You must

have had a rather rude awakening when you went through the internment camps recruiting." To this Casement retorted: "I never expected to get many. I would have had them all if I had given them money, but though the Germans offered such money as I wanted, I refused it. Besides, you were competing." He went on to explain that the Irish prisoners received more money and larger parcels than the English, and this was ascribed to English cunning. Nothing could persuade Casement that it was not a government dodge. As a matter of fact the parcels were supplied by a committee of Irish ladies.

Apr. 26. In the morning Captain Hall interrogated Casement on the naval information, a shorthand writer being hidden, as before, behind a screen. He did not add much to what he had said before. In the afternoon I had the German prisoners from the arms ship brought up from Chatham. Some of them spoke English quite well. Hall and I conducted the examinations, beginning with the naval ratings of the lowest rank. They seemed all to have agreed to tell the same story: that they were carrying pit props, with a few arms for the Cameroons; having delivered their cargo, they were to be an auxiliary cruiser. The limited coal capacity and the slow speed of the boat (eleven knots) ruled this story out. They declared that they had anchored off the Irish coast to re-stow their cargo, but their stories differed. They had undoubtedly prepared the cargo for landing, but a patrol boat came up and fetched in two cruisers by wireless. The pretended Norwegian steamer tried to steam away, but on seeing the cruisers they hoisted the German war flag and blew their ship up, the crew having put off in the boat and rowed towards the cruiser to surrender. When Hall reproached the captain for lying, he said he was obeying the orders of his Emperor. I asked him if he was a merchant ship or a warship. He replied he was a merchant ship. Then I said, "On your own showing you are a pirate," "Not at all," said the German. "I became a warship when I hoisted the war flag." "Come," I said, "you cannot be both." The German was quite indignant. He said: "We kept all the uniforms hanging on a line, and once a day I practised the men changing into their uniforms." Could there be any better illustration of Prussian mentality?

I was summoned this afternoon for a conference with the Attorney

General in his room at the House of Commons. On the last occasion, a fortnight before the war, there had been a question of suing the suffragettes for damage. On that occasion, Sir John Simon was Home Secretary and the present Lord Chancellor was Solicitor General. Now it is F. E. Smith and George Cave. The Attorney General announced that the Cabinet had decided on a civil trial for high treason for Sir Roger Casement unless trial by court-martial would be much quicker. In either case, the trial was to be public, lest in after-years we should be reproached with having killed him secretly. I was requested to get the witnesses from Ireland at once; not an easy task at this moment.

Apr. 28. At dinner I met Captain Amory, the M.P. who supports Carson in his crusade for an active prosecution of the war. He thought that Asquith's Government would fall over this Irish business combined with Kut. He described a charge which he saw in Gallipoli from a distance of two miles when three lines of trenches were taken from the Turks. The khaki line glistened in the sun, but the light came, not from bayonets, but from bright tin discs sewn to Tommy's back to show the gunners how far they had got and how they ought to lengthen their range.

Apr. 29. About nine-thirty I received a telegram from an inspector, whom I had sent to Ireland to collect evidence against Casement, that the rebels had surrendered unconditionally.

May 1. Mr. Bullard came to breakfast. He is an American writer who had been spending Easter with Sir Horace Plunkett near Dublin when the rising took place. He described it as much less alarming than the papers made out. For instance, on St. Stephen's Green a holiday crowd was circulating looking at a dead horse, while shots were exchanged from the tops of buildings over their heads. At no time did he hear very active firing. It was desultory, and sometimes ten minutes would pass without a shot. The rebels were very conciliatory to civilians in the hope of making their enterprise really national. He found strong evidence that they were counting on a German invasion of the east coast. One Sinn Feiner asked him: "Have the Germans landed yet on the east coast?" "On which east coast?" asked Bullard. "England or Ireland?"

“Sure, I don’t know which.”

Bullard is very positive that if Irish opinion in the States could know that the Germans had let the Irish down, they would all turn anti-German and help to send America into the war, besides detaching the German-Indian conspiracy.

I saw Samuel, Under-secretary, this afternoon and he asked my leave to be allowed to circulate my written memorandum to the cabinet, which, of course, I agreed to.

May 3. The Spanish Ambassador called on me about Pedraza* and said that he had a very bad reputation in Spain, but that the Marquis de Santa Anna, a very influential but stupid nobleman, having vouched for him, it would be impossible to lock him up. Thereupon, I sent for Pedraza and got him to admit that he had forged a telegram from Lord Robert Cecil “to deceive the Austrians, always in the interests of the Allies.” On this, I turned him out of the country.

May 4. Lord Burnham, of the *Daily Telegraph*, called on me and confirmed what the Spanish ambassador had said about Santa Anna; with Santa Anna’s introduction, Pedraza had scraped up acquaintance with one or two people. In fact nobody would vouch for Pedraza except Santa Anna. The *coup de grâce* was given to-day by Lord Burnham’s saying that he had found Pedraza out and entirely repudiated him.

To-day I saw two British prisoners who had escaped from Ruhleben—Gaunt and Gulston.

May 7. All the witnesses in the Casement case were brought over to-day. Part of the Shaftesbury Hotel was taken for the civil witnesses and discharged soldiers. I consulted the Director of Public Prosecutions, who said that the Attorney General was absolutely resolved on a civil trial, I passed this on to the War Office in the last hope that Kitchener might intervene. My inspector told me that he had had an ovation from the Irish farmers, who were delighted at the rebellion being put down. He brought with him photographs of Tralee Bay and of the boat, and also a German document giving an account of the German losses at Verdun, a strange thing to find on a lonely Irish beach so soon after the event.

* See Feb. 17.

May 9. Douglas Straight, Chief of the Police of the United Provinces, India, told me to-day that India was in a dangerous state. Many deserters from the Indian army had gone into Afghanistan, where they got a poor welcome from the Afridis. Afghanistan is full of German officers. And now comes news of Kut.

May 10. I attended a conference in the Attorney General's room. It was decided to prosecute Bailey, a soldier who came over with Casement in the submarine,* for high treason with Casement, as otherwise the army would be dissatisfied. If necessary, he would be used as King's evidence. Cave, the Solicitor General, was very strong on this being done only if really necessary, as Bailey was the worst case of all the soldiers who joined the Irish Brigade. Casement and Bailey are to be brought up at Bow Street on Monday. In the meantime, divers are at work to bring up arms from the ship sunk by the Germans. Some gun stops have already come to the surface.

It is a curious fact that one of the revolvers brought by Casement saved Dublin Castle. Major Price happened to be showing it to Sir Matthew Nathan in the Castle, when he heard a shot, and looking up, he saw the sentry writhing on the ground and a ragged crowd rushing through the gate. He had some cartridges in his pocket and opened fire, keeping the rebels at bay for one hour and twenty minutes.

The Royal Irish Constabulary have asked me for the banner that Casement was going to hoist over Dublin Castle. It is of green bunting, made in Germany.

I saw Donald, editor of the *Daily Chronicle*, who said that the French had had two months to prepare for Verdun, but that Joffre had put only 30,000 men to defend it and no heavy guns. They had 250,000 men against them and had had to retreat. General Castelnau was then called to the rescue when it had been decided that Verdun must go. Castelnau wired a general order, "Verdun must stand," or words to that effect. He obtained big guns and better troops and moved them up. They held the position. Castelnau is a Royalist, an aristocrat and a Catholic. Sarrail is a politician, whom they brought back to Paris and sent out to Salonika. Joffre is the Kitchener of France, a fetish, not a soldier. Donald thinks that Castelnau is the

* See Apr. 4, 1915; Apr. 22, 23, 24, 26, 29 and May 10, 1916.

one general disclosed by this war. He said that the French had made as many mistakes as we had, but had made them good, and were turning out more ammunition than we were; that Lloyd George was not aware of this until they got him to inquire about it. The French Government keep the people in ignorance of the extent to which we are helping them, and the feeling towards us just now in France is, therefore, bad. They even think that we are using the war to profit commercially. They have no idea of all we are doing.

May 11. I learned that, since the arrival of the last batch of prisoners at Donnington Hall, the German officers have been plunged in deep depression.

To-day the diver who was sent down to the sunken arms ship brought up arms and is coming over to give evidence. It was decided to-day to place Casement* under formal arrest at 7 a.m., on Monday, and bring him straight from the Tower (he had been transferred to the Tower from Brixton after the decision to try him on a charge of high treason) to Bow Street so as to avoid keeping him in a police cell for the night. General Sir Francis Lloyd sent an officer to me to-day to protest against Casement being kept at the Tower until Monday. It appears that he is a great nuisance there, especially as he is now feigning insanity on the advice of Gavan Duffy, his solicitor. I explained the technical difficulties and said that I would be quite prepared to take him over if these did not stand in the way.

The officer who ordered Sheehy-Skeffington† to be shot turns out to be an anti-Home-Ruler, which makes the case worse. The soldiers lost their heads a good deal. They fired at Sir Horace Plunkett's car and killed every one in it except Sir Horace because it was going too fast. This was the second time that Sir Horace had been fired on during the rising.

It is reported to-day that a sergeant in the Dublin garrison shot two of his officers yesterday. Asquith has given orders that no further executions shall take place. He has gone over to Ireland himself to-night.

I saw to-day some of the weapons used in the rising, huge butcher's knives, nearly two feet long, ordered from Sheffield by the Sinn

* See Apr. 4, 1915; Apr. 22, 23, 24, 26, 29, May 7 and 10, 1916.

† See June 15, 1916.

Feiners as pigstickers and altered by them for bayonets. The Sheffield firm is to be prosecuted, as they must have known that five thousand pigstickers was too many, even for Ireland.

Sir Mackenzie Chalmers called on me as a member of the new Royal Commission on the Irish Revolution and asked me to see Lord Hardinge on the underground origin of the rebellion.

Sir Horace Plunkett, fresh from Dublin, came to see me. Besides his many other activities, he has been working in America for a good understanding with England. He said that Germany at first made a great mistake in sending Dernburg (a German propagandist), but profited by it and now understands American journalism, whereas England, with what he calls its ludicrous staff at Wellington House, is hopelessly behind the times. He said that there is a system of what is called watering the news by means of type and headlines to make it produce propaganda impressions, which is paid for by advertisements, and the Germans understand this thoroughly. I thought he rather overstated the case.

Plunkett showed me the report of the doctor who prepared James Connolly (a rebel leader) for execution. He had been badly wounded in the leg, and that was the cause of the delay. Connolly was a gas-fitter, self-educated and very able, but not so good a demagogue and mob orator as James Larkin. He was by far the most dangerous of the rebels, because he was not self-seeking, and he represented a class (the transport workers) who had real grievances. He told the doctor that the Germans were going to win the war; that he liked the Hohenzollerns no better than the doctor did, but when the war was over they would join the German socialists to turn the Hohenzollerns out. The doctor said that Ireland geographically could never be independent of England, to which Connolly replied: "In a few weeks, there will be no British Empire." He had had Extreme Unction, and when the doctor rose to go, he said, "Will you pray for me, Connolly?"

"That I will."

"You will be praying for the soldiers who are going to shoot you."

"Yes, I will pray for them and for all brave men that are doing their duty."

He was to have been shot at 4 a.m. on the 11th, but Asquith telegraphed for delay. Connolly's fate must have been debated on

Asquith's arrival at Dublin. He was actually shot at 4 a.m. on the 12th.

Sir Horace said that on his agricultural committees he had men of all creeds, and he, unfortunately, preferred the Sinn Feiners for honesty and singleness of purpose to the other kind of Nationalist. As an instance of how Irishmen can be got together, he said that a Protestant parson in 1914 was sitting next to a Nationalist priest and he heard the parson say: "My boy's a chaplain at the front. He had a funny experience. They called on him to bury thirty Irish soldiers, and when it was done they told him it was a mistake. They were all Catholics."

"Well, said the priest, "they were fortunate in having a Christian burial, poor lads."

Sir Horace had wonderful stories of the bad shooting of the soldiers, some of whom had never fired a rifle at a target. They wounded the man sitting beside him in the car and sent three bullets through his own coat without hitting him. The bad shooting of snipers was responsible for many civilian wounds.

When some of the soldiers landed, they were astonished to find the people speaking English. They thought they had been landed in France, so sudden were their orders and so secret their destination. Sir Horace put me in touch with a very important secret press agent for America, to whom I could pass on material for splitting the Germans and the Irish apart.

May 15. At Boulogne, I went to see Lieutenant Beevor of the Scots Guards, who was dangerously wounded. With him was Captain Bury, who said that the fraternising at Christmas 1914 began with a local armistice to bury the dead. The Germans came and held a service over our dead as well as their own, and we reciprocated. These were Saxons. A day or two later, a German mounted the parapet and sang "Scots wha hae" in a Scottish accent. Bury spoke to this man afterwards. He had been fourteen years in a bicycle works in the Fulham Road. He said that he hated the war, but he had to fight for his country just as Bury had to fight for his. Soon there were hints that the Germans wanted to play the English at a football match on Christmas Day, having first asked whether the English would have religious scruples. When the day came both sides swarmed out of their trenches, which were only eighty yards apart. No football being procurable, some one started a Belgian hare, which ran between the

two lines of men. In the scrimmage, a fat German fell on the hare and was alleged to have driven it into the ground. Bury went over to the German trenches to look back on our defence and got a good many hints. The men were on such good terms that one day, when both sides were repairing their wire, he heard one of his men say, "Go and borrow a couple of mallets from those blighters." The Germans very civilly lent the mallets, which were returned when the job was completed. He said that before the first Battle of Ypres our line was so thin that there was nothing to stop the Germans from coming through. You would see two men and a blank space of one hundred yards before you saw another two. He thought that neither side would break through on a sufficiently big front, though Neuve-Chapelle was the nearest that we ever got to it.

May 18. A Danish curiosity dealer had been running backwards and forwards between Copenhagen and Madrid with Spanish Embassy bags. He was believed to be a spy, and the bags were said to contain German communications, but he was under diplomatic protection while carrying the bags. Yesterday, a dreadful accident happened to him. On the crossing from Southampton to Havre he had been dosing himself with alcohol, perhaps against seasickness. When he had reeled from the boat to the train, he put down his bag in the passage, and it vanished. I asked for no details for obvious reasons, but I fully expect within the next few days to learn the contents of the bag.

Harish Chandra* has been remarkably successful with the Indian revolutionaries in Switzerland. A few days ago they sent him two glass tubes, hermetically sealed; they contained minute photographs and documents. He was to carry them to India concealed in his body. One contained the Kaiser's vernacular letter to the Indian princes, another a summary in English of all that the German committee had done and hoped to do. It showed that this committee had failed almost completely. It was now concentrating on the vain project of rousing the Buddhists against the Allies, as they failed to get a *Jehad* proclaimed. It also appeared that the precautions were so elaborate that no Indian could hope to enter India by way of the Pacific. They must all go through Europe and consequently to my room in Scotland Yard.

* See Oct. 1, 23, 1915, and Jan. 7, 1916.

The most significant of the papers seized by the American Government from Von Igel's* safe have already reached our Government. It was a curious sidelight on neutrality. Most instructive among them is the letter from the German Consul General at Shanghai to the Berlin Foreign Office, deplored his bad luck and giving an accurate account of all the German secret service activities in the Far East. It was a great comfort to find that he mentioned nothing that I did not already know. Indeed, his letter might have served for a précis of German activities written at Scotland Yard.

Major [now Colonel] Drake told me the sequel to the incident of the diplomatic courier. He saw Commandant Wallner, the head of the French Intelligence at Boulogne, and said: "You know the Danish courier who crossed on Wednesday? A dreadful thing happened to him. The poor man lost his bag." Wallner, without moving a muscle, said: "I trust that it is in good hands."

Drake said: "We feel a little mean at knowing the incident took place on French soil."

Wallner answered: "Don't say another word. One never knows. A courier may lose his bag on British soil. One good turn deserves another."

It then transpired that although the courier's movements aroused suspicion, there was nothing of moment in the bag. The man missed it just after the train started. There were agonised gesticulations from the window. He came back from Rouen and set the police on their mettle. Wallner undertook to dampen down their zeal. I understand that the Chilean courier is the sort of man who is very likely to lose his bag.

A Dutch socialist M.P. landed yesterday and was very nearly turned back at the port. However, they took away his papers and sent him to me for interrogation. It was an interesting interview. The Dutch are in the uncomfortable position of having to contend with high food prices without a corresponding rise in wages. The Government is regulating the retail prices for all commodities, but it does not work, and this man has come over to study food legislation in England. He was astonished to hear that the only controlled commodities are sugar and coal. He was very indignant with the Amsterdam

* See Apr. 22, 1916.

Telegraaf, which was trying to force Holland into the war. "We are a tiny country crushed between two giants," he said.

The Official Socialists in Germany do not represent their party. In his opinion, Liebnecht had a very large following indeed, not only of civilians, but of soldiers serving in the army. He said that the food riots were much more serious than was generally supposed.

May 27. Donald Gullick, whom I sent to Switzerland for the Indian conspiracy case,* has been to the *Daily Mail* with an unfounded statement that I induced him to go to Germany against his will and that I am putting pressure on him to go a second time by promising that, if he goes, the woman Brandt will be released. The *Daily Mail* very properly reported the matter to me, but we decided to do nothing unless somebody rushes into print about it.

May 29. I had an interview with an interesting international female spy of English extraction. She had been employed by us but was considered of doubtful honesty, and then she was taken on by the Russians, who sent her into Austria. The first time she went, she brought out valuable information, but on her second journey she brought nothing. The French distrust her and searched her to the skin and found that she had gone into Austria on a borrowed American passport, impersonating its owner. I let her talk and found that she had all the jargon of the pro-German, admiration for their organisation, and so on, and she said that they had abundance of food, that the people just took their meat tickets and formed little queues outside the shops, all laughing and happy and exchanging the gossip of the day. She did not like it much when I told her that evidently she had not seen below the surface and that her view was entirely contradicted by letters we had intercepted.

May 30. At dinner to-day I met a Russian officer, who told me that in the early part of the war the German peasants informed against escaped Russian prisoners, but now they did all they could to help them and would even conceal them from soldiers and police, perhaps with the idea that there would be one mouth less to feed in Germany. The lowest weekly number of Russian fugitives coming to England is eight, but often it is over twenty. The Russians are far more successful in escaping than any of the other nationalities.

* See Sept. 3, Oct. 1, 23 and Dec. 26, 1915, and Jan. 7 and May 18, 1916.

He said that the Russians in Persia are mostly Cossacks, riding mountain horses from the Caucasus. They live on the country and are always ahead of their transport. They can easily cross forty miles of waterless desert which lies on the west of the Persian mountains; they can do without water for so long.

Bell, of the American Embassy, called to introduce to me Mr. Gibson, the American Minister in Brussels, a really charming person, who had tried to save Nurse Cavell. Bell told me that Von der Goltz came out with an additional statement nearly every day, enabling the American Government to make wholesale arrests among leading Germans and Irish. I told him that the British Government were not at all anxious to have their prisoner back.*

May 31. Mr. Justice Shearman and Sir Mackenzie Chalmers, members of the commission on the Irish rebellion,† called on me to ask what evidence I had that the rebels had received German money. They said that they were satisfied that it was so, but they have no evidence that can be published. (I, too, was unable to supply any for publication.) They were delighted with Sir John Ross's dignified evidence and Sir Morgan O'Connell's breezy humour. O'Connell said that accused persons found it cheaper to buy two of the magistrates in Ireland than to pay a solicitor to defend them. They said that the man who had been making the later magisterial appointments had told them the same thing.

Having heard from New York that Dr. Krumm Heller, the Mexican Military Attaché, was a suspect, the Admiralty took him off a Danish steamer at Kirkwall. He arrived this evening, and I had him put into Cannon Row. He had been sending anticipatory protests by wireless all the way over. In fact, he had been "asking for it." To crown all, the Mexican Minister in London said he had never heard of him, whereas the Attaché claimed to be a very famous man in Mexico in scientific, literary and philosophic circles; that he had written many novels, that his ambition was to study schools in Scandinavia and become Military Attaché only when he entered Germany. His real mission, however, was propaganda for Carranza, the President. When I told him he might have to go home, he began to cry and said that Carranza would certainly dismiss him.

* See Jan. 6, 31, Feb. 8, Mar. 4, 17, 18 and Apr. 22, 1916.

† See Apr. 4, 1915; Apr. 22, 23, 24, 26, 29, May 7, 10 and 11, 1916.

I had a Dutch socialist journalist before me to-day. He was very dirty but cheerful, and when I hinted that people were suspicious of him, he said that it was envy and lack of principle; that he lived by principle; that he was an anti-smoker, an anti-drinker and a vegetarian and he wore no socks, all from principle, and he pulled up his trouser leg to show it, to the scandalised amusement of my female shorthand writer. I felt inclined to ask whether he went unwashed also from principle, but I abstained.

June 2. At seven-thirty last night, I heard of the naval battle fought on the 31st. It seemed a naval disaster. [This was the battle of Jutland.]

Mr. Bell, of the American Embassy, came to see me. It seems that a friend of Ambassador Page called and told him that the Mexican Consul in London knew that Krumm Heller was carrying a letter from Bernsdorff to the Kaiser and had passed it on to a Russian. Ambassador Page sent for Bell and said: "You are naturally indiscreet, you have a lot of friends in odd places. This seems to me to be a moment for indiscretion." Krumm Heller came to see me this morning and said that if I would not send him back to America, he would reveal a new plan of the Germans which would cost the Allies thousands of lives. I arranged for Hall of the Admiralty and an officer from the Military Intelligence to come down at ten-thirty.

June 3. I was out riding at seven-thirty and I met Aubrey Smith [now Admiral Aubrey Smith], who threw an entirely new complexion on the naval battle. He said that the communiqué had been drafted by civilian officials at the Admiralty without relation to naval tactics. That the German losses must have been at least as heavy as the British, and this he judged from two facts: that on Thursday the German wireless overstated our losses and mentioned ships that were not in the fight at all. He expected that, when the ships returned, our estimate would be enormously increased by the evidence of eyewitnesses.

This afternoon I saw Laughlin, First Secretary of the American Embassy, who said that the effect of our first communiqué (on the Battle of Jutland) on neutrals had been very bad.

I again saw the Mexican Military Attaché, who told me a cock-

and-bull story about a Russian officer on the steamer who is really a German. It seems likely that he had given this man the letter he was carrying from Bernsdorff to the Kaiser. I had already heard of this transaction in a curious way. Mr. Page has a friend who acts as mentor to the Mexican Consul. This man told Page that the Consul consulted him about Krumm Heller, who told him how he had disposed of the letter. I saw the Consul and gave this as a reason for sending Krumm Heller back.

June 4. Yesterday, Lord Herschell told me that he had seen the King that morning before Balfour's audience. The King, being a sailor, had taken the news quite calmly and understood its real significance, namely, that we had had a victory, which cost us dear.

June 5. Riding as usual with Aubrey Smith, he gave me further news of the great battle, which was afterwards confirmed by Hall when I went to the Admiralty. Our men on the destroyers had shown magnificent courage. The fresh communiqué issued this morning was the joint production of Balfour and Masterton Smith. Hall had prepared one of his own, which the sailors thought much more effective. Campbell, of the Foreign Office, thought it so good that he asked if it could be published in America. I hear that the men at Rosyth, who took part in the battle, are in the wildest spirits. Campbell thought that the depressing communiqué issued on Friday, followed by the later communications, had turned out for the best, because the neutrals would now believe anything we told them. I heard a journalist pressing Hall for details as to why the Germans came out. Hall said most impressively: "They came out to get a mutton chop for the Kaiser. They may have had some other reason, but I am not going to tell you what it was."

June 6. Lord Onslow, who is in charge of the propaganda section, told me that a few days ago a strong wind blew a lot of lithographic sheets from the German trenches into ours. They were appeals in German to the soldiers to stop fighting on account of the misery the war was causing in Germany. No doubt they were being secretly circulated among the rank and file, probably by the Liebnecht party. He also said that Max Harden had a big following among the middle-class intellectuals. He is now a man of about fifty, a Jew, married to a bigoted Catholic.

June 7. I heard the following story about Captain Hall:

A newspaper editor came to him immediately after the battle and said:

“We are not satisfied with the Admirals Jellicoe and Beatty.”

“Who is ‘we’?” asked Hall.

“The public.”

“Oh,” said Hall, “you are one of those blighters who, if you had lived one hundred years ago, would have said: ‘Who is that one-eyed, one-armed fellow in charge of our fleet? Have him out.’ Now, look here, supposing you and I had a row in this room, and you knocked one of my teeth out and I kicked you out of that door and you stood cursing in the passage and not daring to come in. Would you say you had won a victory?”

Dr. Mott came to see me. He is extending his Christian Students’ Movement to the internment camps in this country.

June 8. Lord Robert Cecil asked me to see him this evening about the Swede—William Ohlssen—who had landed yesterday, bringing a plan for selling ships interned in Brazil to us. He had written a letter to Cecil betraying his real mission, which was purely propagandist. Pretending to be ardently pro-British, he said that a visit to Germany had convinced him that the economic situation in Germany was far stronger than in England, and that England was faced with the certainty of defeat unless she agreed with her enemy quickly. Lord Robert had consulted Sir Edward Grey, who asked him what he meant to do, and he replied that he would take my advice first. I then told him about the Pedraza comedy* and advised him not to see the man, but to let me turn him quietly out of the country. The man had lately been bankrupt and was a company promoter, so that it was probable that he was being paid by the Germans for this service. Lord Robert said that the economic situation in Germany, especially in the matter of money, was very bad indeed. Ohlssen’s proposal was that the Government should select six business men and send them to Holland to meet six Germans to convince themselves of the truth of what he had said.

June 13. I saw the Dutch Consul General, who said there could not possibly be a winter campaign. No one in this country realised the

* See Feb. 17 and May 3 and 4.

bad state of Germany. He instanced a workman, who was tempted by high wages to work near Cologne at ten marks a day, but he had left because, though he had money, he could not get enough to eat. He abused the *Telegraaf* and said that even Raemakers had endangered the safety of his country. He thought that the English had overrated his genius as a cartoonist. He said also that no one in England realised the dangers through which Holland was passing. [Riots followed two days later.]

June 15. Regarding the man Sheehy-Skeffington,* I heard that the officer who ordered him to be shot and who was found guilty but insane and is now in Broadmoor, asked Skeffington if he had references who would come and testify to his statement that he was a man of peace engaged in stopping looting. Skeffington named two, who were sent for, and the officer said, "Well, I am going to shoot all three of you." When he got them into the square, he said a prayer for Skeffington with uplifted hand: "O Lord, as it has pleased Thee to call away this, our brother," etc., etc., and then he gave the order to fire.

To-day, I saw a German deserter from the Navy. He had been in the Flying Corps and in the trenches, opposite the French. Socialistic pamphlets were in every corner of every trench. There was grave dissatisfaction in the Naval Division, and his whole battalion agreed to overstay their leave. They were severely punished, and he then decided to desert; the French wire entanglements being so bad, it was easy to get through. He confirmed the stories of the heavy German losses in the North Sea battle.

June 23. An American traveller, taken off a Danish steamer at Kirkwall, was brought down under escort to Scotland Yard. It appeared that he could give evidence leading to the condemnation of five American ships fraudulently transferred by the German coal millionaire, Hugo Stinnes, to the American flag. The traveller readily gave information that Hugo Stinnes had transferred the purchase money to another American, and the United States Government had granted registration over the heads of their own expert, who had refused it.

Bell, of the American Embassy, told me privately what was being done behind his back. Meanwhile, the traveller pretended great

* See May 11.

friendship, as he wanted his name to be taken off the black list. He presented me with a bill for £70—out-of-pocket expenses. I got the money in cash, sent for him and asked him to sign a receipt quitting all further claims. He refused, explaining that the U. S. Consul had forbidden him to sign an acquittance. It was an amusing dialogue, all taken down in shorthand and sent privately to the Embassy. The importance of the transaction is that the ships are worth one and a half million sterling, which will go to the Crown.

June 26. This was the first day of the Casement trial.*

The great success of our secret service in Spain is due to the ability of Major Thoroton, who secured the service of the chief smuggler in southern Spain. He lives in the Balearic Islands and has an income of over £10,000 a year and a staff of over forty thousand men. He keeps the Government quiet by bribing officials and occasionally permitting captures of cargo, but he turned over the services of his staff to watch the coast for German submarines. The Germans offered him money, and he replied they might as well offer him an elephant, and then they tried a decoration, and he said that he could buy things to hang on his coat whenever he wanted them. Then they tried a lady from Hamburg, who first would and then would not, though he offered her 30,000 pesetas. This infuriated him. Thoroton had him told that she was a spy. He said he did not care what she was. He meant to have her. Thoroton became nervous, but early this month he (the smuggler) returned triumphant from Madrid with a scratch across his nose inflicted by the lady, who resented having received only 1,000 pesetas. Now the smuggler is in harness again.

June 27. This was the second day of Casement's trial, and I spent all the morning there.

Last year I received complaints that the occupant of a house in Regent's Park was a German lady much visited by officers. She proved to be a German-American variety artist with £3,000 a year of her own, separated from her husband. I sent word to her that she must return to America, whereat half the army and navy secret service and an M.P. or two came to intercede for her. In the end she was sent to Spain by the Admiralty Intelligence. She lunched with the Governor of Gibraltar and travelled about making herself agreeable

* See Apr. 4, 1915; Apr. 22, 23, 24, 26, 29 and May 7, 10, 11, 31, 1916.

to German agents. At last they (the German agents) tried to poison her. A Spanish doctor prescribed for her, and she had the sense to try the remedy on her maid, who became very ill. The doctor had the effrontery to advise her to dismiss her English maid, as he knew a very nice German one to take her place.

June 28. I met Thoroton, the head of our Secret Service in Spain. He told me the following story. His most active helper was a Gibraltar Scorp. ("Scorp.," short for Scorpion, is a nickname for persons born on the "Rock.") He was walking with the head of the Carboneri at Barcelona. They saw a man behaving suspiciously—probably a German submarine coast-watcher. The policeman said: "I believe that is a German." The Scorp: "That's my idea, policeman." "If I had a revolver I think I could shoot him." Whereon he drew it out and shot the German in the leg, and seeing that he was alive they both ran away, and the German is now in Barcelona Hospital. It seems to show that human life is not highly valued by protectors of law and order in Barcelona.

Thoroton had come from Spain with an Austrian Jew, who had been in the German Secret Service, and had a row with his employer, the head of the German Secret Service in Spain, about a lady. His employer gave him a ticket to Buenos Ayres, and took him to Police Headquarters, where he was furnished with false papers under a false name. He doubled back to Madrid and made a confession to Thoroton, who sent him and his confession to the Governor of Gibraltar. I advised that the War Office should make a formal complaint through the Foreign Office about the action of Spanish officials. It would then appear as if the man had been arrested against his will and false papers found upon him.

I heard to-day that one hour after leaving Flushing the Dutch Zeeland mail-boat was stopped by a German destroyer. They did not come on board, but they asked whether she had foodstuffs for England, and any French or Belgian passengers. The Captain denied this and they went away. They had on board the confidential couriers English, French and Belgian. I had all the couriers warned to-night to weight their bags with lead in case of being held up. When the Great Eastern Railway steamer "Brussels" was held up on Monday,

the heavy daily bombardment of the British front is a prelude to an attack at all.

I heard to-day that they are building in Birmingham a new contrivance which they call a land battleship. It is built by a constructor of armoured cars. [This is the first mention of the tanks.]

Another secret thing is being made at Stratford, Bow, which is to be a surprise for the Germans. On the staff of the British secret service in Spain is a Cambridge professor said to be the most expert toxicologist in Europe. He has entered thoroughly into his new business and says he never knew what life was till now. He is past fifty. It is impossible to imagine him sitting down again in his lecture room.

Yesterday there was a meeting of the Central "Stop the War" Committee. The only attendants were two lady police spies, who entered into conversation, neither knowing the other's occupation. At a subsequent election for vacancies on the committee both these ladies were elected, so I shall not be without information!

The Dark Days, 1916

THE SECOND HALF .

July 1, 1916. Our offensive began to-day with the occupation of the enemy's forward line along a front of sixteen miles. One hears it said that this is not our chief point of attack, which is planned for a different part of the line altogether.

July 4. Lady Craik saw the directors of Cammell Laird, who said that men returned from the trenches were the most troublesome and litigious people in their works. A bad sign for after the war.

She told me that George Craik is now on an oasis in the Western Desert. Near by it is a temple of the time of Darius, and a company had built a railway to carry tourists thither and had then become bankrupt. Seventy miles west of this is another oasis inhabited by Senussi. To smash them would mean the building of a road, and Craik suggests that it would be cheaper to send a messenger to promise them three piastres and a good meal each if they will surrender.

Invalided soldiers from Kut are doing enormous harm in India by denouncing gross negligence in the preparations. Transport, medical supplies and armies were all insufficient.

The Russian victories at Erzerum just saved a serious setback. As an instance of mismanagement they cite the case of the Sikh Regiment, which refused to move on Bagdad. It was perfectly well known that their patron saint was buried in Bagdad. They did not murder their officers; they simply refused to move; but of course they ought never to have been sent there.

I had to-day an interview with Bailey.* He described the proceedings of the fifty-two men of the Irish Brigade. They constantly got drunk and fought among themselves, and the German guards on

* See May 10, 11, 31, June 26, 27 and 29, 1916.

these occasions ran away. Among the Brigade were several epileptics. The German commandant said that though they were undoubtedly difficult to manage, he admired their high spirits. There were several Englishmen among them. The plan was that if they could not be landed in Ireland they should be asked to serve against the British in Egypt, there being a parallel between the cases of Egypt and Ireland. The submarine hugged the coast of Norway till she was in the latitude of the Shetlands, and then after clearing them she went down along the west coast of Ireland. She ran all day and night on the surface, diving for half an hour daily for practice.

Casement, having shown signs of insanity, had been sent to a sanatorium, and Bailey went to Vienna, whence Monteith fetched him. He had lost popularity with the Irish Brigade.

The casualties reported up to this evening of our offensive are fifty-seven thousand.

July 10. At the Investiture to-day at Buckingham Palace, Wintour, as contractor of army contracts, who meets a good many foreign soldiers, told me what they said about us :

(1) That our infantry was unsurpassed, but poorly handled. They had another fault—they were slow in digging themselves in. Two minutes was enough for the French to disappear underground, each soldier having dug himself in. The British Tommy does not attempt to dig himself in for a short halt unless he is made to.

(2) That the artillery go into action as if they were shooting rabbits instead of sticking to their job of planting shells uniformly along a trench. Their attention will be called by wireless to a convoy or a batch of infantry, and several batteries will drop their job and all fire at the new objective and then forget where they had got to, so that, when the time comes to advance, our men come upon sections that have not been destroyed or prepared for the advance.

One proposal is that in every French brigade there should be a battalion of British. In this way the French would supply the brains and the British the fighting spirit and steadiness.

Dr. Battin came to dine with me, having arrived to-day from Berlin.

July 12. I saw the Danish Minister, who thought that the war would

be over this autumn. Denmark had never had the same difficulty about food, he said, because Denmark had stopped the export to Germany at the beginning of the war.

July 13. Professor Masaryk is the centre of the Czech revolutionaries. He is a professor at the London University. His daughter is imprisoned in Austria, and he has been condemned to death as a traitor in his absence. All the American-Czechs obey him and are secretly serving the Allies.

Some weeks ago, Zuber, a Czech engineer, naturalised Brazilian, came through England with a mission to America, after having seen Liebnecht in Berlin.

To-day, through inadvertence, a young woman on her way to see me was arrested in Liverpool and locked up. I had an interview with her and apologised for the mistake, but she stopped me laughingly and said, in a fine Yankee accent, "But I was very tired, and I had a beautiful night's rest." She, too, went to Masaryk, the secret of whose influence is that he is a philosopher, historian and man of letters, with a single-hearted desire for the good of his people. If there was to be an election to-morrow, he would be President of Bohemia by 98 votes to 2. He is an ugly man, with a harsh voice and no graces of manner.

In America the Czechs are everywhere. One was employed even in the Austrian Embassy, where he obtained valuable papers for us, and they charge us nothing for their services.

July 17. I saw Ainsley, aged twenty-two, from the Flying Corps outside Ypres, home on a week's leave. They are up two hours running at seventy miles an hour at twelve hundred feet. Their business is to swoop down on German airmen who attempt to cross our lines. They are alone and work their own machine guns, flying being quite mechanical. They can always hear the whistle of a bullet, and then they dodge. The sudden descent from twelve hundred feet to nothing produces headache, earache, toothache and deafness, but it goes off in three hours. They feel no excitement or fear when up, though the haunting fear of engine trouble is always present. Once in the middle of the fight it crossed Ainsley's mind what a fine sight this must be from below. Of the Ypres sector he said that, whereas at Armentières you could see the trenches, with an occasional shell hole,

at Ypres the whole country on both sides consists of craters and trenches, one half obliterated.

I heard to-day that out of a brigade on our extreme left, only seven men came out unhurt owing to some failure to give them support and a smoke screen. Four brigadier generals are said to have been sent home in disgrace, one of them General W—, who was responsible for the above.

I interviewed a spy, du Toit, who had served against us in the Transvaal and who had then become British by annexation. He had moved into German South-West Africa and there shot his wife, for which the Germans sentenced him to ten years' penal servitude and sent him to Germany to serve his sentence. He had served seven out of the ten years, and as he was tuberculous they decided to turn him into a prisoner of war and repatriate him on the apparent condition that he should act as spy. Accordingly they moved him first to the Moabit civil prison, and then to Ruhleben for eight days. They were friendly with him all down the line; every one in Holland knew he was a spy. He embarked in the *Brussels*, which a fortnight ago was captured by German destroyers and taken into Zeebrugge, because she was carrying the first cargo of produce to England. While the other prisoners were interned, du Toit was very well treated and sent to a hotel and thence to Rotterdam to start for England afresh. He came over on the 15th and was immediately arrested.

Du Toit said that there were British officers and men in Moabit prison on account of attempts to escape, or other breaches of camp discipline, and I am passing this on to the Foreign Office.

July 22. I heard that there had been a plot among the pro-German party at Petrograd to get Sazonoff out of the foreign secretaryship and replace him with a pro-German, and that we were making special efforts to prevent this. The ambassador in Petrograd said that the Allies regard it very seriously. Aretas Akers-Douglas [now Viscount Chilston] told me that the Rumanians had definitely fixed August 7 for joining the Allies, provided that an offensive was made from Salonika. Knowing the Rumanians, he thought that fresh excuses would be forthcoming when the time arrived.

Yesterday I saw Lord Newton as the Foreign Office about Emily Hobhouse. Lord Newton thought it would be wise not to lock her

up. She was a silly, mischievous old woman, but not disloyal to the country.

I then saw Sir Ernley Blackwell, who read me his memorandum to the Cabinet on the execution of Casement.* It was very well written. He had incorporated in it all the information that I had collected and which was circulated on Wednesday. The waverers accepted the position that the law was to take its course, but on Thursday, Lord Crewe circulated a letter from Eva Gore Booth, Countess Markievicz's sister, alleging that Casement's object in coming over was to stop the rebellion. Blackwell confessed that he did not know, with such a weak Cabinet, what the result would be.

Rex Benson, now Intelligence Officer in Ireland, came over to ask me for advice as to what to say to Asquith, who had asked him to come over from Ireland and meet him at his father's (Robin Benson) house in the country. Rex Benson told me that Maxwell's leniency in Ireland was now a great danger. A sentry was shot in Dublin on the 8th, and men were strutting about the streets in Sinn Fein badges, which a shop was allowed to sell openly. In spite of the press censorship, a rebel paper freshly started was being sold, and the Sinn Fein was gaining hundreds of recruits daily. At the same time, he thought that a division from Ireland could safely be sent to France. There are too many troops in Ireland at the moment.

I proposed to the Cabinet that no foreigner or British subject who had returned to this country within the last six months should be allowed into Ireland without a permit: the permits to be issued at the Permit Office. This would meet the case of the Irish-American agitation.

July 26. An airman named Stephanoff landed here to-day on his way to Russia. He is a Czech Nationalist, and an astronomer as well as an airman, with an almost uncanny knowledge of the upper air. He was in Serbia during the second invasion. Stephanoff was wounded and was taken to Italy. The Italians fired on their plane, taking them for Germans. From Italy they went to Paris, where Stephanoff was operated on. He then went into the Paris Observatory. He is gifted with very long sight and knows a great deal about the currents of the upper air. When he recovered, the French sent him to advise the

* See June 29 and July 4.

Italians on flying in the Dolomites. For his first flight he suggested dropping manifestos on the Czech regiments. Bombs for scattering pamphlets were prepared, and the General Staff marked out for him the position of the regiments on a map. To his great surprise he found, instead of one division, ten, all on the march, and the same at other points of the front. He flew back to headquarters and reported all he had seen to Cadorna, who, at his request, sent out Italian observers. On receipt of a confirmatory report from them, Cadorna brought up his reserves and thus saved Italy. Stephanoff is now on his way to Russia.

July 22. Lady Paget, who had been taken prisoner by the Bulgarians, believed that if they knew the truth about the German prospects they would come to our side and make a separate peace. The Queen of Bulgaria has just come to Dresden, and Mrs. Bagg, the American wife of a Boston physician, was trying to persuade her, and through her King Ferdinand. Mrs. Bagg went to the Bulgarian Minister at The Hague, who is ardently pro-British, and got him to send her letter to the Queen of Bulgaria. She had said what was quite true, that the Germans were already beaten and that Austria was secretly feeling for an excuse for making peace.

July 28. I received information from our agent in America that an Irish-American, X., and Y., a wealthy nonpolitical American, were coming over. Y. was carrying the proceeds of collections for the assistance of starving rebels, which was quite unnecessary, as there is no distress in Ireland. X. was declared to be a German agent. They were stopped at Liverpool, and then the fun began. Our Ambassador (Spring Rice) telegraphed, begging our reconsideration, and vouched for X's character. Bell, of the American embassy, made the same request. The Foreign Office thereupon wrote officially to the Home Office asking that both men should be admitted. I told Bell privately that we had information that X. was a German agent. Bell cabled this to the State Department, who informed the British Ambassador, who then telegraphed to the Foreign Office that he was quite wrong, that he now had indubitable evidence that X. was a scoundrel. The Foreign Office cancelled the letter to the Home Office, and all seemed well, but next day the British Ambassador cabled again, begging admission for both on account of public feeling. I stood fast, and they

were not admitted. I got the Home Secretary to hint what was known of them in the House of Commons in reply to a question. This is a fair specimen of the way in which Spring Rice backs and fills and frightens the Foreign Office. I got the Foreign Office to inform Spring Rice that the rejections of Americans were likely to become more rather than less, and to warn all individual travellers accordingly.

Countess Zenardi Landi* came to see me and satisfied me that she might well be the daughter of the late Empress of Austria. She is a stately lady and bears a strong likeness to her supposed mother. She brought with her several letters and a meek little husband. I asked her what her mother's motive was in not acknowledging her, and she said, "You never knew my mother; it was the sort of thing she would do." She made various charges against her foster-brother Kaiser. We heard subsequently from Mrs. Bagg that she was quite satisfied with the bona fides of the Countess. She knew her socially and said she had very gifted children. She was very natural and dignified and might easily play the part of royalty.

I had to see Herbert Samuel, the Home Secretary, about some trivial matters, and while I was there Sir Ernley Blackwell brought in some papers Casement† had left in court by mistake during his trial. They were sent to the prison, and Casement handed them to the governor, requesting him to send them to his solicitor, Gavan Duffy. The governor sent them to Sir Ernley Blackwell to censor. Among them were instructions to Duffy to communicate with the German Government, promising that if the Germans would not mention Casement's name at the Liebnecht trial, he would be silent about them. There was, besides, this statement:

There is enough in these papers to hang me ten times over. If I had been thirty-three instead of fifty-three the armies would have been landed, the code would not have been found, and I should have freed Ireland, or died fighting at the head of my men.

I heard to-night that the Cabinet had decided to resist the motion of the Irish Party and would execute Casement.

Aug. 1. Sisodia Rajput,‡ who was originally a revolutionary, but

* See Aug. 4 and 19, 1916, and Jan. 13, 1917.

† See July 22.

‡ See Oct. 1, 23 and Dec. 26, 1915, and Jan. 7, May 18 and 27, 1916.

was converted after an interview with Nathan and myself into an informant, was sent off to-day into Switzerland hugely delighted at being given leave to keep all the money that the Germans paid him. He has called himself "Prince," and the authorities think that the Germans will flock to him. At Scotland Yard he is known only as "Mr. Jones." The ostensible object of his visit is to take Switzerland for his health on the way to India, the only doubt being whether the Germans will believe that so robust a man requires a health cure.

Aug. 2. Bell, of the United States Embassy, told us that Mr. Page had dined with Asquith last night. Asquith told him that the Cabinet had practically decided not to interfere with Casement's sentence,* and said, "By the way, have you heard about his diary?"

"I have," said Page.

"I should like you to see it," said Asquith.

"I have," said Page. "What is more, I have been given photographs of some of it."

"Excellent," said Asquith, "and you need not be particular about keeping it to yourself."

Aug. 3. Casement was executed this morning.

I sent Sisodia ("Jones") to Switzerland.

An informant told me to-day that he had seen the address of one Frost, at Leeds, who for £10 contrived the escape of conscientious objectors abroad, and that a number were now landing in Holland. I dressed up a policeman as a conscientious objector and sent him with £10 to find his way to Holland if he could. He found Frost, a dirty, drunken navvy enjoying an army pension. He was very effusive and offered hospitality, which my man declined. He gave him the address of the comrade in Hull who would do his business, but the comrade had left Hull and the thing came to nothing. They are now going for Frost.

Aug. 4. I saw Kaiser, or De Keyser, the foster brother of Countess Landi.† I put him through a fairly severe interrogation. He was an oldish man of great natural dignity and good looks. On the subject of his nationality he said that in the Revolution of 1848 his father.

* See June 26, 27, 29, July 4, 22 and 28, 1916.

† See July 28, 1916, and Jan. 13, 1917.

who was a Hungarian Jew, was concerned in the murder of an Austrian Minister and fled the country. He had then had a chequered career in China, Paris and Brussels. He had founded the Crédit Foncier in Paris, and when the Deutscher Bank was nearly broken he was appointed a director to reconstruct it. At Vienna he was a director of the Egyptian Bank, and here it was that his children were born. He had married a Dutch woman in Brussels called Prins, belonging to a bourgeois family. Kaiser was the eldest son. He produced photographs of the family at almost every age. He also showed Countess Landi's birth certificate, showing that she was born in 1879 not 1882, as she says in her book. Kaiser obtained the suppression of the book, *The Secret of an Empress*, by threatening the publisher with a libel action. This was proved by lawyers' letters produced. As to Kaiser's means, he proved the receipt of royalties in respect of his books. He and his wife lived in a big house, rent free, with one servant, practically a caretaker, in North London. Their united income of £400 a year suffices for this. One son is in the merchant service. Their daughter died as an infant. Both Lord Herschell and Colonel Drake, who were present, were satisfied with his *bona fides*. Personally, I am a little less so, but I am having his statements tested. He is probably a Hungarian and not a Belgian. He has a publishing business in Vienna, from which he can get nothing during the war. He has not lived in Vienna for many years.

Oct. 11. Last night I attended a dinner given to Aubrey Smith, who has been promoted to Commodore, which was the post held by Admiral Cradock at the time of the Falkland Islands engagement, and this was a farewell dinner.

"C" (Cummings) told a story of a Prussian officer who arrived at British Headquarters, presenting himself as for a week's visit, with a valet carrying his suitcase walking behind him. He also described how some German officers, prisoners, when marched towards the cage looked at the barbed wire and said, "What is that for?" When it was explained they said, "Mein Gott! That is not necessary for us. Just give us some work to do and we will be quite contented," and they were, and all went well.

Oct. 15. Lord Herschell has returned from Spain. He saw the King

just before he left. His Majesty said, "Isn't it going splendidly?" Herschell gathered that the King is thoroughly pro-Ally but is anxious to keep in with the Germans in order that he may be accepted by both sides as the principal mediator after the war. Herschell noticed a great change in Barcelona, and 80 per cent of the people are now pro-Ally. The richer Germans still frequent the cafés, but they are now left severely alone. When Herschell arrived at the big café the band stopped its valse and played "Tipperary." The Germans sat neglected on the other side of the café, glaring at the Englishman. As an illustration of how the authorities assist us, Herschell mentioned that a red light was hoisted on one of the interned German ships as a signal to passing submarines. The news came when Herschell was in the café; the Chief of Police at once posted off and had the light put out. The same thing happened when the Germans put up a new wireless. Our agents got to know all about it and waited until the morning when the first message was taken down. Then they got the police to rush the place, and there, in damning evidence, was a message intercepted by the Germans between the Spanish man-of-war and the Admiralty in Madrid. The Germans said plaintively, "But we only started it this morning." Nevertheless they were sentenced to imprisonment for taking down the Admiralty message.

The Germans erected a kiosk in the public gardens, on which they displayed the German communiqué in Spanish. Our agent went to the police and applied for a site exactly opposite.

"What do you intend to display?" asked the police official.

"Only a notice that everything displayed on the other kiosk is a parcel of lies."

"There would be a riot," said the Governor.

"Then have the other kiosk closed." And this was done.

Oct. 22. This morning I have interviewed two men taken off the Swedish ship *Bris*, off the north of Scotland. The Admiralty had had a cable that two men, a German doctor and an assistant officer, were travelling as stokers. The doctor admitted his identity at once. His wife and child were travelling first class, and they were carried on. He took his internment philosophically. The other man slouched into the room just like a rather slovenly Swedish stoker. He answered my questions readily enough, said that he was born in Norway of a

Polish mother, etc. I sent him to the Russian Consul, who said that he spoke Russian and Polish with a foreign accent, so I left him for the present in Cannon Row Police Station. Later he asked leave to make a statement, and I saw him transformed into a different man, erect and soldierly. I told him that he was the finest actor I had ever seen, at which he laughed and said necessity makes one do strange things. He was a Hungarian artillery officer, wounded and captured by the Russians in September 1914. Interned in Siberia, he escaped on foot through China and worked his passage to San Francisco, and again across the Atlantic, only to be interned in England. His object was to go back and serve in the army and also to see his two sisters in Hungary. After all this Odyssey he landed in an internment camp for officers in England.

Oct. 24. Raemaekers, the Dutch cartoonist, and his wife dined with us. We found him very simple and modest, without a trace of morbidity in his whole composition. I showed them the flare with parachute attached that had been liberated by the Zeppelin during the last air raid and had landed in a garden in Brixton. He told us that he found many of his "types" by travelling in London omnibuses.

Oct. 25. I received a telegram from the British Minister at Copenhagen about a Jew named Aaronson,* a man of middle age from Palestine, where he had acted as agricultural expert chemist to the Zionists. He had been working for our intelligence officer at Port Said, and had kept in touch with Lieutenant Woolley, but an agent was captured by the Turks and very nearly hanged. Aaronson had saved him through his influence with Djemal Pasha, who persuaded the Turks that he was a scientific man. Aaronson was in the habit of signalling from the coast, and one night a boat plied up and down but would not come in. A few days later in March a British officer was arrested near his house and was put to the torture, but would say nothing. A week later two other Englishmen were arrested, one near Gaza and another further down the coast. They also were tortured, but would say nothing. Then the Turks told them that the officer had confessed, and they had better do the same. Still they would not speak. Then all three were shot. The officer gave the

* See also Oct. 2, 1917.

Turks a letter to his friends, asking that it might be delivered through the American Embassy. Aaronson feared that it might have been Lieutenant Woolley, but I subsequently found out that Woolley fell into the hands of the Turks in July. Aaronson said that the great power in Turkey at this moment is Liman von Sanders. For a time Talaat Bey and Enver were leagued against Djemal, but now Djemal and Talaat are joining against Enver. Aaronson was in Constantinople when the plot against Enver came to light. It was quite a big thing. Djemal is quite cynical about the famine, saying that it was a mistake to massacre the Armenians because it annoyed neutrals, and that the Armenians could have been got rid of by simple starvation, for which the enemy takes the blame. Last year there were the locusts; this year the harvest failed, and when Aaronson left last month, men, women and children were scouring the country for offal, and some of them had died of famine. The Jews and Christians in particular are starving. He said that the younger German officers talked quite seriously about a bullet in the back (fired by their own soldiers) and that some had met with that fate. He described the state of affairs in Berlin much as we know it, but added that the women are becoming very savage. Sir William Wiseman, head of our secret service in America, told me to-day that the Americans had leave to send three members of a League of Mercy to Constantinople, and that he (Wiseman) got two of his men appointed as two of the three, but Bernsdorff got wind of it and the Commission was refused leave to enter Germany from Holland.

Oct. 28. Lord Herschell, returning from Paris to-day, says that, passing through Amiens last night, he could see big and small flashes of guns lighting up the sky. Amiens is bombarded nightly by German planes. Two or three fly very high, and when the French machines go up to engage them, another German plane flies over the town quite low, dropping bombs.

Sisodia* ("Mr. Jones") returned from Switzerland. I had only a few minutes with him before turning him over to an officer and a shorthand writer. He gleefully pulled out his pocketbook and displayed a sheaf of Bank of England Treasury notes, amounting to £500, given him by the Germans just before starting. This was in

* See Aug. 1 and 3.

addition to sums paid by them earlier. He was followed to the frontier, and he booked to Marseilles en route for India. As soon as he had shaken off his spies he doubled back to England. The mission given him by the Germans was first to arrange plans for a native rising, the Germans co-operating by landing armies on the west coast of India; second, to induce the Maharajah of Nepal to answer the Kaiser's autographed letter; and third, to find a trustworthy Mohammedan to come to Constantinople and undo the mischief done to the Turks by the British-Indian prisoners. The German Minister complained plaintively that the Turks were getting out of hand. They were translating passages from English newspapers favourable to Turkey and placarding the town with them, and the Indian prisoners were saying bad things about the Germans and good about the English.

Nov. 5. At dinner at the Palace last night, King George talked of the wire cage built on the roof of the Palace as a protection against Zeppelins, and said that he did not think that it would be very effective, and added, "The Queen says we shall have to go down into the cellars." Lord Rosebery, his guest, suffering from His Majesty's teetotalism as they all seemed to do, asked, "Could we not go down there now, sir?"

Nov. 16. Sisodia* has done for himself. He went to the Indian Member of Council to ask for letters to Indian rajahs. The Indian member reported the matter to the India Office, as he did not understand it. This makes it impossible to send out so leaky a person to India.

Nov. 17. "T" (Tinsley) head of our secret service in Holland, called on me and said that the real reason why Von Kühlmann had been sent to Constantinople was to bring the Turks to heel again, as they were getting very much out of hand.

Nov. 18. I was sent for to go to Buckingham Palace to-day to have a talk with Lord Stamfordham on pacifism and labour matters, about which the King seems to be concerned.

I heard from the Foreign Office that they are anxious to obtain possession of a post card received by Mrs. J. R. Green from Dr. Kuno

* See Aug. 1 and 3, Oct. 28.

Meyer, who was Professor of Gaelic in Ireland until the outbreak of war, when he turned bitterly hostile to us. I sent an inspector to her to ask for the card, but she replied that the *Times* had been trying to get it from her for publication in facsimile, and she had taken advice from Cabinet Ministers, who said that she was not bound to part with it. She then applied for an interview with me this morning and brought the card with her. It was an ordinary post card closely written, posted in Ireland on July 16, 1914. After recommending certain German baths for her rheumatism, he says that a personal friend of the Kaiser had told him that the long-expected war was now coming; that the Emperor had that day (July 12) signed a letter to the Austrian Emperor urging him to send an ultimatum to Servia. The post card adds that this will bring in Russia and France, and great efforts will be made to bring in England. Mrs. Green agreed to let me have a copy of the post card on condition that it was not given to the press.

Nov. 26. Vivian [my son] said that the King had greatly increased his prestige at the front by his coolness under fire. Most soldiers and civilians under shellfire for the first time showed nervousness. The King showed not a trace of it. My Superintendent Quinn, who had been with the King all the time, confirmed this, but he said that you could always recognise King George from a distance by his gesticulations while talking. The Prince of Wales, he said, had the same habit. His hands were going all the time. He had a most peculiar walk, the weight of the body being thrown on to the toes, and lately, having walked the skin off his heels, he walked more on his toes than ever.

Nov. 28. Two Zeppelins brought down at Hartlepool and off the coast of Norfolk—one by gunfire and the other by aeroplane.

Nov. 29. An aeroplane dropped bombs in Knightsbridge, Eaton Place and the Victoria Palace. No doubt they were aiming at Buckingham Palace. The plane was not seen.

Nov. 30. Vivian had a shrapnel bullet removed from above his knee at King Edward VII Hospital, Grosvenor Gardens.

Dec. 1. Neil Primrose, Lord Rosebery's son, asked me to undertake the whole of the intelligence service on labour matters for the whole country on behalf of the Ministry of Munitions, which had been running an amateur service of its own under Colonel Labouchère. This service is very expensive. It has a host of private agents who produce little that cannot be found in the local press. I was asked to formulate a scheme.

Dec. 2. At a conference to-day I produced my scheme. Present, Neil Primrose, Wolff and Sir Edward Henry; and it was accepted. I was given £8,000 a year to carry it out, and I am running it on the lines of my Irish service, which is working well.

The Metropolitan Police have been asked to supply eight thousand Meropolitan policemen to regulate the traffic on the French roads behind the lines.

Dec. 3. Mr. Asquith has recommended a reconstruction of the Cabinet.

Dec. 5. Asquith has resigned. The King sent for Bonar Law, who declined to undertake the job. The King then sent for Lloyd George, who accepted the premiership.

Dec. 7. Last night I dined with the Max-Mullers and there met Colonel FitzGerald, a civilian who had something to do in the Boer War with General French, and who went out with General French as his secretary on August 14, 1914, and was throughout the campaign with him from that date, through the Mons retreat and the Battle of Ypres. He was one of the eight who rode through Paris when our Expeditionary Force had been landed, to give confidence, he said. The reception they got in Paris was tremendous; much more, even, than that given when the Czar and Czarina went to Paris.

I asked him whether he had felt much of the altered feeling among the people on the land in France while we were in retreat. He agreed with what Vivian had told me, that though this was very strong, he remembered that while walking alone with General French, a French countryman, after grumbling a good deal, said we had come in only in our own interests. FitzGerald was furious, but French only said afterwards, "He is about right," which, of course it is not fair to say, since it is well known that at the last Cabinet Council, when everything was indecision as to whether we should come in or not,

the Cabinet would not agree. It was the telegram of the King of the Belgians that turned the scale immediately and definitely in favour of participation. And yet we take pleasure in saying that we are never sentimental and always self-interested only. [Vide French's speech, which many Englishmen would endorse.]

At four-fifteen came a telephone message from Home Forces that a wireless sending station had been located at Claygate speaking to an enemy ship in the Scheldt. A little later an officer came to me to explain that the message had been heard at Aberdeen and had been picked up by our detecting station. It was the first time during the year that our detecting stations had been of any use. I had a cordon thrown round Claygate at once, as the instruments had narrowed down the position to a circle of a half-mile in diameter. The orders were to stop and examine all cars and search the houses of all aliens. At 7 p.m. the mystery was solved. The Ministry of Munitions were themselves experimenting with a new invention. They had specified that the transmitter should not be energised and so had thought it unnecessary to give notice to the General Post Office, War Office, and other departments.

Dec. 20. Lord Herschell* told me about his shoot with the King of Spain. The King was absolutely frank and unreserved.

He told Herschell with much detail what he had done to prevent espionage. He had himself discovered a German wireless station just over the border in France, and told the French, who suppressed it. He deplored Northcliffe's campaign and said they had treated Northcliffe very well and he returned evil for good. King Alfonso said all the time he had been trying to do pro-Ally propaganda in Madrid, and the *Times* undoes it all. The shooting party was in a Palace four thousand feet above the sea, and no state was kept. They chaffed and played practical jokes as in any country house, but in Madrid great state was maintained. Nevertheless, one morning King Alfonso said to his mother, "We will lunch at eleven-thirty, and Lord Herschell and I will shoot partridges in the suburbs, and I bet you that ten minutes after I leave this door you shall have a partridge."

He was as good as his word. They motored to the waste land outside Madrid; the beaters were there already. The King jumped out and

* See Aug. 1 and 3, Oct. 28.

shot a partridge, and a motor dashed off with it to the Palace. The suite are believed to be pro-German, but Herschell could not detect it. Some of the ladies are bigoted Catholics. The Queen Mother deplores the decay of friendship between England and Austria, and the feeling seemed to be rather pro-Austrian and anti-French. King Alfonso said: "I had to convince the Germans of my neutrality, so I cracked up their army and showed my friendship by giving them pieces of information which I knew they had already. In any case, even if Germany was victorious, there could be no bond between her and Spain. Our destinies must always lie with the Western Powers."

Dec. 21. I had my first interview with Sir George Cave, the new Home Secretary, having ascertained from Sir Edward Troup that General Taggart had been criticising the police information about labour unrest, impelled thereto by Major Melville Leigh, of the military intelligence. I told Sir George that it was very dangerous to have soldiers spying on workmen. They would raise a cry of military dictatorship and provoke strikes. Sir George promised to see Lord Derby and stop it if he could. He also authorised me to take stringent action against two ringleaders. I went to the Ministry of Munitions and saw the Parliamentary Under-secretary, Kellaway, who announced that last night Dr. Addison, the Minister, had authorised the deportees from the Clyde to go back. It was against one of these men that I proposed to take action. Kellaway said, "Well, it is too late now." I replied, "Well, I am glad it is not my responsibility," and parted somewhat stiffly. Dr. Addison has begun very badly by conceding everything and trusting that the discontented agitators will cease troubling. But this is just the sort of atmosphere that brought about the rebellion in Ireland.

Dec. 22. I hear that Spring Rice, our Ambassador in Washington, has telegraphed, advising that we should defer our reply to President Wilson's Peace Note until the French have answered it, as a rejection by them will be better received than one from us.

CHAPTER XXVIII

The Crucial Year, 1917

FIRST PART

Jan. 8, 1917. The Army Council is considering the question of between six thousand and seven thousand Holsteiners who have deserted from the German army into Denmark. The German Government is pressing the Danes to surrender them. The Danes are ready to let them come to us or, alternatively, to go to America. They are all vouched for by the Schleswig Committee as being pro-Ally in sentiment. Probably we could employ them on the land, or in munition factories.

Sir Eyre Crowe called on me about Kuno Meyer's postcard* to Mrs. Green, bringing a draft approved by Balfour which I was to write demanding the original postcard to be handed over to Mr. Balfour at the Foreign Office, it having been ascertained that Sir John Simon, a relation of hers, had strongly advised her to hand it over without further demur. I sent the letter by hand. Sir Eyre Crowe read the copy of Kuno Meyer's postcard and believed it was an important document for the peace negotiations.

Jan. 9. The Mohammedan question threatens to become alarming. Two secret religious societies were formed in Constantinople, not so much pan-Islamic as pan-Turk. They were really political. A league was to be formed from Constantinople to China embracing Syrians, Persians, Afghans, Russians, Turkomans, Chinese Turkomans and Indians. Indian Mohammedans have been secretly crossing into Afghanistan until they now number some thousands.

A leading Indian recently met a Turkish general at Mecca and said : " Why are you so long? As soon as you bring a Turkish army into Afghanistan, the Emir will join in invading India from the north, while the Indian Mohammedans rise."

* See Oct. 15.

The general replied :

" We have too much on our hands just now. Why not do it without our help? Or continue to make preparations and the atmosphere will clear."

Meanwhile, the Turks have formed a whole battalion out of British and French deserters and prisoners of war, and these are now fighting against the Russians in Syria. The British residents in Kabul spoke to the Emir the other day and reproached him with giving asylum to so many Indian fugitives from justice. He replied : " Why do you come to me? Why not first begin with the Americans who are harbouring so many Indian revolutionaries? " The Emir's brother, Nazrullah Khan, is heart and soul with the enemy. He is a would-be usurper, and this is why the Emir remains with us. The Mohammedans in India have no arms, and the situation is, therefore, less dangerous than it was, but the two organisers of the society are now in London, and the Moslem colony does mysteriously receive news from Constantinople. The Mohammedan question is more dangerous than the Hindoo just now.

There is certainly a great change in Japan. The newspaper attacks on England accusing our soldiers of cowardice, etc., have entirely ceased. The Foreign Secretary has been changed and the Japanese, from being shifty and evasive, have consented to help us with the Indian revolutionaries in Japan. This is explained by their present conviction that Germany is doomed, and they are anxious to get down on the right side of the fence. Their aim is to control China, their statesmen knowing that their great commercial prosperity is temporary and due only to the war.

Hindoo revolutionaries have been approaching the Chinese to supply India with arms through Tibet, but our stout champion is Dr. Sun Yat Sen, the man who was kidnapped and imprisoned in the Chinese Legation in Portland Place, and set free by Lord Rosebery.

Jacob Ser, a repatriated prisoner of war in Germany, has just returned from Berlin. He was allowed to leave on account of ill health. He was a Russian subject naturalised British who was in Germany when war began. After a period passed at Ruhleben, he was sent to a hospital, and then to a sanatorium, and in May 1915 he was allowed to return home, reporting twice daily to the police and keeping in a certain district. With some help from the British Govern-

ment sent through the American Ambassador, he managed to support his family. After an urgent appeal and four medical examinations, he returned to England.

He says that the German working class are on the verge of starvation. The four-pound loaf of bread weekly has only one pound of flour in it, the rest is straw or bad potatoes, and the supply is not expected to last till next month. They have eighty grammes a week of butter. The milk is kept only for the sick and children on a doctor's certificate. They have no beef, but there is some smuggling of geese and chickens at twenty-five marks apiece, and 150 marks are got by Holland from rich people. Fish from Norway is no longer obtainable. This man left two sons in England and has not been able to find them. Probably they are in the army.

Jan. 13. Bell, of the American Embassy, brought me Captain Boehm's passport, believing it to be a forgery. Boehm arrived at Falmouth on the 10th under the name of Jelks Leroy Thrasher, an American. When he was going from Spain to Holland he was brought to me to be cross-examined. His story was incredible. He said that an American mining engineer whom I knew as one of the principal German agents had sent for him from Spain. A telegram from Madrid brought an answer that Thrasher was probably identical with Captain Boehm of the German army.

It was a very interesting interview when I saw Boehm again. He broke down under examination and admitted his identity. At a later interview he admitted that he belonged to the political section of the General Staff in Germany. He left Germany late in May 1916 by submarine, landed secretly in America, and then applied for and obtained an American passport in the name of Thrasher, with two American citizens to guarantee his identity. With this he returned to Berlin via Holland, and there he started with dispatches to Madrid. He was returning to Berlin with messages when he was caught. Mr. Bell suggested that he had been sent to America to stop Bernsdorff pressing President Wilson for peace intervention, since the German General Staff had just learned of our coming Somme offensive.

Zimmermann told Bullet, an American journalist, that they had changed their minds for fear lest the peace cry should be ascribed to fear of the Somme offensive.

I heard to-day from a Swedish doctor that marmalade cancer is spreading rapidly among women and children in Germany as the result of eating synthetic foods.

I had an interview with Mrs. Handel-Booth, wife of the M.P. She is a cousin of the Countess Zenardi Landi,* whom she describes as a problem child from her early childhood. Mrs. Handel-Booth's mother was a sister of old Mrs. Kaiser, and had stayed with the Kaiser family in Vienna. She met Lili (her cousin of royal pretensions) a short time before *The Secret of an Empress* was published, but never mentioned to me the gist of the book, which is regarded in the family as a joke.

I sent for Silivanoff, attached to the Russian mission at Vickers. He was the typical stage spy to look at. He had been overheard abusing the English and Russian Governments to his wife in a railway carriage, confessing to his landlady that he had been imprisoned in Siberia. He had abused the detective sent to interview him and had been receiving letters addressed "Poste Restante." Since I began to ask questions he demanded to have the room cleared, and he would then tell me everything. It then appeared that he was a Russian secret agent. He had been exiled to Siberia as a revolutionary and had then turned informer and was sent to France three or four years ago, where he married a Jewish anarchist girl, who did not know his present employment. I hear he keeps up the fiction by talking revolution, and she, being a real revolutionary, acts as a cover for him. Then and there I made a bargain with him that he should remain unmolested on condition that all his information bearing on movements in England should be handed over to me. Thus I secured a valuable informant for nothing.

Jan. 19. I saw Maxse, the Consul General in Holland. He gave me various interesting views from Dutch and German sources. A German deserter confirmed the fact that two of the new standardised Zeppelins had been destroyed by their own crews for fear of having to come over in them. In Holland there is an association for German deserters, who number many hundreds. At Essen there seems to have been a good deal of sabotage during the riots at Leipzig. The soldiers refused to fire on the mob, and they had to call out Turkish troops to do it.

* See July 28, Aug. 4, 1916.

At 6.55 p.m. we all heard a tremendous explosion a long way off, and the sky appeared red in the south-east. The sound followed very soon after the flash of red. Houses shook, and in the streets people were asking one another what they thought it was, or else they were very silent. Most intelligent people thought of Woolwich Arsenal, but no name came through, as the telephone cable from that district had been destroyed. Later in the evening it transpired that the explosion was at the chemical works of Brunner Mond and that a gasometer near by had also gone up. Later a fire had started in a spirit store and spread to the oil store, from there to a T.N.T. store, which went up. The force of the explosion wrecked two streets of houses three hundred yards away, demolished the works and threw steel boilers to a great distance, and set on fire the Venesta Three-ply Works and an enormous grain elevator full of corn, both of which burnt out. This afternoon the Guards were brought down in motor buses to clear the ruins. Forty people were known to be in the works at the time, and except in two cases no traces of their bodies could be found. The fire is still burning in various places, and the manager stated that another store of T.N.T. was still unexploded. The craters, or series of craters, are like valleys. Captain Philpotts, of H.M.S. *Warspite*, told me that he had seen the earthquakes of Messina and Jamaica, and the damaged buildings resembled these. It is always remarkable to see a house entirely demolished without any sign of fire. The hydrants were all buried, yet in each case the firemen located them and coupled them up at once. Every one says that the first-aid work in the dark was admirable.

Jan. 22. Major Oppenheim, Military Attaché at The Hague, told me that many women had been killed during the food riots in Germany, but that he did not believe that anything but a defeat could produce a slide. The deportations in Belgium and Holland were due to the fact that Hindenburg had made it a condition of becoming Chief of Staff that he might comb out as many men as he wanted and replace them by an equivalent number of deportees. After that deportations were quite automatic. They were also keeping men in the ranks until the age of sixty. If Belgian deportees are recalcitrant, they are starved for three days. If they then consent to work they are given army rations; if not, they are starved again. Those that still resist are sent

to sink hospital ships. I looked up the case and found that Messany was a concert singer aged twenty-four. He was tuberculous and was deported from Egypt to Mudros, where he was embarked on the *Britannic* in November. He was repatriated on the 7th December.

Bell, of the American Embassy, called on me and told me the great news that Germany had notified neutrals that they intended to sink every ship on sight. He felt sure that this would entail war with the United States.

Feb. 2. Bell called again and said that no dispatches had come from Washington, but plenty from Berlin, giving the text of the German note and Bethmann-Hollweg's speech.

The Dutch-America line has promised to repatriate the whole of the men prisoners who had previously been chosen for exchange in the *Ryndan*. The company called at the United States Embassy to demand payment per head in advance. When asked why they could not collect it from the Germans, the man replied that they knew the German Government too well.

We have now a machine worked by electricity for boring tunnels five feet in diameter at the rate of six feet an hour, which is to be used immediately for blowing up the position opposite the Canadians - a position that has cost thousands of lives. When one of these was being tested it was found that some miscreant, believed to be a corporal in the Royal Engineers, had dropped a bolt in the gear box.

Feb. 3. Sir Ernley Blackwell, who is holding an inquiry into the explosion at Silvertown, told me that the only feasible explanation was sabotage of a peculiarly malignant type. In the top storey, where the fire broke out, a man and a woman were feeding T.N.T. into a hopper. Two women on the ground floor called up to them to ask whether they had sufficient T.N.T. for twenty minutes while they went for tea. They said yes. The two girls were in the lavatory for about a minute. When they came out the whole floor was a mass of roaring flames. Now experiment has shown that a piece of caustic soda, no longer than a pencil and varnished over, may lie among T.N.T. innocuous for months, but when heat is applied the whole thing bursts into flame. This T.N.T. has been traced to Huddersfield. Any ill-disposed person might have dropped a piece of caustic soda into one of the bags in transit. The people feeding the stuff

into the hopper would not have noticed it, and it would have gone down into a heat of 130 centigrade and instantly flamed. Inquiries are being made as to the people who had access to the bags.

Feb. 4. Wyndham Forbes came to lunch on two days' leave from the North Sea, where he is commanding a patrolling squadron at Immingham. He told us that he had seen no German submarines, but that he had seen some Zeppelins which had attempted to come across since the last one was brought down. They had had to put back on account of bad weather.

The appeal to limit the consumption of bread, sugar and meat is being taken conscientiously by educated people, who have until now felt no restrictions or inconvenience from the war compared to the rest of the country. The flour is a great improvement on the over-refined white flour of peacetime; so that cannot be called a hardship.

President Wilson has been adversely criticised by the Foreign Office, while some of the press articles have references to him that are full of admiration and appreciation of his statesmanlike waiting attitude.

Feb. 7. I heard to-day the following regarding the Air Service:

The greatest feat yet performed was done by a British airman, who flew 153 miles an hour one hundred feet up in a war machine. The engines for these machines cost £800, and the total cost of engine and machine is £2,000. The engine lasts only seven weeks. It is then scrapped as unfit for further service.

The Germans, who lost their air supremacy on the Somme, have now partly regained it. For example, the other day a machine flew the whole length of the line at a height of only three hundred feet. Before the guns could shorten their range, the airman was gone. The rifle bullets that struck his armour did him no harm. It was a very brave act. He took no photographs, but he saw the motor-transport park and all the preparations for the push, which is now mentioned. The army captain, Bennett, who brought this news, told me that a leaden fragment had been found in the crankcase of the new Arroll-Johnston double-engine war plane.

Feb. 9. Dining with Bigham [then chief constable, now Sir Trevor Bigham, deputy commissioner, Metropolitan Police], I heard a story of the captain of a submarine stuck at the bottom being fired out of

his own torpedo tube in order to bring help. This is what actually happened. One of our newest submarines, with a crew of seventy-two, went down the Clyde with hatches not screwed tight. When she submerged she went to the bottom. Captain Goodhart, D.S.O., who was second in command and a very fat man, agreed to be screwed up in the conning tower and to have air pumped in to the same pressure as the water outside. When they opened the hatch Goodhart got out, but he was never seen alive again. His body was recovered a fortnight later. So far from a fat man being able to close the hatch, he was shot out of it by the air pressure. Another submarine went down and pumped air and liquid food into the derelict for nearly three days. Meanwhile, her bow was hoisted and a hole was cut through the tank, and through this hole they rescued forty-two men at the last gasp from asphyxiation. Thirty of the crew were dead.

Feb. 11. Captain Wardle thinks that the submarine menace is well in hand and will become less destructive every day. There is a curious position. Neutrals refuse to send their vessels to England. We retaliate by detaining every neutral vessel in our ports; consequently, if we starve, the neutrals will starve with us. Wardle says that he believes in the mad-dog theory and thinks that in six weeks or so the main German fleet will come out and engage our Grand Fleet, while a few vessels will come and shell the coast towns and kill as many people as possible before being sunk themselves.

Another point is that we can no longer compel all ships to come to Kirkwall and Falmouth because it will be forcing them to enter a danger zone. Consequently, we are sending the whole of our controlling staffs to Halifax, Jamaica and Sierra Leone. Bernsdorff's ship is to be examined at Halifax. He is taking with him every spy in the place and is going direct to Copenhagen.

The bag of German submarines last week was eight for certain. This morning the Admiralty examined the captain and chief engineer of a British ship, who had been taken prisoners and kept on a German submarine. The Germans sank another ship and were about to sink a third when something went wrong and she failed to submerge. A British submarine came up and began firing at her. The German captain lost his head physically as well as morally by putting it out of the conning tower and having it knocked off by a shell. There was

great confusion on board. The Germans all ran on deck and knelt there with their hands up. The British engineer was about to put his head out when a shell nearly took it off. The British submarine sent a boat alongside. The German crew tried to rush the boat until the officer held them off with his revolver. The boat took off two wounded Germans and the two Englishmen and took the submarine in tow, but when near harbour the German boat sank. We are considering whether she is worth raising.

The German week-end bag is not very good, but several defensively armed vessels have been sunk. This is due to the new German policy of sinking vessels with torpedoes instead of firing at them.

Feb. 16. Wickham Steed, foreign editor of the *Times*, fresh from Paris, called on me. He had seen Briand and Thomas. He showed me the memorandum of Thomas for Lloyd George, in which he said that the Germans were producing a million shells a day. The French reserve of 75 mm. shells was $2\frac{1}{2}$ million. They must have more steel and coal. All our blast furnaces and collieries must be kept at full capacity, or they would be too late.

Another trouble was that two hundred laden coal lighters were held up at Rouen by ice, and though a thaw had begun, the ice floes from the Marne would make navigation dangerous for the next three weeks. The cold in the south of France had been such that the marshes and salt lagoons at Aigues-Mortes were frozen hard. Steed said that Haig had all the French journalists present at the famous interview in which he said that the cavalry were ready to go through the German lines. The French authorities had censored the interview in places. The difficulty with Haig is his habit of asking Northcliffe to stay with him. Northcliffe comes back and telephones to the *Times* to write such and such articles. When his staff demurs and points out that he has already put in Kitchener and then attacked him, and procured the downfall of Asquith, and is now proposing to attack Lloyd George just after he had helped to get him appointed, and that the British public will revolt at so much power being in the hands of one man, he growls sulkily that he wants to win the war. Then, they say, do it by private negotiations and not by newspaper articles.

I dined with Lord Herschell, who told me that Haig's speech

would have a most depressing effect upon the Germans, who believe whatever a general officer of any army chooses to say.

Feb. 18. The Admiralty sent a car for me, and I thought they had captured the two ships believed to be on their way from Kiel, carrying sixty thousand rifles, six million cartridges, and ten machine guns for the Irish rebels, but the reason was actually this. The French Military Attaché in Stockholm, taking two cases of explosives over from France to a secret depot, had left them in the customs cloakroom. Late last night one of the cases took fire spontaneously and burnt all the luggage before the fire could be put out. The Admiralty asked me to have the remaining case destroyed and to settle with the railway company for all damage. The case was removed in a taxi to Duck Island, where it was left to do its worst.

Captain Hall showed me a telegram saying that a submarine had been captured last night intact with all hands.

Feb. 19. Captain Wardle, of the Naval Intelligence, told me about the fight which resulted in the destruction of one of the largest German submarines on Saturday night off the coast of Ireland. The ship attacked one of our "hush" ships, ordered the crew into the boats and then torpedoed her. Being full of timber, she could not sink and the submarine approached her. Then the sides of the "hush" ship fell down, and she opened fire on the submarine with heavy guns, sinking her. One officer was picked up, and he is arriving at Paddington at three-thirty to-morrow morning to be taken to Scotland Yard, where I am asked to interrogate him.

Wardle further said that we have new submarines that go by steam with oil fuel. When they submerge the fuel is turned off, the funnels drawn in and hermetically sealed. These boats are capable of making the journey to and from New York eight times without replenishing.

Major Cunningham, Inspector of Explosives, called on me to-day to say that Dr. Duprè, the expert chemist, had examined the bottles left at Victoria by the French Naval Attaché at Stockholm, and found them to be bottles of a very peculiar kind. The labels said "*fin rhum*," but under the label was a glass tube running halfway into the bottle. This was full of what appeared to be fulminate. The bottle was filled with a dark fluid with a heavy white deposit, but

instead of a cork there was an inverted glass cone full of some liquid resembling benzol. The small end of the cone was just dipped in the liquid filling the bottle. The large end was closed only with a paper capsule, through which the liquid had eaten—hence the fire at Victoria. The bottles were intended to be placed on German submarines by a British spy if this mishap had not occurred.

At eleven o'clock I interviewed Ferdinand Boenicke, aged twenty-five, the Second Officer and only survivor of the German submarine *U-83*. Lord Herschell and Lieutenant Brandon (the British naval lieutenant who was imprisoned in Germany as a spy before the war) were present. It appears that a boat left Germany on the 19th and patrolled round the north of Scotland and Ireland. She was eighty-four miles west of Ireland when the British "hush" ship, which was flying the Norwegian flag, came into view. The German commander gave orders to torpedo it and a few minutes later came to the surface about one hundred yards distant. Then certain plates dropped from the sides of the vessel, and four big guns were turned on the submarine.

Germans are ordered to serve on submarines, without any option. Boenicke thinks that the war will be over in six months, but declines to say who will be the winner. He says that neither the British nor the German commanders wished to fight the Jutland battle to a finish. He admits the British naval superiority, after which he places German, American and French navies in that order. He thinks that the French change their naval command too often, and that the Russian navy has much improved during the war. He will not name the German submarine base, but hints about Heligoland and Zeebrugge. He said it would not be good for Germany if Winston Churchill were made First Lord of the Admiralty. He thought Beatty was both courageous and determined. I found him decent and ready to talk within limits, and I respected him for this. He was less reticent with my inspector, but would not give the number of flotilla or any secret technical particulars. He gives the name of his captain as Hopper. He had refused breakfast. The great difficulty in the interning of naval submarine prisoners is that the War Office have control of all the camps, and they will not see to it that these naval prisoners are kept apart from the soldiers, who might later be exchanged and might tell

Germany about our methods in capturing them. One submarine officer did escape, but happily he was recaptured.

Feb. 28. To-day a submarine opposite Dover was spotted by an aeroplane, which swooped down on her and bombed her several times, at such a low altitude that the bomber himself was wounded.

I heard to-day that the Channel boat had been chased by a submarine and that the Channel was alive with them just now. It was one of the mysteries of the war that the German U-boats which had been so active in the Channel should have left the leave boats, which were crossing twice a day in both directions, unmolested.

In no less than four cases of aeroplanes built in the Arroll-Johnston and Austin Works, hammer heads have been found in the machinery of wrecked aeroplanes, and evidently this was sabotage, but there is no way of proving whether it was done by an enemy or a striker or a peace crank. In two cases the airman was saved, and only the machinery was smashed. In the field there are no means of examining the engines.

Mar. 1. The American Vice-Consul cabled from Holland to-day that Hastings* had made a full confession, and was being kept as a prisoner at the American Legation until he could start for England. The other man, Rutherford,† talks of coming over to clear himself. As an instance of the defective nature of the German secret intelligence, they are very anxious to find out where the Russian cable comes on shore in England, meaning no doubt to destroy it if they can.

It is very curious to hear how we are taking the German retreat and our seizure of the longed-for strong positions on the Western Front. We were formerly so obstinately optimistic, and we are now afraid of being pleased. We shake our heads over the spoilt offensive and the railway facilities lost to our line through the advance. We seem to suspect some astute German trick, a surprise attack on the Italians, a tremendous thrust in the east—in fact, anything but the simple fact that we have forced the enemy to retreat.

After all, this retreat in the west could not have figured in any Hohenzollern programme, and if the Kaiser's ideas have been thrown overboard to this extent it means that there has been a split between

* See Mar. 2.

† See Mar. 2.

him and Hindenberg, or else that an awful necessity has forced him to agree to the retreat.

I had been told that the newly invented boring machines must be at the front in a week's time from February 2, as our push was to begin then.

Mar. 2. For the first time during the war the Germans have instituted a military espionage bureau in Antwerp, but they are so badly off for information that the questions found upon their spies are such that you would think any German spy would know; such as, "What has become of Von Weddell?" (a man who was drowned two years ago). Had we any means of detecting submarines? The Germans seem incapable of understanding that any Englishman can outwit them, and so with *childlike innocence*, as they cannot get messages into England, they continue to send instructions to their spies through the post written in an invisible ink of which they are very proud, but for which we have the developer. Also their spies have come over to us and act under our instructions. One of these men has had £2,000 out of them in two months for sending bogus information made up between the Admiralty and myself. We purchased a car out of the proceeds for the use of the intelligence. We named the car "Müller" because one of our intelligence officers has a gift for imitating handwriting, and after we had shot Müller he continued for three whole months to draw funds from Müller's German employer. We might have carried on the fraud a little longer, but unfortunately Müller had a sister in Belgium who learned from another source that her brother had been executed.

The American journalist gang, of whom Bacon was sentenced to death last week by General Court-Martial, has two members in Holland named Rutherford and Hastings.* Bacon is being sent over to New York to-morrow under a Scotland Yard escort to give evidence against his principals.

Mar. 3. Mr. Bell rang me up from the American Embassy, asking for a copy of the German confession of the plot with Mexico. He said it was the biggest diplomatic blunder the Germans had made and that the actual explanation was that they must have been "badly

* See Mar. 1.

rattled." He said that the Germans were generally ready enough to lie if ever there was an occasion for lying, and surely the occasion was this. Their acknowledgment of the plot could only be explained by a fit of anger because it was so stupid. He said that the state of feeling in America was very violent, and he himself was overjoyed at the thought that America would no longer be able to stand out of the war.

Mar. 11. We dined to-night with the Akers-Douglasses. He told us that sugar was nearly exhausted and that we should soon have to depend entirely upon certain ships getting safely through from Cuba. The Dutch want coal very badly, and the Germans told them they could have some if they sent their lorries over the frontier to fetch it. But the Dutch, knowing how short the Germans are of rolling stock and that they have no grease for axles and bearings, will not do this for fear of not getting their trucks back.

Mar. 12. Mr. Dresel, the United States Commissioner attached to American Embassy at Berlin, who left Berlin with Mr. Gerard, Ambassador, came to see me and told me that he had noticed a strong tendency in Germany lately to release Jewish civil prisoners, and that he distrusted many of them, as they are "in" with the Germans. He said further that the Germans were very short of steel and of wire, particularly telephone wire, an officer having told him that when shellfire cut wire there was none to replace it, and the unit was isolated. This may account for some of the surrenders. The German rolling stock is in very bad way owing to the absence of grease. He describes the depression in Berlin in the most vivid colours. The papers go on prating about the submarine war, but the people are quite apathetic. He thinks this is largely due to underfeeding. There is great difficulty with munition workers, both in supplying them with raw material and in keeping them contented. He says that there has been a notable decline in morale during the last fortnight. The vast majority of the people want peace at any price. The Turkish army has been cut off by the capture of Bagdad, and it will now have to retreat via Mosul, two hundred miles north of Bagdad.

Mar. 23. I returned from my week's visit to the front. One of the destroyers escorting the mail boat was blown up by a mine. All I

saw was a man running past me on deck to the taffrail; there was a mass of water coming down about half a mile off. Then the two destroyers, who were ahead, swooped round and came to the spot and stopped there. One of the officers of the boat said that he had been watching the destroyers turn, and had seen one of them disappear. A seaman made the remark, "Another poor devil gone aloft," but no excitement seems to have been caused, which suggests that the people afloat live in the atmosphere of such occurrences.

Mar. 26. The town is full of rumours of invasions and raids owing to the notices being posted on theatre screens that all soldiers among the audiences must return to barracks.

I saw Sir Francis Lloyd and General Taggart, Adjutant General to Home Forces. The soldiers are in a very jumpy state. They had moved men to trenches on the east coast on Saturday on a vague warning from the Admiralty that there might be a German landing on the east coast, combined with a big air raid. They confessed to me that the information was vague, but as the Admiralty would not undertake to give them timely warning of an invasion and they knew that the Germans, owing to their shortened lines, had six or seven divisions to play with, they meant to get in first. They talked wildly of risings in the east and of German agents dumping or setting fire to Whitehall, and said that public buildings were being picketed. On mobilisation, which might occur at any moment, they were moving everybody, down to ambulances, to the east coast. Sir Edward Henry stipulated that they should leave one hundred cavalry to reinforce the police and to picket all sewage works, which are far more vital than the War Office.

Mar. 7. I dined with Ruggles-Brise and heard that the Czar had three hundred millions invested in English consols.

Mar. 28. We have had a very bad week from submarines, if what one hears stated from various unofficial sources is true.

Mar. 31. Sir Edward Henry said that during the last three weeks the Germans had regained mastery in the air.

I saw all the telegrams from Russia. The Russian fleet at Kronstadt had mutinied and murdered and imprisoned all their officers, except

six. The government admitted the truth of this and said that Kronstadt was in the hands of the mutineers, but was powerless to interfere.

The armed guard on the first of the newly armed American merchant vessels, the *St. Louis*, consisted of twenty-one men of the United States Navy, of whom two were Germans, seven Austrians, and the Lieutenant in command was named Krauss.

Apr. 5. There was a private conference at the Home Office to-day on the subject of the growth of anarchist and socialist movements and their influence on strikes. I found a good deal of ignorant alarmism, especially among the generals present. It was decided to leave all the intelligence part of the work to me, and I undertook to furnish trustworthy information.

Apr. 6. One effect of the Americans coming in (the United States entered the war to-day) is that we are now to comply with their repeated request for the surrender of Franz von Rintelen.* This man was taken off a ship when travelling with a false American passport and brought to Scotland Yard in the summer of 1915. In my absence Captain Hall interrogated him and got him to admit his identity. They then talked about the North Sea battle. Hall twitted him with having missed the *Queen Mary* so narrowly. He retorted that if the *Queen Mary* had gone on a little further she would have encountered the mine. He then asked Hall what he thought had become of one of their raiding cruisers. Hall pointed to the floor, implying that she was sunk.

"Yes," said Von Rintelen, "but how?" Hall would not explain, but he believed that she was scuttled.

Von Rintelen was concerned in the Mexico troubles against the United States. Twice the American Government asked to have him sent over, but would not give a guarantee that he would not be repatriated if the prosecution failed. The proposal was dropped, and Von Rintelen was interned in Donnington Hall, but it was revived immediately on the declaration of war. Bell, of the American Embassy, applied to me on Wednesday, and I got the consent of the War Office and Admiralty in time to get him off on the 14th, a record performance in these days.

* See May 27, 1915.

Apr. 9. A few days ago a German heavy gun at Zeebrugge fired at and hit one of our ships seventeen and a half miles away.

Apr. 10. News of the Battle of Arras, fought yesterday, reached us this morning. The losses on the first day of the battle were sixteen thousand, but the enemy are believed to have lost twenty-four thousand, besides nine thousand prisoners and fifty guns.

A naval deserter from the Germans, named Schmidt, landed to-day. I had him entertained for the night by one of my men, and he has to go and give information to the Admiralty to-morrow.

Arthur Balfour, Foreign Secretary, Lord Robert Cecil and a large staff are starting in a day or two for the United States to settle the part they are to take in the war, and to agree on a basis of peace negotiations when they begin. The President of the U.S.A. told Balfour that there was actual anarchy in Russia, and yet Guernier thinks that Constantinople should still be given to Russia. He was rather tickled with the idea put forward by his host Chassaigne that on the taking of Jerusalem the Jews should be asked to elect a king of the seed of Abraham and rebuild the Temple and the Palace, thus fulfilling a prophecy and getting rid of the Jews from Christendom.

Guernier said also that the French were adopting a Belgian invention for sinking submarines, a small motor vessel without a crew, steered from an aeroplane by wireless.

He said also that the best general in France was Marshal Pétain, and next to him General Nivelle.

Apr. 12. Balfour and company started for America.

I dined to-night with Guernier, Radical Socialist deputy for St. Malo, and Minister without Portfolio, who came over with Ribot, the Prime Minister, and had seen Lloyd George this afternoon. He described the French temper as “féroce,” and said that the Germans had done them a service in destroying towns and villages in their retreat. He gives the French casualties as twelve thousand killed and eighty thousand permanently disabled, which seems an understatement. He was very strong that we should notify the Germans of the reprisals which would be taken for every town destroyed, such as Lille, and carry out the reprisals by bombing. He also thought that it should be made clear to every German that German officers guilty of crimes would be arraigned before an international

Court and shot if found guilty. It would be useless to plead "superior orders," as these do not cover crimes. When this has been tried with German officer prisoners they have shown great concern. He prophesies that we shall reach the Meuse before the autumn; then there will be a pause while the French outflank the German line through Alsace, and the war will be over by August 1918. [The best of war prophecies made to me.]

Apr. 13. Lord Herschell told me that Hardinge, our Ambassador in Spain, saw King Alfonso yesterday. In the course of conversation he happened to say, "If the Allies win." The King took him up at once, saying, "If? They have already won," and then went on to say that when the Germans are beaten there will be no place for a mediator, and in any case the feeling against the Germans was such that Spain would have to come in. Herschell said the chief damage done by submarines was off the west coast of Ireland.

Apr. 16. A sergeant major of the Canadians dined with my superintendent Thomas last night. He had been in the attack at Vimy Ridge a week ago and described how he had run a tunnel under the Ridge and three hundred yards beyond it and had taken back our wounded and brought out supplies underground. The tunnel had been bored by the new boring machine, and rails were brought up in sections and bolted on as the tunnel advanced and had converted it into an underground railway. He thought that in future neither supplies nor wounded would cross the open.

I attended a luncheon given to Neville Chamberlain at the Café Royal. There was much speechifying, and M. Guernier showed real oratorical powers on the subject of national service in England.

I heard some details of the mutiny in the Russian navy at Kronstadt; how the revolutionaries killed the Admiral, cut him in pieces and burnt him before his wife and daughter. The wife went mad, and the daughter shot herself afterwards as a result.

Apr. 19. The Czech professor Masaryk, who had gone to the north to wait for the *Jupiter*, returned to London on a telegram that the Czech Stephanoff had returned from Russia with important news. Masaryk was to have used his influence against the extreme party in Petrograd, but Stephanoff reported that if he went by the new railway he would be delayed for three weeks, the line having been laid

on frozen marshes, which give way directly the thaw comes. He will, therefore, wait until the Archangel route is open. Stephanoff's news was, on the whole, reassuring. The workmen's Committee and the Jews are mischievous, but they seem to be losing power, while the Duma is gaining influence. The revolution, he said, was miraculous. Actually two forces were at work to organize disturbances—first, the Government, who wanted artificial disturbances to justify their action in making a separate peace, and secondly the revolutionary party, who were contriving a shortage of food in order to foment revolutions.

Apr. 28. Wickham Steed told me that the Russians are settling down and are even planning an offensive on the Austrians. The Italians do not mean to do more than block. They are most disappointing. They would have made a separate peace the other day if Lloyd George had not gone out. Colonel Carter tells me that over three thousand of them have taken refuge in the censorship; that there is a cabal in the French Cabinet to replace Nivelle by Pétain in order to have no fresh French offensive. This is shown by Pétain being made Chief of the General Staff in Paris. If the French do as they say and leave English and Americans to do the fighting, it will entail the abandonment of the Arras offensive and a fresh push by Ypres, because we were trusting to the French to relieve the pressure at Arras.

Apr. 30. Serocold, of the Naval Intelligence, told me that we have bought all the wheat futures in the world for the next year, and that even if the Germans make peace they must buy their wheat from us. We have bought 180,000 tons in the Argentine, but the Argentine Government food expert refused to part with it on the pretence that his Government was short, and this with 160,000 tons of shipping on its way to fetch the wheat. On this the D.T.D. got its confidential agent to inquire the actual surplus and found that it was 250,000 tons. Armed with this information, the Foreign Office made the Argentine Government give way, and the wheat is coming.

There is to be reconstruction of the Admiralty, and poor Jellicoe will have to go. This is hard on him, because if he had stayed with the Grand Fleet his reputation would have been intact, but there has certainly been inaction in the matter of submarines. The problem is now being tackled with far greater success. The submarines have got very bold off the Scilly Isles.

May 1. Every month we are launching standardised cargo boats to the amount of 160,000 tons, an almost incredible output, but the Americans are helping by building furiously. The need is for shipping rather than food, there being sufficient food in the world if we can get it here. Papers report to-day that eight thousand locomotives are laid up at Essen for lack of lubricants and cannot be repaired, and that there is a great shortage of steel for guns and munitions.

May 5. A strike that began over a paltry dispute at Rochdale has involved a great part of Lancashire and Cheshire. This afternoon there is to be a secret meeting of the Shop Stewards at Manchester. The Shop Stewards are a new rebel organisation within the ranks of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers. These are expected to try to bring about a national strike. As it is, they have stopped the production of large howitzer shells and range finders—all urgently required at the front by the Admiralty.

May 7. The strike is spreading. About thirty-five thousand men are out, and big efforts are being made to bring out Coventry, Sheffield, Birmingham and Woolwich, which would mean an entire stoppage of output.

May 8. The Rochdale dispute was settled yesterday. Tweedale ran short of munition work and put their hands back on the ordinary civilian output, requiring the men to teach women under the Dilution Scheme, which was quite indefensible, so the men struck and the firm refused to give way until they themselves were prosecuted by the Government and fined. But this was only an excuse for the general strike, for though the Rochdale men went back to work the Manchester men remained out and tried to persuade Rochdale to come out again. The reason they now give is the new Munitions Bill, which is to send young unskilled men into the army. Most of these men are socialists and anarchists. Curiously enough the South Wales miners and the men on the Tyne and the Clyde have approved of the comb-out and are inclined to remain steady.

May 9. The news is worse. Coventry and Sheffield have now come out, and the strike seems likely to spread to Woolwich. More than one hundred thousand men are out, but all are quite orderly, which

supports the theory that industrial fatigue and the fine weather have much to do with the strike.

At twelve-thirty the War Cabinet asked me for advice, and I told them that, provided an arrest could be made without warrant and the men prosecuted under the Defence of the Realm Regulations for a serious conspiracy against the safety of the country, I was in favour of arrest of leaders as likely to prevent the spread of the strike, which is the worst we have had yet during the war. At three I was told that my advice had been taken, and I am accordingly arranging for the arrest to-morrow of about fifteen leaders. In spite of their large following the leaders show great fear of arrest. At the worst there may be a national strike in protest, but as a general strike seems certain now, it is worth taking the risk.

I lunched with Herschell from the Admiralty. During the last eleven days we have sunk five submarines for certain, and two more practically certain, and four probable—total, eleven. The number of merchant ships sunk is less than in the previous week. The Admiralty think that they will be able to master the submarine as they did in 1915. A captured submarine officer said that they were quite aware that they could not starve out England, and that we were pressing the German army very hard on the Western Front. He said he could not understand the English. If they had joined hands with the Germans, between them they would have dominated the world. Herschell replied, “But we do not want to dominate the world,” which seemed to surprise him even more.

The Germans are preparing fresh peace terms. The editor of the *Berliner Tageblatt*, on the flimsy excuse of seeing a Belgian, turned up at The Hague last week and saw someone to whom he stated that the Germans were now ready to give up all their conquests and cede Metz and other towns in Alsace to the French. They would even leave Antwerp. This is serious news, because such peace terms would create a peace party both in France and England.

May 13. Max Aitken [now Lord Beaverbrook] gave a luncheon and got Lloyd George and Carson to meet. It is a curious fact that Lloyd George never bears malice. One may attack him, but he is always ready to make it up with you. To do him justice he did not want to be Premier [I have since revised this opinion] and was quite ready

to support Carson being in the Cabinet. But Asquith, while ready to reconstruct, was obdurate about Carson. He had left the Cabinet and, therefore, he could not come back. Then came the meeting at the Palace. Asquith saw that if he stayed firm and Lloyd George was able to form a Cabinet, he would have to fall. He consulted Reginald McKenna and Runciman, who assured him that neither the Liberals nor the Labour Party would serve with Lloyd George, and on this assurance he stood firm. As soon as Lloyd George was sent for by the King the Labour Party came tumbling after one another to serve under him, and the fall of Asquith followed as a matter of course. Balfour had stood aloof throughout the intrigues, but he too was ready to serve. Northcliffe's only contribution had been bitter assaults upon Asquith, both before and after his fall.

The intrigue began with a small matter. The Governor of Nigeria, anxious to do the best thing for his natives, advertised the sale of German properties in America. This greatly incensed the Liverpool oil merchants, who attacked the Government, and the Colonial Office (Bonar Law) for his lack of patriotism. Aitken thought this was a good opportunity for getting Carson back into the Cabinet, and knowing that he could count upon the growing discontent of the Conservatives, tried to get together a party to support Bonar Law as Premier, with Carson. Bonar Law declined, as he had a private resentment against Lloyd George and they were not on speaking terms.

May 15. I was called upon to attend another conference in Dr. Addison's room (Ministry of Munitions) to decide on measures regarding the strike among the engineers. I found Dr. Addison, Henderson and Hodge (Labour Minister) and F. E. Smith, representing the Cabinet, Sir Charles Matthews, and Guy Stephenson, representing Public Prosecutions. F. E. Smith, whose manners were bad as usual, talked good sense. He said that as the Cabinet had sent the King and Queen to the strike areas, it would be wrong to prejudice the success of their visit by arresting the strikers until they have left the north. This was agreed, and I was commissioned to make out a list of the most dangerous men against whom there was evidence. The conference was to reassemble on Thursday, when the King would have left the dangerous area. Meanwhile, evidence was being accumulated.

May 16. The effect of the King's visit North has been excellent.

In Manchester the strikers are dribbling back to work, and Coventry has resumed. But, on the other hand, Southampton, Ipswich and Chelmsford have come out. Glasgow and the Tyne refused to strike, and Leeds remained firm. Sheffield, however, was out as well as Liverpool. Meanwhile, a bus strike in London prevented munition workers going to Woolwich Arsenal. There was a good deal of intimidation. Late in the afternoon I learned that the next conference was to be held at 10 Downing Street under the chairmanship of the Prime Minister.

The Prime Minister called on F. E. Smith, the Attorney General, to give the legal side of the business. The plan was to arrest the ringleaders of the strikes under the Defence of the Realm Act and take them straight to Brixton prison, dispensing with the usual magisterial hearing, but serving each man with a copy of the indictment and a copy of the evidence against him, which consisted of the notes of his own speech. The Prime Minister said that he doubted whether this was expedient. Why need they depart from the usual practice? F. E. Smith explained that if thirty defendants were to make separate speeches at the police court, and then afterwards at the Old Bailey, the trials might last for months, and every word said must be taken down in longhand.

“Do they still do that?” asked Lloyd George. “I was a magistrate’s clerk for six years, and we used to do that then, but I thought they had altered the practice by this time.”

He was still talking when the private secretary came in with a telegram. Lloyd George wrote a long reply on the back in pencil, handed it to Lord Milner, who read it carefully and nodded assent. It was sent off without a second’s consideration, and Lloyd George went on with his speech. He gave a very interesting and complete account of the trade-card dispute from the Government point of view, and I pushed over a note to Dr. Addison, saying that I hoped they would also consider the bus strike. This was handed to Henderson, and by him to the Prime Minister, who glanced at me, having noticed the occurrence. As soon as the other business was finished, the Prime Minister turned to me and said, “Now, tell us about the bus strike.”

When I had explained the situation he said, “Certainly. Proceed against the intimidators.” The decision was that the Attorney General (F. E. Smith), Sir Charles Matthews and I should be a Committee to

reduce the number of men to be prosecuted from twenty-nine to ten, and proceed against them in the ordinary way, making the arrests forthwith. We were to meet in the Attorney General's room at the House of Commons this afternoon. This we did, selecting two from Manchester, two from London, two from Sheffield, two from Coventry and one from Leicester. I got search warrants out and sent off telegrams. By 8 p.m. seven of the ten had been arrested and three had disappeared, including the arch-agitator.

May 18. Seven of the ten men appeared at Bow Street. I was there. They were all young men of the leader-agitator type, all rather frightened, though they had been truculent on the way to London.

May 19. I had a telegram from Glasgow early to-day to say that Watson had been arrested last night and was on his way down. The effect of the arrests was not very clear. Manchester was not affected, but Liverpool and Sheffield seemed determined to fight. I felt certain that the arrests would bring matters to a head one way or another and that, no more men having come out, the strike would collapse. The Government had always said that they would see all the strikers if they would come with their official Executive, but the latter had always declined to associate themselves with people who were in rebellion against their authority. But to-day they consented. The Prime Minister stayed in town, and there was a conference in the evening, at which it was agreed that the strike should be called off; that there should be no more arrests (luckily for me, because I had failed to find two of the men), but that the prosecution of those arrested should be continued. It remains to be seen whether the Government will not abandon this position later on.

The omnibus strike was settled yesterday, and most of the buses are running. It is pretty certain that the Government could have averted the strike if it had taken measures earlier.

When Lloyd George gave the engineers a pledge that the men with trade cards should not be called up to the Colours, he definitely said that it was in the existing state of law. He could not, of course, promise what the House of Commons would do under changed conditions. These are that unless we have the men we shall lose the war, and the law is being altered. But even so, it is only the unskilled workers who

are to be called up, and the real engineers on the Clyde and on the Tyne quite understand this and approve.

May 24. For some weeks it has been known on secret information received from Norway that a Norwegian journalist, Alfred Hagn, was a German spy. I had sent an elderly detective into his boarding house, and he had abstracted a little liquid from one of the bottles on the man's dressing table in the belief that it was secret ink. Unfortunately he had taken too much of the liquid and had been seen by the maid to come out of the room. To-day a trap was laid for Hagn at the Foreign Office. He was invited to call and discuss his application for leave to go to the front, and while he was there a staff officer burst into the room with an important cable and called the clerk out of the room, leaving the cable on the table. A hole had been bored in the door, through which a detective kept watch. A real active spy would probably not have been able to resist the temptation to copy the cable, but for fully ten minutes Hagn sat there dejected. It was then decided to arrest him and search his room, which was done at five o'clock this evening.

May 25. I interrogated Hagn, who was an anaemic, rather foolish but well-educated young man—an unsuccessful novelist and painter, a pioneer of the modern movement in Norway. He was perfectly collected until I showed him the writing developed from his secret ink and told him that if he had really used it as a gargle, as he said he had, he would have burnt a hole in his throat. He then made a sort of half-hearted admission, and I told him he could add to this by writing what he liked.

May 26. While I was examining one of Hagn's acquaintances, Hagn's confession, written in the police cells, was put into my hands. It was a curious document. The man's chief concern was to re-establish his character for truth-telling and at the same time not wantonly to betray the people whom he called "my employers." On this I sent for him from the cells very much against the wishes of the War Office. When he arrived I asked him formally whether he admitted the confession as his. This he did, and at once plunged into a sea of reminiscences. At a café in Christiania he had been approached by a stranger talking atrocious Swedish with a German accent. The stranger only wanted

from him uncensored newspaper articles. Little by little he was drawn into a promise to send other things written in secret ink between the lines of love letters addressed to a fictitious young woman. The matters they were most anxious to know about were the ports of departure and the sailing dates of hospital ships. Probably they want to capture one and swear that they found troops on board. In due course Hagn was visited by a second man, who called himself Leitolt, a German and obviously a military officer, who brought money with him. Hagn wanted to back out of giving military information, but they very cunningly showed him the money and invited him to cry off. Then he consented. He says that all he sent them was information culled from our newspapers, and he certainly had not made the business pay. After the discovery that his bottle had been tampered with, he was quite aware that he was being followed, and he sent no more information.

I hear that the arrest has created an immense sensation in Norway. The First Secretary of the Norwegian Legation had called on me twice to explain how the Norwegian Minister had come to recommend Hagn to the Foreign Office. Evidently they would have disputed his guilt had he not made a confession.

June 5. Captain Hall told me that the Austrians had insisted on the Germans offering fresh peace terms. Failing this, they would have to come out of the war, their condition being desperate.

June 6. Commander Talbot Ponsonby told me, as an illustration of the lawless spirit abroad, that on the way back from the Cape the pro-German Swedish Consul from South Africa narrowly escaped being thrown overboard and was only saved by constables enrolled among the other passengers.

June 7. Campbell, Lord Hardinge's private secretary, came to see me. He said that Kerensky was showing an unexpected vigour and capacity and that he might be the means of restoring order and authority in Russia. In any case there was likely to be a partial reaction. The Foreign Office considered that there would have been no separate peace under the Czar because on the subject of the war the Czar was about the soundest man in Russia. They regard the Czarina merely as a weak and very stupid bigot, devoted to her husband and

son, but without another idea in her head. Campbell thought that the Czar and Czarina would not get through with their lives.

There was a revolutionary food riot in the courtyard of the King's Palace in Stockholm. Ten thousand people took part in it, and a large number were wounded by sabre cuts. The belief is that Branting, the socialist, will come in with so huge a majority that he will have to decide whether the Throne shall continue or not.

June 8. It appears that one of the submarines destroyed by our "hush" ship carried the greatest German expert on submarines. He was rescued. He said that he could not believe that any human being could have stood the shelling that the "hush" ship received from his submarine. When they began to shell, the usual "panic party" took to the boats,* and the submarine went on trying to sink the ship by shells until she was within two hundred yards and they thought that nothing could have been left alive on board. Then, and not till then, the sides of the "hush" ship fell down and the submarine was sent to the bottom by six-inch shells.

We are trying to induce the Americans to stop exports of food to Holland, especially grain, which they are much in need of, because they are selling their surplus food. It will put the Dutch into a great hole, for they fear a declaration of war by Germany if they refuse to sell.

June 9. I went down to Lord Roberts' house at Ascot, now a military hospital. The whole house is a museum of arms from every race with which Lord Roberts came into contact. In one room is the presentation marble bust of the Kaiser. The Dowager Lady Roberts behaves as if she were a sort of royalty in an invalid chair, but the two daughters are simple and charming. Lady Edwina's little boy, aged two, went gravely round to the soldiers, shaking hands and pointing me out as a "beastly bosch."

On the way back in the train I met an intelligence officer who was formerly liaison with Scotland Yard. He said that the offensive could scarcely go far for lack of men, most of the divisions being down to two-thirds strength, and the men seem unobtainable. He said that there was a great advantage in our attack not having been a surprise,

* It "was" part of the routine of these ships that a "panic party" should take to the boats when the submarine began shelling. This had the effect of bringing the submarine close to the "Q" ship, whose gun sent her to the bottom.

because the Germans brought huge masses of men into their front trenches, and they were blown up by the mines, of which there were nineteen, and not one failed to go off at the right moment. He himself had been deafened and stunned by the explosion of a mine of one ton of high explosive, and these mines consisted of six hundred tons.

June 12. Commander Talbot Ponsonby told me that there would be another rebellion in South Africa in the Free State immediately if the British had a reverse, but that the Transvaalers would give a very good account of themselves. The same thing, of course, applies to Ireland.

June 13. There was a great daylight air raid at 1.30 p.m. The police had notice only fifteen minutes before the first bomb exploded. The raiders hit the Mint, the Moat of the Tower, and Liverpool Street Station and killed ninety-seven and injured five hundred people. There was a heat haze concealing the aeroplanes from view. The defect of the defence was that we had no machines capable of climbing quickly to sixteen thousand feet, all these being required at the front. Lord Leith told me to-day of the extraordinary lack of co-ordination between the departments. The General at Folkestone was not allowed to order the machines up, though twenty were in readiness, and the men nearly mutinied on being refused leave until it was too late. One man was actually court-martialled for going up without orders.

I heard to-day that the Guards had been given leave, but that all leave is to be stopped in July, probably for the push along the coast. Meanwhile Lord Leith suggests reprisals being taken on Hamburg.

June 14. The taking of Messines Ridge was a surprise to the Germans in so far as the actual day was concerned. They knew that an attack was coming because all the new railways were ballasted with white gravel, which could be seen by the airmen for miles.

Lord Drogheda, who is secretary to the After-the-War Aviation Committee, told me that in two years aeroplanes carrying from fifteen to twenty people each would be flying regularly from London to Paris. The mails would go by aeroplane, and within twenty years we should be flying to New York in two days. All over the civilised world there would be landing stages higher than trees or houses. The fall of a plane with stopped engine is only one foot in eight and, therefore,

provided that the wings did not break, aviation is quite safe. The war has solved most of the problems of stability.

June 15. Lord Leith told me that the Germans had now almost completed several submersibles of five thousand tons, which could keep the sea indefinitely. He also said that the present submarines were built of cast iron instead of steel, showing over-rapid production.

June 16. A terrific thunderstorm which flooded the roadways and basements and floated up the wood pavement. We went to the Grenfells at Roehampton. Edward Grenfell, who is a partner of Morgan, takes a gloomy view of finance. He thinks that the money lent to Russia, Serbia, Rumania and probably Italy is definitely lost, and the War Loan stock must depreciate.

June 17. Captain Hall came to tell me about the Zeppelin L-48, shot down last night by a Pomeroy bullet. It broke into four pieces, yet four of the crew were still alive. One has since died, two may recover, the fourth was found under the gondola practically uninjured except for bruises and was quite communicative. The other Zeppelin hovered for thirty minutes over Ramsgate, dropping bombs and destroying the naval stores, besides a great deal of house property. The searchlights were all directed on L-48, but it is also thought that the naval officer in charge of the defences, a local man living at home, was remiss.

June 18. The Guards, hitherto untouched on Poperinghe, have been given leave, as all leave will be stopped in July. Gough has gone north with his staff. The next push is evidently to be on the coast. The Belgians have been withdrawn from the trenches, it being believed that they will refuse to go over the top.

I had before me to-day a young Fleming, whose villainy was pre-eminent even amongst spies. He had been employed by the Belgians to pilot young Belgians over the frontier for the Belgian army. He proposed to a French agent to sell the whole secret to the Germans. The Frenchman said, "I know of eight men who are crossing to-night." He said, "Quick, that is worth money; let us take it to the Germans." The Frenchman then pretended to be a German agent and arranged a comedy by which the spy was to come to England in

the German interest, and so inveigled him over here, where he was at once arrested. If he had really gone to the Germans he would, for a few gulden, have condemned to death a number of his fellow-countrymen who had trusted him. We had, alas, no power to do more than intern him, after telling him what we thought of him.

June 28. Dr Battin writes from Christiania that nothing would come of the Stockholm conference, as the Germans had refused passports to the minority socialists. Affairs in Austria, he says, are desperate, and a separate peace will be forced on Austria very soon. I sent this information to the Foreign Office.

CHAPTER XXIX

The Crucial Year, 1917

SECOND PART

July 4, 1917. The Union of Democratic Control has a very active branch in Paris. This is now sending over two pacifists to give lectures to working men in England. I am trying to induce the War Office to refuse them a landing, but as the French Government is said to be largely in their power, we may expect a demand from the French Ambassador that they should be allowed to land.

July 5. I was asked by G.H.Q. to find out how dead bodies behave in water, the intention being to launch a body to float down into the German lines with bogus army orders in its pocket to deceive the Germans as to the object of each concentration. I was also asked to put about a report that the objective of the next offensive is Lille. The difficulty in the way of capturing Lille is that it is the third city in France, and the French will not consent to have it bombed.

July 6. General Byrne and Colonel Edgworth Johnstone, the Commissioners of the Royal Irish Constabulary and the Dublin Metropolitan Police, came over to discuss the Irish situation with me. They had attended the War Cabinet yesterday, when it was resolved to leave the Sinn Feiners alone until after the Convention, and immediately after the Convention to apply what the Irish would call coercion and we should call obedience to the law. The chances of the Convention growing to anything are recognised as hopeless, but it is desirable to give other nations an illustration of the hopelessness of the Irish problem. The farmers, who have no grievances and are making money, are now joining Sinn Fein in shoals. Byrne urged the Cabinet to announce that England will never consent to the complete independence of Ireland. He said that the ignorant peasant farmers were arguing that the Sinn Feiners had always got what they wanted, and many were joining them simply because the Government had

never asserted itself against them. Lloyd George said, "Surely no one in Ireland is so foolish as to think that they can have a republic?" And there the matter ended.

July 7. Wickham Steed, of the *Times*, told me that letters received in Switzerland from Czechs were not encouraging. The outbreak in Budapest and other towns was almost a revolution, and the next outbreak would actually be one. Large numbers of Czechs were flocking to France to serve on the French front. The Rumanians now have four divisions (about ninety thousand men) equipped for the offensive. The Russians have two thousand field guns; about five hundred heavy guns, and twenty-five million shells within easy reach of their front.

The potato harvest in Germany and Austria is a failure, and the prospects of the wheat harvest are not good. In 1914 the Hungarians exported 80 per cent of their crop to Germany and Austria. This year they will have barely enough for themselves. Steed thinks that the most serious crisis in Germany will arise between August 20 and the middle of September, when the people realise that their crops are insufficient.

The Germans are working up the Dutch against us. All their shortage is attributed to England. We have rationed them, and still they export food to Germany. It would be better to have them as open enemies were not the Admiralty afraid of giving the Dutch coast line to the Germans. The new move of the Germans may be due to their fear that they are about to lose Zeebrugge.

Public buildings had a wonderful escape in the great raid of German aircraft on London to-day. They bombed London Bridge, missed it, and sank a barge in the river. Two aimed at the Bank of England but hit the pavement outside it. One aimed at the British Museum and only hit the railings. They did hit and burn down the Central Telegraph Office of the G.P.O., and it would now be impossible to trace spy telegrams previous to this date.

July 11. I was told confidentially this evening that the Dreadnought battleship *Vanguard* had been blown up this morning with all hands at Scapa Flow. I was asked to find out the history of two fitters who were on board before the explosion. It turned out that one had been working on the *Vanguard* just before it blew up, but the characters of both men are very good.

The town is full of rumours of the capture of Ostend and Zeebrugge, but at midday came the official news of the reverse on the Yser.

Lord Leith told me to-day that a battle squadron of aeroplanes had actually been in London on loan from the front until Thursday, when they were recalled, and that General French warned the War Office that there would immediately be an air raid. There was a strike at Hendon Aerodrome on the ground that the workmen were insufficiently protected. Out of three machines that went up last Saturday all came down for one cause or another. However, the aeroplane works are stopped at least one day a week for lack of suitable wood [seasoned ash was then used for aeroplane frames].

July 12. Captain Maxwell told me that the cause of the reverse was that the Germans had switched their coast batteries of fifteen-inch guns on to our trenches, and that the range was too great for them to be silenced. Lord Leith told me to-day that the Admiralty had informed the War Office that they would not be ready for the coast offensive until the end of the month, and the War Office would not be ready until the 16th—hence the German offensive to upset our plans.

Lord Newton's mission to The Hague was a success. The Germans agreed to exchange officers and N.C.O.'s detained for over eighteen months, to be interned in Holland. As to civilians, they refused to entertain any proposal except unconditional exchange of the prisoners on both sides, which would mean twenty Germans to one Englishman and would give them at least two divisions of fighting men.

July 13. I hear that a man named Duval has been arrested on the Swiss-French frontier carrying a cheque to Caillaux. If this cheque is traced to German sources, it will go hardly with Caillaux and his peace party, who consist of Jewish financiers with large interests in Germany, who cannot bear to think of a Germany beaten and ruined.

July 15. Superintendent Quinn, who returned from the front with the King last night, gave me an interesting account of what he had seen. The King visited various army areas, and in each the men lined both sides of the road for miles, cheering with the greatest enthusiasm.

The Queen stayed at Montreuil visiting hospitals and only met the King at Abbeville to receive the French President. Quinn described the new battleplane, a huge machine carrying twenty men, with engines so powerful that they tear up grass by the roots with the wind made by the propellers. They had a demonstration of our new flame throwers, canisters thrown a thousand yards by the Stokes trench mortar. The canister explodes four feet from the ground, throwing out other missiles, which explode in their turn, scattering burning oil stuff which saturates everything and cannot be put out. The range of the German flame thrower is only one hundred yards, and the man who carries it is always killed. He said that they are feverishly bringing up heavy guns for the new offensive. One trick we played on the Germans is a dummy corpse. The Germans are desperately anxious to get hold of identification discs and cannot resist a corpse. The dummy is put out one night and is photographed by a German aeroplane. Our men hide the next night dressed up in grass. Presently the German body snatcher approaches and is collared and shot, so we get his identification disc instead. Another trick is to push a dummy man up from the trench. It is at once shot by a German sniper and, from the angle at which the bullet enters the dummy and leaves it, the sniper is located and shot.

Bruce Richmond* said to-day that the War Office computes the German losses from our trench raids to average ten thousand a month. He believes that the war will not outlast the autumn, having just read a collection of letters taken from German prisoners reflecting the desperate state of Germany.

I was asked to-day to send an officer to the Grand Fleet at Scapa Flow to investigate the cause of the blowing up of H.M.S. *Vanguard*.

Information reached me to-day from Switzerland that Count Schlinsky, a Hungarian diplomat, had arrived there from Venice with the definite purpose of opening up preliminary Peace negotiations with England. He quoted a common saying in Vienna that whereas it would take three years before a German could show himself in Paris, it would take four before he would be tolerated in Vienna. He said that the Austrians had made three attempts to sound the French for a separate peace.

Sholto Douglas, who now has the work of detailing gun crews for

* Editor of the *Times Literary Supplement*, now Sir Bruce Richmond.

merchant ships, receives S.O.S. messages all day from all over the world. First a telegram that a submarine has been sighted and is firing from seven miles off. The vessel attacked then shows her stern to the submarine and throws out a smoke cloud, which is often sufficient, as the firing is very wild, but sometimes there comes a series of messages culminating in "Ship sinking—have abandoned ship." The foreigners are worse than the English. Last week an Italian abandoned ship apparently on a false alarm, for the ship was picked up intact by a trawler and brought into harbour. The other day a fourmasted ship was overhauled without a soul on board, quite uninjured, in mid-Atlantic.

The worst month for losses was May, when we lost 370,000 tons, but that is far below the German and Admiralty estimate of a million tons a month. The merchant ships were at first armed with old home army 13-pounders, but they are now getting 4.7- and 6-inch guns.

July 27. It was decided to arrest and prosecute Bezabel, the leader of the movement against the Russian Jews enlisting in the army. The Convention was signed the other day by the provisional Government under which Russians may choose whether they will return to Russia to fight, or serve in our army, and Bezabel has founded a society for resisting this. He is aided by four delegates from the Soviet or Maximilists, who are much in request by the revolutionaries here as speakers, but while they were on their way there came the Maximilist counter-revolution. Probably if they were in Russia they would be arrested, and yet we have to submit to their stumping the country in favour of peace. They will have a rude awakening to-morrow, as I have arranged with the *Daily Express* to publish the place of their meeting, and a stronger opposition may be expected. The same may be expected at Swansea next week.

The Russians have closed their frontier for six weeks and have re-enacted capital punishment with a view to mastering the anarchists.

July 30. The Norwegian Minister called on me to show me a letter he had received from the mother of Hagn,* the Norwegian spy, in which she says, "I fear it may have been from association with Mr. Harbert." The Minister explained that Harbert or Harvert is the German correspondent who writes bitter anti-Norwegian articles to

* See May 24, 1917, et seq.

the German papers. The Norwegian Government has long suspected him of espionage, and they were so anxious to obtain evidence against him that they cabled twice, asking their Minister in London to question Hagn on the point, but the legal authorities refused to allow this pending the trial, and now comes this apparent confirmation from Hagn's mother. I won the Minister's gratitude by obtaining leave for him on his promise to let me know Hagn's reply.

July 31. The Convention in Ireland is going far better than any one expected. They are all as thick as thieves. There are signs of disruption among Sinn Feiners, who stand quite aloof. If the Convention achieves nothing it is believed that the farmers will cast off Sinn Fein. My agent has actually secreted a powerful dictaphone in the secret meeting room of the Sinn Fein Executive.

The Spanish Ambassador called on me about some revolutionary, a Dr. Sinarra, whom he expected in England, and we had a long and very interesting conversation on the situation in Spain. Marquès Merry del Val, the Ambassador, is brother of the Cardinal, formerly Secretary of State to the Pope—a handsome, dignified man speaking perfect English. He described the unrest in Spain as being largely fictitious, due to all the parties attempting simultaneously to take advantage of the European crisis. The Catalans, who have always been merchants and bankers, want Home Rule. The infantry officers want more pay and quicker promotion; the revolutionaries want a republic. The Barcelona workmen want the war to go on because of high wages. The people of Malaga want it to stop that they may export their fruit again. None of these factions will work with any other. In his heart every Spaniard wants to remain neutral, and things are now settling down. He added some curious statements. No Catalan is an orator, and their leaders, therefore, are always men from other provinces. To the Catalans was due the American war. They would not give up their trade with Cuba. Spain has been reborn during the last few years. Their prosperity everywhere is shown by the number of new buildings being erected in every province.

Sept. 24. There is a curious development in the case of Von Rintelen,* the German naval officer who was handed over to the Americans some months ago to be tried for passport frauds. He was the head of the

* See May 27, 1915, and Apr. 6, 1917.

German secret service in Mexico and was caught at Falmouth on his way back to Germany. On the way over he travelled in the *Adriatic* with one Waltjen, half German-Venezuelan, half British. This is the young man whom Lord Northcliffe intended to send into Germany as a journalist spy. He won Von Rintelen's confidence, with the result that he told him some of his plans and charged him with messages for Germany. All this Waltjen reported to our secret service officer Thwaites in New York. Von Rintelen had given away the secret of the sailing of the first American transports, and so submarines were in ambush. He (Von Rintelen) was full of contempt for the Americans and said that he could buy practically any of their Senators. He was also very contemptuous of American intelligence and said repeatedly that he was getting even with them. Had he known who Waltjen really was he might have reflected that the balance was the other way. Rintelen was mad for reprisals. There were to be reprisals on Colonel Napier, Military Attaché at Sophia, and Carranza was to seize three prominent Americans in Mexico and punish them. Unfortunately, he was able to send out these messages by Admiral Von Huiza, returning home from China on a diplomatic passport.

I saw Vice-Consul Wood from Rotterdam who says that reports from Germany differ considerably on the question of food. Some districts are said to have quite enough. Others are described as starving. The real difficulty in Germany seems to be transport. The ships sunk the other day in Dutch waters by our destroyers were carrying coal that had floated down the Rhine to Rotterdam. They had cleared for Sweden, though in fact they were coming to other ports in Germany. This is very important as an illustration of what the Germans know will be their difficulty during the coming winter. He said that the Dutch are terribly afraid of the Germans, but with a few exceptions among the leading men, are not pro-German.

Sept. 27. I had an interview with Lieutenant Cook. This young man was educated in Germany and speaks and looks exactly like a German. He has just come out of internment in a German officers' camp. His German regiment was very carefully chosen for him, and all officers of the division of which it formed part were removed to other camps. He was then correctly dressed in a German officer's

uniform and interned with Zeppelin, submarine and military prisoners. He brought out a most valuable report, especially about Zeppelins. He says no German officer prisoner of war now expects to win, but they all think that they will be able to hold out long enough to secure a draw. Ludendorff has written to the German Admiralty to say that victory must not now be looked for on any front. It depends solely upon submarine activity.

Oct. 1. I heard that the bag of submarines for September was fifteen, chiefly got by the "Q" ships, whose crews had shown extraordinary courage and resource. When a ship is torpedoed the crew takes to the boats. The boat upsets, scattering men in the water with every sign of panic and confusion. The submarine then proceeds to capture prisoners. The sides of the ship fall down, disclosing six-inch guns, which open fire and send the submarine to the bottom.

Cooper-Key's inquiry into the Arklow explosive factory disaster two weeks ago, when a number of men lost their lives through the explosion, shows conclusive evidence of sabotage, probably by Sinn Feiners. The manager had received an anonymous letter warning him. Two matches were found wrapped in paper in gun-cotton about to be passed through a sieve.

Oct. 2. Explanation of the air-raid alarm on the 2nd October is as follows:

The War Cabinet, wishing to discuss aircraft defences, telegraphed to the front for one of the air generals, who decided to fly to England as the quickest means of transit. He forgot to warn our anti-aircraft defences. His seaplane was seen at Dover, where fire was opened on him, and the aircraft warning was telephoned to London, where he was received by a barrage fire. He had to fly southwards from London and approach from the western side, where the barrage is incomplete. The warning in London sent every one scurrying to the tubes as usual.

Major Price from Dublin called on me and told me that things are very bad in Ireland. Sinn Fein has been losing ground and wants to have a martyr. Now they have Thomas Ashe, the hunger striker, who died in hospital after being forcibly fed. He had a weak heart. He had broken every stick of furniture in his cell before he was fed. His funeral was the biggest gathering that Dublin had ever known.

The body lay in state in the City Hall. Most of the crowd carried weapons. The Government has now given in on the point the prisoners are fighting for. The death has had an extraordinary effect throughout the country. Whether this will precipitate an outbreak or provide the Sinn Feiners with an alternative, we cannot yet tell, but clearly the Government made a blunder in not releasing the rebellion prisoners. Sinn Fein have stolen gelignite and have made bombs with it; meanwhile the Convention still seems promising.

Aaronson* has arrived from Egypt with information for the War Office. He was the man who was formerly with Djemal Pasha in Palestine. [This man had rendered us a signal service in Palestine. Being something of a geologist he was convinced, from the lie of the land and from his historical studies, that water had been plentiful near Caesarea and that vegetation used to grow right up to the walls in historical times. Now all is sandy desert. Our troops in Palestine were drawing their water from Egypt and carrying it to Palestine by rail in tanks. Aaronson bullied the officer commanding the Royal Engineers into sending to Egypt for boring machinery, undertaking that water would be found at a depth of three hundred feet. When an experimental shaft was sunk, water gushed up from a depth of 295 feet. His end was tragic. He was flying over from Paris with a message to his co-religionists when the plane plunged into the Channel and he was drowned.]

Oct. 4. Dukes came over from the Foreign Office about Russian affairs. He gave me a deplorable account of the retreat from Galicia. When the men gave way the women dashed forward in the face of a hot fire, whereupon the Russian soldiers opened fire on the flank of their countrywomen and practically annihilated them all. A few got as far as the German trenches, but only six came alive out of the carnage, and they were all wounded. He thinks that Russia must go through a period of Government by Bolsheviks before order can be restored. They are made up of two elements, the idealists and the scum of the earth. Meanwhile, the Government seems to be intent upon evacuating Petrograd and settling at Moscow. They have in the country only 60 per cent of the necessary food and 20 per cent of fuel. Five families are ordered to crowd into rooms enough for

* See Oct. 24, 1916.

one, for the sake of warmth. The railways have practically broken down for lack of repairs. They cannot get through the winter without a fresh revolution.

Oct. 5. I hear that the casualties in yesterday's offensive, the third in three weeks, were under three thousand—less, in fact, than the number of prisoners taken. The Prime Minister said yesterday that to capture the entire Ridge would take a month of fine weather. Max-Muller of the Foreign Office, formerly Minister of Agriculture, told me to-day that the wheat harvest in Germany and Austria is worse than last year, but the potato crop considerably better. The hay, clover and oats have failed, and farmers are slaughtering their beasts for lack of fodder. For a time there will be more meat, but an entire failure of milk and butter, and then meat will be un procurable. For the first time he talked to-day to an English governess, repatriated from a rich German family, who said she had to leave from sheer lack of food. The coal question will be very acute by December. Even now the munition factories are working short time for lack of steel. If we could stop the Swedish export of iron ore and Norwegian nickel, the war would be over. Fortunately the Norwegian nickel works have been destroyed by fire and will not export any nickel before December.

Oct. 6. Last week there was a serious fire and explosion at an explosive factory near Preston. Ten were killed and the devastations were enormous. Colonel Milvain of the Ministry of Munitions said that one more such explosion and there would be an end to British offensives. All the evidence now points to sabotage, probably by the Sinn Fein. I have undertaken to make investigations.

Oct. 7. I lunched at the Grenfells' and met General Whigham of the Army Council and an American officer sent over to report upon the facilities for rationing the American army from England. He explained that America has plenty of men and equipment, but cannot send more men than there is tonnage available for and that it is impossible to carry their food across the Atlantic. This is a very serious outlook, for ill-equipped and underfed men would be worse than having no men at all. There is besides a world shortage of almost everything. General Whigham concurred and said that it devolved

upon us both to keep the French and the Italians from making a separate peace.

Filippo de Filippi, the Italian explorer, told me that there was a serious shortage in Italy, and they fully expect bread riots, but they can keep the war going until the end of 1918.

Oct. 9. The worst thing Holland has done during the war is carrying over their railways gravel intended for the German concrete pill-boxes. On our remonstrance they sheltered themselves behind international law and said that the gravel was intended for the Belgian roads, though statistics showed that latterly they have carried more than one hundred times the quantity they did formerly. We have retaliated by holding up all their commercial cables since last Monday, and Van Swinderen* has come to protest.

Oct. 10. I lunched with Max-Muller and Mrs. Douglas Vickers, who told me that a violent kind of socialism was very rife in Sheffield. She attributed this to the number of people who are living in houses at a higher rental than they can afford.

The Home Secretary, Sir George Cave, sent over for me on the same subject. The recent *Times* articles on "The Ferment of Revolution" seemed to have produced some uneasiness, and Sir Edward Carson is clamouring for more information for the War Cabinet. It was decided that this must fall upon me, but they magnanimously offered me another assistant.

Oct. 11. Laughlin, the First Secretary of the American Embassy, told me to-day that the American government had documentary proof of the complicity of the Argentine President with Count Luxbourg, and that he expected that this would have been published. He thought that the Americans must have had strong reason for withholding it.

Kearney, of the Foreign Office, told me that the Belgian Government, working under German military supervision, are actually ordering goods from America with our money advanced to them from a naturalised German firm in London. They are afraid, no doubt, that the Germans may retaliate if they order things from England. The Foreign Office proposes to stop advancing money until this is put right.

* Dutch minister to Great Britain.

Oct. 15. A Foreign Office clerk called on me to-day to say that they are about to sketch out plans for the Peace Conference, which would probably take place at Geneva. Lord Hardinge was going as Chief of the staff, which would include fifty printers, the whole personnel amounting to about two hundred. They want me to go out with a staff of men to protect persons and documents. In the meantime they have secretly taken an office in Victoria Street. They intend to take a hotel and a private house in Geneva for the British mission.

Oct. 18. Wickham Steed, foreign editor of the *Times*, told me that there was serious friction between Sir William Robertson and the War Cabinet over man power. The facts are bad enough. Since the Somme battle, July 1, 1916, we have lost 1½ million men, and the total sent out has been only 780,000, with a total reserve in this country of 900,000 for all the army. Very few men are now coming in, and Robertson demands the shutting down of some of our outside shows, Salonika or Gaza. This the Cabinet refuses for political reasons. There is a deadlock.

A Zeppelin dropped a bomb on Piccadilly Circus, demolishing the front of Swan & Edgar's at 11 p.m. No engines were heard, and we fired no shot. Four out of the ten German Zeppelins were brought down in France next morning.

Oct. 20. Commander Serocold came to say that the Admiralty were convinced that the Jesuits were doing peace propaganda here. I saw Lord Edmund Talbot and went fully into the matter with negative results. Nevertheless the journalists intend to launch an accusation in *New Europe* next month. Serocold sounded me about taking over all the intelligence work at home and abroad now and after the war. The Foreign Office and the War Office had all agreed, and of course the Admiralty were in favour. I was to be the director of the new Trade Bank, and was to have a naval and military officer under me. Commander Serocold assured me that the Foreign Office had already entertained peace proposals from the enemy through the medium of the Pope behind the back of the War Cabinet. He declared that Lord Robert Cecil, a pacifist, was behind this, and cited the absence of Gregory as a proof of the *pourparler* proceeding, Gregory being, according to him on a foreign mission. I did not tell him what I

knew, namely, that Gregory was at that moment in Victoria Street engaged in drafting the conditions of peace.

Oct. 22. I handed in my report on the activities of pacifist revolutionary societies for the War Cabinet, who are not disposed to take doses of soothing syrup in these matters. Being persuaded that German money is supporting these societies, they want to be assured that the police are doing something. I feel certain that there is no German money, their expenditure being covered by the subscriptions they receive from cranks.

Oct. 23. I saw Donald, editor of the *Daily Chronicle*, and Steed, of the *Times*. Putting their two accounts together, it appears that the friction between Robertson and the War Cabinet is serious. Robertson is against a defence at Gaza and wants all reinforcements to be sent to the west. The Cabinet telegraphed for a report on the Gaza situation, and they accused Robertson of instructing the reply and also of withholding information from them, especially about casualties, and they have now taken to calling for independent military opinion. The casualties since July 1, 1917, are nearly three quarters of a million. Both Robertson and Haig promise to take the Ridge in three days and get the Germans out of Ostend before the autumn. Haig intends to go on advancing through the winter.

Oct. 27. The Italian failure and retreat began to-day. Mr. Smith, Secretary of the Norwegian Legation, called on me and described the recent destruction of a convoy in the North Sea. Eleven neutral ships, Norwegian and Swedish, one with women on board, saw at 6 a.m. two cruisers which they thought were British. At 7 a.m. they were close up and proved to be German. The convoy was led by an armed trawler, and a destroyer brought up the rear. The destroyer fought valiantly for fifteen minutes and then went down. The trawler went off to get help, being near the Shetlands. The crews of the doomed vessels came on deck to surrender, the women displaying a white flag. By this time two German destroyers had come up. The four German vessels got the convoy between them at only three hundred yards and opened fire, sweeping the decks and shooting down the women. The crews took to the boats and were there murdered in cold blood, the German vessels going off and leaving the people

to struggle in the water to drown. Only a few escaped on rafts to tell the tale. Mr. Smith said that the attack must have been due to spies. Norway is swarming with them. The Germans had even approached his brother, a young student, by first sending him German propaganda leaflets and then following this up with an anonymous letter offering him pay if he would engage in propaganda, in other words spying.

Vice-admiral Petroff, who married my cousin Helen Rangabé, called here on his way to Nice, having resigned his post as Chief of the Naval Staff at Petrograd. He said that the Bolsheviks kept their influence only by promising the peasants to divide the land. An equal division is impossible because in some places the peasants are few and in others numerous, and the former resent giving anything to peasants from other places. The bulk of the people, and even of the Bolsheviks, are already sick of anarchy, and it would take very little to sweep away the present factions. Meanwhile Petrograd is starving. The railways are disorganised, and the paper rouble has depreciated by two thirds. The cloth and cotton mills have shut down owing to extravagant demands by the workmen, and counter-revolutions are in the air. One of these, under a general, was nipped in the bud last week. Not all the army is disorganised, and the great bulk of the soldiers and civilians are determined to continue the war. He describes Kerensky as a curious variety of socialist. He has bought himself a property in south Russia, lives in the Czar's palace, sleeps in the Czar's bed, never moves out without a bodyguard, and travels in special trains. Soldier delegates receive twenty-five roubles a day, except when going on missions to corrupt the discipline of the army. Then they receive fifty roubles a day. Meanwhile the peasants in Serbia make pilgrimages to Tobolsk to see the Czar, who is not allowed to come to the window, though his daughters may and do. The peasants now talk of a republic with the Czar as President, and think that the ideal Government is the English form.

Nov. 10. Captain Hall asked me to come and see him on a small matter, out of which a serious difference between the Admiralty and the War Office may grow. A certain bluejacket deserted in Spain and went to a German spy to give him all he knew about British naval movements. The message sent to Germany by this spy was

intercepted by the Admiralty. The man served his sentence for desertion and then, through a blunder, was allowed to return to his home at Barrow, where a job was found for him at Vickers. When the blunder was discovered he was arrested and brought to London with a view to internment. The War Office declined to recommend internment unless they were put into possession of all the facts of the case. The Admiralty declined to part with the information, though they were willing to give it to me. There was so much animus that I undertook to get the Home Office to make the order of internment without going through the War Office, and this was done, but the War Office would not accept the arrangement. To add to the trouble the Barrow people threaten to come out on strike unless the bluejacket is released, and the Admiralty Shipyard labour is clamouring for his release to prevent a strike.

Nov. 12. Major Ferguson told me that they have information that the Italian *débâcle* was brought about by the pro-German propaganda set on foot by the French artillery. He said that the Germans would be held at the Adige, if not before, but that they feared Venice would fall.

To-day I sat on a committee at the War Office to investigate Boloism in England—that is, the payment of enemy money to bring about peace. It is an enormous quest. The investigations into hundreds of people's banking accounts must be expensive, and the result must necessarily be negative, but the public will not be satisfied with less. After the meeting I tried to patch up the differences between the Admiralty and War Office intelligence departments, but without much success. The War Office claims the prerogative of recommending all men for internment. The Admiralty say that they can do this for themselves, as contemplated by the law. The War Office are evidently annoyed with me for not supporting them.

Nov. 13. I examined the bluejacket spy,* who had deserted his ship in Gibraltar and gone straight to the Germans and told them of the naval secrets he knew, subsequently giving himself up to the authorities. He told me that he went to the Germans to find out their military secrets and told them nothing. He was disconcerted when I read to him the intercepted wireless message from the German Naval Attaché

* See Nov. 10.

in Madrid to Berlin, containing a number of important naval secrets given by an Irish naval deserter from H.M.S. *Sutlej*, this man being the only deserter at the time. There is some evidence now that he may be insane.

Nov. 21. Ronald Norman told us the following two stories, which he vouched for. Kerensky wrote a letter congratulating the Sinn Fein leader De Valera on founding the Irish Republic, and addressed it "Mr. De Valera, War Cabinet, London," which, as a measure of the political knowledge of the Russian revolutionaries, is hard to beat. Second, the Cabinet, which used to say that demobilisation would be spread over three years, is now talking of rapid demobilisation, the reason being a notification from the French that the British army must evacuate France within six weeks of the declaration of peace. He had heard that Lord Bertie, the British Ambassador in Paris, when asked by the French Foreign Secretary how long he thought it would take for the English to evacuate Calais, said, "Well, last time it took over two hundred years." He has the reputation for saying the wrong thing owing to his sense of humour.

At twelve-thirty to-day the Admiralty rang me up to say that our Third Army had broken through the Hindenburg line, and that the cavalry were pursuing the Germans towards Cambrai, and that if they could take and hold Cambrai, the German line would have to be withdrawn thirty or forty miles.

Dec. 10. Jerusalem taken and occupied.

Dec. 12. R. G. Knowles, the comedian, brought a Mr. Perry, an American inventor, to see me. This man has invented and demonstrated a method of raising sunken ships, which is to undergo an Admiralty test next week with a 3,000-ton vessel. If it succeeds, the syndicate is to have five million pounds, and they value the world rights at twenty millions. If the invention succeeds, the war is won.

I also had the case of M. Constantinescu, a Rumanian inventor engaged by the Admiralty to run his inventions. This included the most marvellous things in connection with electrical wave transmission. Boats and aeroplanes can be sent off without crews and controlled from the ground, and listening apparatus can be constructed by which submarines may be located and attacked by wave-controlled torpedoes.

Dec. 13. The Japanese policy at this time is to get all the information out of the belligerents that they can, with perfect indifference as to who wins the war. For this they have an office in Constance run by Japanese, and it is believed that they give some of our secrets to the Germans in return for some of theirs.

I heard to-day of a plan of Lord Northcliffe to bring about a separate peace with Austria, in which the Japanese are being used. He discovered a Japanese living at South Kensington. Fortunately this man had neglected to register as an alien, so I arrested him, which enabled me to seize all his documents. It is significant that the man claimed to be a correspondent of the *Times*. I am now waiting to see whether the Japanese Ambassador will dare to intervene.

Ian Malcolm called from Mr. A. J. Balfour, to ask whether something could not be done for Von Bissing, who had again given useful information and had proposed to the Foreign Office a scheme they are adopting, suggesting to the Germans that they should revert to the ancient practice of electing an emperor. Other German princes would take a hand in this, and the socialist wave in Europe is the great opportunity. There was a big socialist majority in the recent election at Leipzig.

Dec. 14. Both the War Office and the Foreign Office agree in believing that this new activity of the Germans is intended to be their last effort before proposing peace. The trouble is fourfold:

- (1) Shortage of coal.
- (2) Shortage of raw material. (Hardening for steel, cotton, etc.)
- (3) Decrease in munition output.
- (4) Certainty that they cannot carry on till next harvest.

1918—*Peace*

Jan. 19, 1918. The Dutch Minister, Van Swinderen, came to see me to-day for some trifling information, and then talked at large. He said that affairs in Germany were far less desperate than we think, and that there was no question of starving them; that six weeks ago Von Kühlmann came to Brussels and said to a friend of his, “If I could have two hours with a responsible British statesman, we could have a peace that would satisfy England, but it must be within the next two months, as I have not more than two months of office before me.”

He had a high opinion of Von Kühlmann’s sagacity, and said that he was much misunderstood in England. In conversation with Mme. Van Swinderen (an American) at The Hague some months ago, Von Kühlmann said, “I assure you that my country made a disastrous mistake. We could have had all we wanted without war.” His great scheme was the Bagdad railway and peaceful penetration.

Mar. 10. I went after lunch to see the results of the last air raid in Wellington Crescent and at Chelsea Hospital. In the Crescent the ruins of four houses were surrounded by engineers, members of the R.A.M.C., and police still searching for bodies among the debris. When we arrived one body had just been removed in an ambulance.

Mar. 11. Captain Tinsley (T), chief of our secret service in Holland and Germany, gave me the following information: The Dutch working class are in a ticklish state, Bolshevism having made great headway. The Prime Minister and the Minister of Agriculture and most capitalists are pro-German because they think that a German victory is the only chance of suppressing revolution. The army would revolt if Holland went in with the Germans. As it is, they are getting restless and insubordinate, hating mobilisation. As to Germany, there is sufficient food to carry them over, but there is a gradual progressive disorganisation, principally in transport. Munition factories are work-

ing half time for lack of raw material or of coal. Masses of coal are held up at the pits' mouths. Engines are wearing out, trucks are insufficient. He was surprised that the Germans had enough shells for Cambrai, but it appears that they had been saving up. They are feverishly making tanks, which have no caterpillar wheels but are heavy enough to carry two six-inch guns, and they have also six submarine armoured cruisers on commission to operate against the Atlantic convoys. Their guns are heavy enough to engage our destroyers on equal terms. They are supposed to be proof against depth charges; they are, however, clumsy in manoeuvring. They find great difficulty in manning their submarines, as less than a half of the men return. They are boasting of a new gas so deadly that their own infantry cannot advance behind it. Their plan is to use this gas on the two flanks of a frontal attack, so as to isolate the sector attacked.

Prothero, Minister of Agriculture, told Bigham yesterday to expect a great shortage of bread in the next two months, after which the Argentine wheat would come in. He attributes this to the government lowering the price, which has greatly increased the consumption.

Mar. 15. I dined with the Edwyn Bevans, and M. Nabokoff, Imperial Russian Charge d'affaires, was there. He was quite overwhelmingly talkative, and some of his information was most interesting. Famine typhus has made its appearance in Petrograd, where, he says, the deaths amount to one thousand a day. What will they do when the thaw comes? The level of the streets has been raised four feet by trodden snow, in which are embedded the corpses of men and animals and tons of sewage. The water pipes are all frozen, and people are drinking out of the river, in which corpses are floating. No wonder the city is being evacuated. He looks to a short life for Bolshevism through a religious revival which, he says, has already begun. He thinks that the army of Alexieff in the Caucasus is going to be of great power. Army officers and cadets are flocking to it, but it will take time for them to march north. What is most wanted at the moment is propaganda by leaflet, assuring the orderly Russians of an Allied sympathy, and early intelligence of what is going on in the south. I am trying to arrange this through the Admiralty. Selected Russian naval officers are to be sent to Murmansk dressed as peasants to make their way south. They will send their information to the

nearest Belgian Consul to Petrograd, whence it will be telegraphed, or as an alternative it will be telegraphed direct via Persia and India.

Mar. 18. I hear that a large number of barges have been filled with concrete in Portsmouth to be towed round and sunk in the Channel at Zeebrugge, in order to bar the egress of submarines. People seem to think that air supremacy may actually end the war by destroying the morale behind the enemy lines. Everything will depend on the number of machines that can be manned.

Mar. 21. I received the news of the great battle at three-fifteen this afternoon. Ian Malcolm, M.P., private secretary to Balfour, Foreign Secretary, came to see me on a trifling matter and then said, "You know the German offensive has begun?" Balfour brought the news from the War Cabinet at lunch-time. The Germans have attacked below Arras on a front of sixty kilometres, and so far they have held them. About an hour later I heard that the news was already on the tapes. In the evening I dined at the Rag with Major Thornhill and General Lowther, who had seen Sir Henry Wilson that afternoon. He said that the Germans had penetrated our forward position at most parts of the line, and at one or two points had got into our battle positions, where they were held. He told us that, once a battle had begun, neither the Commander-in-Chief nor the General of the divisions nor the Brigadier could do very much. The only people who counted were the Platoon Commanders. Therefore, everything depended upon training these and their men to act independently. It was true that French had done much to animate the men both in the Mons retreat and the first battle of Ypres, but in these the numbers were very small.

To-day I lunched with Herschell. He told me that the Germans had penetrated rather deeply at Noyenil, but that our counter-attack began at dawn, and so far things are going badly. The slaughter of Germans had been enormous. General Lowther had said last night that the penetration of within five miles meant little if the battle positions were not pierced.

May 6. I told Walter Long of the organisation for obtaining confidential news from Ireland of which he had never heard. He was rather indignant that he had been entrusted with Irish affairs by the

War Cabinet and then been kept so much in the dark. I pointed out that in the last report to the War Cabinet I had put in a paragraph about Ireland. Long had never seen it, and I doubt whether the Home Secretary ever saw it. It has now been arranged that Long is to get a copy of the "Q" report every week.

As an illustration of the slipshod methods, it appears that the protection of the direct wire from Dublin to London, which I had urged should be put underground between Dublin and Kingstown, and which was accepted by the Irish Government, was never carried out, because the Post Office thought it would make the voice less audible. This is now to be done at once.

May 7. Long and French are both very short men. French looks rather old and decrepit, though he talks of attempts to assassinate him with the greatest composure as a chance you had to take. His left breast is carpeted with ribbons nearly down to his belt. He is taking over General Shaw as G.O.C. Irish command, and he seems to intend to run the country like a military area. What his Chief Secretary, Mr. Shortt, a typical politician, will have to say to this remains to be seen. Shortt was never mentioned during our interview.

May 8. This morning Walter Long asked me to come over and see him and Lord French, Viceroy-elect for Ireland. He had just read Sir Edward Carson's letter in *The Times*, stating that the Government had evidence of complicity between the Germans and the Sinn Feiners. "Now," said Long, "Carson is a criminal lawyer, and when he says a thing like that it means that the evidence is overwhelming." I let him finish and then said, "But I have all the evidence that Sir Edward Carson has."

"Then, my dear man, why on earth have not these people been arrested?"

I explained that this was due to the Irish Executive. I gave an outline of the evidence and explained that there was power now to arrest and intern all the Sinn Fein leaders. French then intervened for the first time and said that he intended on his arrival to issue a proclamation warning British subjects against having relations with the enemy, and it was decided that I should furnish a list of names. Long then gave reminiscences of his experience as Chief Secretary in

Fenian times, and asked whether nothing would be done to improve the Irish intelligence service.

May 9. To-day the Government was attacked in General Maurice's letters to the papers. Maurice had just lost his position as Chief of Military Operations. He accused the Government of misinforming the House of Commons in vital matters on three specified occasions. The Radicals issued a three-line whip. There was great hope of forcing the Government to resign, but Lloyd George had a brilliant success. Asquith spoke imperially. Lloyd George began by saying that Asquith seemed to assume that the whole press supported the Government, whereas, in fact, "For three years I have been deluged with cocoa-shop" (alluding to the *Daily News*, *Star*, and *Manchester Guardian*, financed by cocoa magnates). But the crushing part of his speech was when he produced and showed to the House the actual minute written in Maurice's department, from which he had quoted almost textually. He also showed that Maurice was present at the War Cabinet when another statement was decided on, and did not then or afterwards in his daily interviews with Lloyd George ever suggest that any statement had been inaccurate. Lloyd George left the House of Commons and Asquith weaker for this foolish attack.

May 10. I lunched with Carter, Intelligence Officer from Italy. He said that the entente between the Italian and English forces was now good. Speaking of General Plumer with great admiration, he said that the Army believed that he had come to France to supersede Haig. Plumer had a conference of his principal Staff Officers every morning at 8.30. This and Church service he never misses. His Chief of Staff, Harrington, has just been transferred to the War Office.

General French crossed to Ireland.

This morning the Admiralty was thrown into commotion. A young woman motor-driver had declared that she had seen a German Naval Officer, whom she knew, walking about in the uniform of a British Commander. For two days a detective was sent about with her without result, but to-day he was no sooner withdrawn than she reported having just seen her German enter the Admiralty. The doors were then locked and she was sent from room to room to look for her man. Then they put her in a messenger's box and ordered her to remain until she saw him again. This is the second case of wilful

hallucination on the part of a young woman Government servant since the beginning of the War. The motive seems to be to provoke interest.

May 13. The Home Office announce that they propose to drop the scheme for a Permit Office for Ireland, as the Irish Government would do nothing but refer all questions of undesirables to me. As this has opened the door to every kind of danger, I went to Walter Long and got him to telegraph to the Viceroy to urge compliance, so the system will go through from October 31. Walter Long told me that the arrests of Sinn Feiners are timed for next Friday. Speaking of the possibility of assassinations, he said that when he was Chief Secretary his chief of police told him that assassinations were out of fashion since all the murderers of landlords, such as Lord Mountmorris, had met violent deaths, one falling from a rock and breaking his neck, another dying of famine typhus, etc. The peasants regarded this as a judgment, and when the next generation (the present one) grew up they would be too well educated to murder. This is also the view of the Irish police, who think, however, that the result of the arrests may be that Sinn Feiners will try to blow up bridges and munition works.

May 14. I had two rather interesting spy cases. The first concerned a British subject born in London of Swiss parentage. He served seven years in the British army in India, then went to Spain and frequented the company of German agents, and is now trying to visit England with a Swiss passport.

The second case was a titled German woman, who had had both English and German husbands. She was writing a series of code letters to her sister in Dresden, vituperating the British and urging greater activity on the part of U-boats. At first she lied about the letters, but at last, when driven into a corner, defiantly admitted writing them. While chuckling over the submarine success, she expressed horror about air raids. She did not like it when I suggested that her pity began and ended at home. "You do not mind women and children drowning as long as you are not one of them." She is a loathsome and canting specimen of German womanhood.

May 16. The *Olympic*, carrying ten thousand American troops, in the

sight of the whole convoy of fifty thousand men ran into and rammed a large German submarine off Land's End and rescued the crew of thirty-eight.

I heard from the First Lord's naval adviser interesting details about the Maurice letter. It was Bonar Law who insisted on a Court of Honour. Balfour said it was a case for a ministerial statement only, but Bonar Law prevailed. After a night's reflection he came round to Balfour's way of thinking.

The pacifists are resorting to every kind of trick. They get a meeting convened for some apparently innocent object and then canvass people to sign peace petitions, and some of them are induced to sign without knowing the contents.

May 17. I had a talk with Sir George Clerk of the Foreign Office about the Bolsheviks. I wanted to deport certain leading Bolsheviks, but the Foreign Office fear reprisals which may force them to give way. If we refuse to allow Wintin, a nihilist, to carry dispatches, Trotsky will refuse our courier permission to leave Russia. On the other hand, to allow a nihilist to go to and fro is unthinkable. In fact, the Bolsheviks have the whip hand of us. Lenin and Trotsky are now courting the Allies in order to save their own skins, but Clerk thinks that although these two may fall, Bolshevism will persist for some time. The intelligentsia in Russia amounts to less than three hundred thousand persons as against many millions of ignorant peasants, who would not be much affected by the famine in the towns. The paper rouble is now so much discredited that people are resorting to barter in kind, the imperial rouble being worth about 9d., Kerensky's rouble 7d., and the Bolshevik rouble 3d., and still falling. They are turning out from their printing press about 7½ millions a day.

May 18. Captain Bray told me that his cotton mills at Petrograd are still working spasmodically. Whenever his workmen hear of a consignment of cotton on the railway, they go out and loot it, start up the engine, spin and weave it and sell it for what they can get.

Wickham Steed, just back from his mission in Italy, talked to me for an hour to-day. Sent out by Lord Northcliffe, with the sanction of the Prime Minister, he succeeded in getting the Italians to recognise the Austrian Slavs as friends and in organising forces and propa-

gandists on the Italian front. These men crept into the Austrian trenches at night, distributing leaflets or news printed in the language of each unit amongst the soldiers, with the result that the Austrians had to withdraw their front line and substitute their Magyar and Austrian reserves, thus postponing their offensive. Meanwhile the Czech prisoners in Russia, by commandeering trains and repairing the railway, have forced their way to Vladivostok and are now ready to fight as an integral part of the Allied forces. They seem to understand their Germans. During Kerensky's offensive the Germans captured two wounded Czech prisoners and hanged them as traitors. The Czechs notified them by aeroplane that if they hanged another they would hang ten Magyars, ten Austrians and three German officer prisoners of high rank. The Austrians did hang another Czech, and the Czechs carried out their threat. We first heard of this from a Viennese article on Czech barbarity, but the true story came to Rome through an escaped Czech prisoner. The Austrians at once took the hint.

On Friday Lord French issued his proclamation, and the arrest of Sinn Feiners began. De Valera, who had always said he would not be taken alive, went like a sheep, and from that moment the prestige of Sinn Fein began to decline. In one instance a revolver was used and the man escaped. In another, two of the constabulary threw down their arms and allowed the prisoner to get away.

May 20. The prisoners began to arrive at Holyhead. No proper arrangements having been made at the prisons, there was quite an outcry in the papers. I had to go to the Foreign Office to answer questions asked by Ministers on the telephone, all being away holiday-making. In the afternoon Captain Hall and I selected the intercepted wireless messages up to January 1917 that could safely be published. Hall got in a tame journalist and swore him to secrecy and set him to work to write an introduction. Meanwhile some journalist had sent a cable to a Chicago paper that the evidence had been supplied by the American secret service. Lord Reading telegraphed that the President was holiday-making and would not be back in Washington until the evening. Excursions and alarms. First a cable from Lord Reading that the President could not agree to publication in America, but offered no opinion against publication in England. Then this

was followed by a second cable that a high personage was much annoyed by the statement in the Chicago paper. This set the Foreign Office in a flutter. I got on the telephone to Walter Long in Wiltshire. He said that he must see the evidence before publication, but to allay public disquiet he would be glad if I would circulate to the press a statement that the evidence was coming. I got a message through at 11 p.m. At midnight Captain Hall brought the transcript, which left for Wiltshire by messenger by the 5.30 a.m. train.

May 22. To-day a telegram from Lord French urging immediate publication.

The messenger brought back at 3 p.m. a note from Long approving the transcript. Meanwhile, seeing the note in the press, the Prime Minister telephoned for a copy, which I sent off to Walton Heath. On receiving it the Prime Minister telephoned that it was much too bold, and a new introduction must be written. At 6 p.m. I was told to hold myself in readiness to see the Prime Minister, but at six-fifteen they called me over to the Foreign Office about Lord Reading's telegrams, which had scared them and Walter Long. I explained their meaning, namely, that the President approved publication here provided that his name was not brought in, as he feared the Irish vote. Meanwhile the Prime Minister's secretary asked me to write an introduction for discussion at the War Cabinet, and as Eric Drummond and Batterby both seconded this, I spent the evening drafting it.

May 23. I breakfasted with Captain Hall, who approved the draft, and handed a copy to Walter Long, who had forgotten all about interning and talked disappointedly about the evidence being insufficient for a trial. The Cabinet was fixed for six-thirty. At Long's request I sent a copy of my memorandum to the Prime Minister and was told to stand by in case of need. At seven forty-five Captain Hall was sent for. The debate in the Cabinet lasted for forty minutes, Carson and others arguing against publication, the Prime Minister and Austen Chamberlain in favour. Then the meeting stood adjourned and Shortt, the Chief Secretary for Ireland, went back with Hall to inspect the later cables that could not be published for fear of telling the Germans how we get them. Meanwhile the Sinn Feiners in prison are behaving very well. Public excitement is keener than ever, the Government being much criticised at the delay.

May 24. The adjourned Cabinet meeting.

In the morning Shortt went to the Admiralty and tried to persuade Hall to give more evidence, but failed. The Cabinet passed the draft which is to be issued to the Press Bureau to-morrow afternoon. Captain Hall believes that my draft has not been much altered. I think that it must have been entirely rewritten.

Colonel Carter took leave of me on returning to Italy. He did some plain speaking about the military intelligence in England and wanted a civilian to take charge of all intelligence. He told me that Friedrichshaven, with its enormous stores of gas and Zeppelins, had been blown up by a professor of literature from the Sorbonne, who perished in the explosion. He wants me to give him any new tips as to sabotage, as he now has men to cross the Austrian lines by balloon and on foot. He has one plan of a finger ring charged with carborundum powder for dropping into the bearings of heavy machinery.

May 25. Long delay in the German offensive leads to all sorts of rumours, an epidemic of influenza among the German troops, etc.

Bremner told me his son commanded a fast motorboat both at Zeebrugge and Ostend during the English naval raids. When the old submarine stuck her nose into the piles of the Mole, hundreds of Germans collected above her to jeer, thinking that she had lost her way. When the hatch opened and the men streamed out, a few began to fire on them, when suddenly the whole thing blew up and the jeering crowds vanished piecemeal.

The success of the Ostend raid was mitigated by the death of the captain, who left the conning tower for the deck and was blown to pieces. Not a scrap of him was found. The vessel to be manoeuvred athwart the Channel got aground so that she is at an angle and craft can get past her.

The "flaming onions" are a new German device for stopping motorboats. They skim along the top of the water in pairs, emitting intense heat.

June 4. The Pemberton Billing trial* ended to-day in an acquittal

* A libel suit in which Maude Allan, a dancer, alleged that she had been libelled by Noel Pemberton Billing. During the trial there were references to a "black book," supposedly compiled by German agents, purporting to contain the names of certain prominent persons whom it listed as being addicted to vice and who were held in bondage to Germany through fear of exposure.

amid acclamations both inside and outside the Court. In fact every one concerned appeared to have been either insane or to have behaved as if he were. One might treat the case with contempt were it not for its pernicious influence throughout this and neutral countries. The German wireless has already been commenting upon it in the tone one would expect.

June 5. This morning Mr. Rhodes, who used to do business for the German Embassy, called on me to suggest that the "black book" mentioned in the Billing trial was a sort of "Who's Who," which he knew Von Kühlmann was compiling rather against his will, as it was one of Bernsdorff's "silly plans." He also showed me a letter from Von Kühlmann dated July 9, 1910, introducing Dr. Robert Heridt, who wanted to get information about the London press. He told me about the attempt made to sell the *Standard* to the Germans.

To-day I had an important success. A Luxemburger, detained in Ireland for failing to register, had told a fairly plausible tale about his four years' residence as a jobbing gardener in Dublin. Further inquiries showed a possibility that he might be identical with one John L. Engelbrun, a socialist from the socialist colony near Stroud. If so, he had been to America. This he denied, but on cross-examination he broke down and at last admitted that he had come from America to the Sinn Feiners with a message, travelling in the name of Kelly. In other words, he is the missing link. The messenger that was to give the signal for the rising and the landing by the Germans was known to be connected with a certain "Kelly." I hope to get the message he brought over from him to-morrow.

July 5. I went with my son (now on leave) down the river in one of the fast motor launches used by the Admiralty in the blocking of Zeebrugge and Ostend. The naval officers in charge had all taken part in the operations. This boat was fifty-five feet long, had two engines and two torpedoes. On a measured mile she ran 33.86 knots, but lower down she increased her speed to over forty land miles an hour.

July 19. Everybody was much relieved at the great French and American counter-attack. General Foch's strategy is much praised,

and hopes run high, though many are soberly afraid to express them or even to hold them too soon.

Oct. 8. The Cambrai offensive began.

I saw a French officer fresh from Holland. He described how large bands of escaped prisoners and German deserters killed the frontier sentries and destroyed the live wire. The Germans have now posted machine guns along the frontier. The Dutch, especially in Amsterdam, not content with calling the Germans "mof" in derision, are assaulting them in the streets.

During the last few months Germans have come into Holland to start businesses under Dutch names, in order that after the war they may get raw material. The Germans have moved an enormous explosive factory into the recesses of Saxony for fear of air raids. The recent air raids at Cologne did enormous damage, and the people are very jumpy.

Oct. 9. Cambrai was taken to-day.

To-day comes a telegram from Rome that on receipt of the news of the German peace offer all the munition works in Italy stopped. This is believed to have been prearranged by German agents.

Lord Burnham called on me to-day. He takes a very serious view of the situation at home. He thinks that we cannot hope to escape some sort of revolution, and he is rather afraid of preparing people for it by newspaper articles at the present juncture. He says that revolution is in the air among all classes and that there will be no passionate resistance from anybody, but if the police strike it will bring it very near indeed.

Oct. 12. To-night after dinner the Editor of the *Morning Post* rang up to tell me that the German Government had offered to accept all Wilson's fourteen points and evacuate Belgium and France, provided that an armistice was granted in order to hold a conference and discuss ways and means. I am afraid of the effect of this on the pacifists here and at the front, and am nervous as to what line President Wilson would take.

Oct. 13. Dr. Sol's peace offer to President Wilson was in this morning's paper. The peace offer seems to have had only one effect, and that was practically universal—a fear lest Wilson should have let us

down, and a terror lest he should be taken in by this German trick, and that the whole thing might set our pacifists going. No one seemed to be in the least excited about it. When one heard anything said, it was on the above lines. Most of the public were inclined to ignore it altogether.

Oct. 17. A letter from my son, now commanding his Brigade R.F.A., praising Foch's leadership, and saying that a big show about which he was not to speak, was soon to come off, and that our soldiers could do four times as much this year as last, owing to Foch's methods. All units were kept fresh and made to understand that they were under safe and brilliant leadership, but that the *extent* of their success depended upon their own efforts.

Oct. 18. I lunched with Edwyn Bevan and a Polish Jew sent from the Foreign Office. This man seemed convinced that unless we negotiated quickly with the existing German Government we should have nothing left to negotiate with. The process of Bolshevik disintegration has already begun, and he believes that the Central Empires will remain as a political morass for generations. A man named Holden, fresh from Russia, came to see me about the Bolsheviks. He described Bolshevikism as a catching disease, very like cancer, which spread rapidly and almost imperceptibly, eating away the fabric of society until there was no social cohesion left. He saw no reason why there should ever be a reaction from Bolshevikism in Russia, at any rate in this generation.

Oct 21. I lunched with Sir Samuel Hoare, who is colonel in charge of intelligence in Rome. He knows a great deal about the political situation and feels sure that Italy is on the eve of a serious social upheaval owing to profiteering and the scandalous rise in the cost of living. The socialists are the only people with any "go." For instance, in northern Italy they have undertaken the food control because the Government was doing it so badly. If the socialists revolt there will be nobody to stop them, since the *carabinieri* as well as the local police are untrustworthy. In any case he thinks that Italy must be a republic after the war.

Hoare was in Petrograd right up to the revolution, and he professes

to notice the same signs. Moreover, the Bolsheviks are in correspondence with the Italian socialists through Switzerland.

I saw Mr. Shortt, Chief Secretary for Ireland, at the House of Commons. A number of vile pamphlets are circulating in Ireland, and they cannot find the printers. One asserts that the British Admiralty sank the *Leinster*, the Irish packet boat, in order to discredit Sinn Fein. Shortt told me that it was depressing to be without a single friend. The Ulstermen hate him because he is a Home Ruler, and the Sinn Feiners because he keeps order.

Oct. 30. I saw Captain Hall about secret service on a peace footing. I found him in full sympathy with my scheme of a civilian head with four departments under him, naval, military, foreign and home, with an income derived from a sum invested in war loan, making the service independent of Parliamentary grants. Hall thinks of retiring and standing for Parliament.

I then went over to 10 Downing Street to invoke Sutherland's help with the Prime Minister, and had a promise to that effect.

I lunched with Max-Muller and Sir William Tyrrell, and told him of the revolution in Budapest and said that the Germans could not possibly spare troops to go there, as they did not dare move a man from Rumania.

At four I went to see Lord Stamfordham at Buckingham Palace and spent an hour with him. Lord Stamfordham said that the King remembered all that I had said to him, and said that he had had a very interesting talk and was reassured on the Labour situation; that he intended to adopt my suggestions about his tours, and instructed his staff accordingly. Lord Stamfordham made an interesting comparison of the three Sovereigns under whom he had served: Victoria, Edward and George. He said that if Victoria had been alive in 1914 a war would not have taken place, so greatly in awe of her were all the European sovereigns. He remembered the Emperor Francis Joseph paying her a visit on the Riviera. He was trembling with nervousness, old man as he was. Bismarck, too, came with the sweat trickling from his forehead and asking anxiously what he should do in the royal presence, where he should stand, etc. The Emperor William was equally subservient, but when King Edward VII succeeded he (the Kaiser) began to say at once that he was not going to be the

dutiful nephew. He even hinted to Lord Stamfordham that he disapproved of some of the "protégés."

Comparing King George with his father, Lord Stamfordham asked slyly, "Did the King do all the talking?" And then said, "He is a little apt to do it all. And in that he differs from his father, who would have listened to you almost in silence and left you in doubt as to whether he believed you or not." He said that King Edward read very little, but seemed to seize upon the vital sentence in a document by intuition. King George, on the contrary, is a great reader and will not go to bed till he has read *The Times*, besides a vast number of dispatches and telegrams. He is intensely conscientious and has inherited his grandmother's extraordinary memory. Lord Stamfordham was with the King in Berlin in 1913, when the Kaiser talked very freely. He said to Lord Stamfordham, "Of course we should never fight, but if the French attacked me I would drive them into the Atlantic Ocean. You do not know what it is to be hemmed in by two countries who understand each other." Von Jagow told Lord Stamfordham that we should have to leave Germany free to colonise; then she would always be peaceable. Cambon brought us into the war by pointing out that the French had sent their fleet to the Mediterranean at our request. Were we then to leave them at the mercy of the Germans? Lord Stamfordham deplored the absence of Asquith and Grey in these peace negotiations and said that Grey was learning the Braille type, knowing that he would shortly become blind.

Nov. 2. Alwyn Parker from the Foreign Office called on me and left a scheme for the Allied Congress preparatory to the Peace Congress. It is to be held in Paris about December 1. I am to go out to take charge of the police arrangements, and a special corps of printers with their machines is being sent by the Stationery Office. Both Balfour and Lord Hardinge are to go.

Nov. 4. The Foreign Office have made some of the newspapers issue a warning that any news coming from Berlin to-night is not to be credited. Perhaps this is concerning the abdication of the Kaiser, and the Foreign Office fears that too much importance may be attached to it as implying the end of the war.

Events are crowding on one another in these days, and the relief and reaction make them seem almost unreal. Most of us are cool and

apt to say that the war is not won yet, and the soldiers who come over from France, even a man high up at General Headquarters, have told us that they knew nothing except the military situation on the west, and that judging by that the Germans were not finished by any means and were managing their retreat admirably.

Nov. 5. Wonderful news from the front. Taken in conjunction with the Austrian *débâcle* and armistice, it seems reasonable to suppose that Germany may be obliged very soon to accept the only peace terms we shall offer her for an armistice.

About four o'clock I telephoned from the office to tell my wife the terms of the Austrian armistice. The feeling is that things must move quickly now that the terms have been accepted.

Nov. 7. The mutiny in the German navy at Kiel is spreading. It is worse than has appeared in the papers, and the fact that delegates have started from Berlin to ask Foch to grant an armistice shows that the German position is far worse than the papers have represented. The curious thing is the indifference of the British public. One would expect to see some sign of excitement and interest in the streets, shops, buses and tubes. Not a bit of it. Expressionless faces and silence everywhere. It is very difficult to understand. One dreads, of course, a repetition of the Mafeking excitement and beating the big drum at such a tense moment as this. There is no great rush for newspapers.

The German delegates have been given a short time to accept or refuse our terms. Meanwhile, of course, we must not slacken our fighting in the least.

Nov. 8. This is a very tense moment. I left this morning for Paris to arrange about the surveillance of documents, etc., during the Peace Conference. I was to have flown in a Handley-Page, but the weather was not good enough. There is still the same curious lack of interest and even indifference in the streets.

Nov. 9. There is no news yet about the German delegates. There has not been time. The guns have been going incessantly for four years, and one has learned to acquiesce in this and to feel doubts about peace overtures. One only wanted to go on and on until the Germans are beaten to their knees. Yet to-day certain people do not want an armistice until our army has pushed into Berlin. Even their history

books for future generations will never be able to pretend that they were not beaten, though they may try to gloss over their request to Foch for an armistice. We could not refuse to entertain a proposal of an armistice as long as we agree to include in the terms something that compels the Germans to admit a complete military defeat.

Nov. 10. We are still waiting for the arrival of a German courier at French Headquarters. I was in Paris this morning and had a talk with Parker of the Foreign Office, who had just seen Clemenceau and asked for four hotels to house our peace mission. Clemenceau expressed surprise and said, "Why four hotels?" Parker replied, "Because our personnel will amount to four hundred." "Ah," said Clemenceau, "then the British army is already demobilizing!" I myself expressed surprise that so many hotels were required—the Majestic and three others. Parker explained that a very large number of picked lady typists had been engaged and that it would be a meeting place for Cabinet Ministers and representatives of the Dominions. As time went on I came to realise that it was also to be a flirting ground for British officers and members of the lady staff. However, that was no affair of mine. I was concerned only with the security of the building and documents, which in itself was no light task. It was no secret that the terms for the armistice were to be severe. The French were going to see to that. Major Valance, who had joined me to decide upon the housing of our delegation, replied to my question about the terms, "Naturally they are hard, but the Germans will sign them all the same. They can do nothing else."

During Sunday afternoon the crowds on the boulevards were all to be seen carrying flags rolled up. The Champs Elysées were packed from end to end with a slowly moving crowd. The Place de la Concorde had a War Exhibition of relics, German aeroplanes, guns and a tank. Little children were perched on one of the guns, and when one of the guns was damaged by the crowd Clemenceau said, "Leave them alone, I can get them plenty more."

Nov. 11. As I had passed through Boulogne I went to see my daughter's hospital at 9.30 a.m. I thought I was bringing news which reached the Intelligence Office at nine, but the nurses already knew it, as well as a party of German prisoners who were cleaning the compound. They looked cheeky and were singing under their breath.

Boulogne itself was strangely quiet. The bells did not begin to ring until eleven, when there was a half-hearted Cathedral service, but when the Folkestone boat called at one o'clock people had fairly woken up and the noise was deafening. Every siren in the harbour was screaming; the quays and the pier were packed with people dancing and waving flags.

My daughter's account of her hospital experience was as follows:

We had known for days that it was coming, and were surprised that the men did not seem to share our suppressed excitement, though we ourselves found it almost impossible to realise that the long anxiety which we had come to accept as the natural order of things was so soon to end.

On the 11th, when all the sirens in Boulogne harbour were blaring triumphantly, making a din that was hideous even at 14 Stationary Hospital, a good three miles distant, I went into my ward to find the patients talking, if anything, rather more quietly than usual and showing no signs of excitement. When I said, "Well, it's really over now," they replied soberly, "Yes, sister, really over. Fine, isn't it?"

Of course, they had known for days that they, personally, would never have to go "up the line" again, but still . . .

I had leave to join my father for lunch in Boulogne, and while I was out managed to buy half of almost the last bottle of whisky in Wimereux. They would not sell more than half, and charged thirty francs for it [at the then rate of exchange, almost £1 sterling]. I bought some oranges, and when I got back on duty conspired with the Orderly Officer of the day (a precaution necessary, since I was about to break one of the strictest army regulations) to brew punch for the fifty-odd men in my ward. With a mere half-bottle between fifty, and a tiny tot of the resulting brew for each man, the startling change that came over the men can hardly be ascribed to alcoholic stimulus! But the fact of having a nominally intoxicating drink brewed for them by the Sister and Orderly Officer made them realise, as nothing else had till then, that the war was really over. They drank joyously "To Peace," and burst into a series of camp songs and sentimental ditties and were still in a state of hilarity that greatly puzzled the Night Sister when I handed them over at 7.30 p.m., since none of the other wards seemed to have their spirits raised at all above par.

Nov. 16. A letter from Maxse, our Consul General in Holland, that revolution is very near in that country unless the people are supplied

with food and coal. In Italy both the Government and the Vatican are growing very nervous about Bolshevism, particularly among Italian prisoners of war returning from Austria. They are said to be badly infected.

Nov. 17. I hear that Lloyd George fell out with Colonel House in Paris over President Wilson's Freedom-of-the-Seas clauses and that Lloyd George was very tactless. It is thought that there will be friction when President Wilson comes over. Even in New York, papers are saying that England as well as Germany infringed international law by searching neutral mercantile ships. I hear also that Wilson intends to propose the abolition of all secret service under the League of Nations.

Side by side with the intense demonstrations of loyalty to the King go noisy revolutionary speeches.

To-day the secretary of the Albert Hall came to me for advice. The hall is engaged for meetings for legitimate objects, and then the tickets are distributed amongst anarchists, who talk open sedition. He is to cancel the meeting for the 23rd and may in future require a bond from the hirer, which will be forfeited if Bolshevism is talked at the meeting.

Dec. 3. I was called to go to Paris.

Dec. 7. I returned from Paris after being present at the reception of King Albert of Belgium. For the moment the English are very popular in Paris. Whenever my car, which I was sharing with a British staff officer in uniform, was held up by traffic, we had flowers thrown into it by the French, who shouted, "*Vivent les Anglais,*" "*Vive l'Angleterre.*" The Americans appear to have lost popularity lately.

The general opinion about President Wilson coming to the Conference seems to be it will do him good to be with real European statesmen; that he may learn a great deal that he can never understand by sitting at his table in Washington, though many Americans feel that he ought never to have come.

Dec. 10. U-boat No. 64 is now lying before the Houses of Parliament. She was handed over by Germany as a condition of the Armistice. Two mine layers plying between Lambeth Bridge and the German submarine brought off the privileged sightseers.

Dec. 21. The morale amongst the British troops has declined very much during the last few days, and there is much grumbling about the slowness of demobilization and a good deal of talk about revolution. In Havre there was a drunken riot. The American soldiers are deserting into Germany and Spain in their longing to get away from discipline.

Dec. 22. I returned from Paris, travelling over with Abraham, Secretary to the War Cabinet, Bell, of the American Embassy, and Lord Northcliffe. Last night President Wilson dined at the British Embassy in Paris. Sir William Wiseman, who is acting as liaison officer between the British and Americans, came to see me on his way back. He was distressed because Wilson chose to talk to Lord Derby about the German colonies. Wiseman felt sure that Lord Derby had misunderstood Wilson and would send an unnecessarily disturbing telegram to the Foreign Office. He said that President Wilson has been very much tamed during his few days in Europe. Lord Northcliffe supplemented Wiseman's story. Wilson is determined to have the League of Nations established before anything else is discussed. On this he is adamant. He had a tremendous reception in Paris, and it is very important that the London reception should be equally good. Lord Curzon has charge of the arrangements.

When Wilson landed at Brest he was prejudiced against the French, but the warmth of their reception thawed him. Wiseman thinks he is really a big man, and so apparently does Northcliffe, who says, however, that unless he brings off the League of Nations he will have a big setback with the Republicans. He is said to be annoyed with Lloyd George for not coming out to him, and to be quite determined that there shall be the fullest publicity in the discussions. In my opinion, the two men are poles apart, and there is bound to be a "bust-up" before the negotiations go through.

Two hundred (not five hundred) American journalists have turned up in Paris, among them a Negro, Du Bois of Tuskegee University, who had written a rather famous book. He now edits the *Crisis*, a paper devoted to inciting the Negroes to an armed rising against the whites. He has gone to visit the Black Division now in process of demobilizing. This division, under black officers, fought badly.

There have been many attacks on us for bringing so large a staff to

the Congress, and the staff is certainly too large (about four hundred).

I went with two American officers, both Republicans, to hear Wilson's great speech on the establishment of the League of Nations. I had been rather under the spell of his oratory, when my two American friends laughed and said that Balfour would have done the thing much better.

Jan. 8, 1919. Our Secret Service officer from Brussels told me about the live wire fence erected by the Germans on the Dutch frontier. It was 12 ft. high, and each wire was charged with a high tension current sufficient to kill any man who touched it. On either side a space of 30 yards was cleared and patrolled by sentries; nevertheless, it was frequently crossed. The Dutch living near it made a regular income as guides, being provided with grooved wooden sticks for forcing the wires apart, ladders, and an accurate knowledge of the habits of the German sentries. It says little for German military intelligence that right up to the Armistice the sentries, instead of walking the same way and returning so as to preserve the same distance between them, used to walk towards each other until they met, and then returned. The Dutch, however, watched the two leave their meeting place and knew that they had a clear half hour. At first we had supplied our agent with rubber gloves, but later rubber boots were found better because one could then grasp the live wire with the naked hand with no more inconvenience than a slight tingling, as the body became charged with electricity. It was difficult, however, to convince our agents of this scientific fact.

Last Days at Scotland Yard

WHEN THE WAR WAS OVER, the scheme for a co-ordinated Intelligence Service took shape, and with the Special Branch I removed to Scotland House, opposite Scotland Yard, with the title of "Director of Intelligence."

My last months at Scotland House were busy with many matters. The war was over, but the aftermaths were crowding in on us: political attacks on the Special Branch, a widespread increase in crime, labour troubles, the growing intensity of the Irish problem.

Many matters filled my time, and I shall touch on them here briefly.

Early in October, 1919, Prince Youssoupoff called and gave me a full account of the death of Rasputin. Youssoupoff was a young, good-looking man with a strain of mysticism and curious inspired-looking eyes. His wife was the daughter of the Grand Duchess Xenia. They were the richest people in Russia, owning huge tracts of country, forests and a Siberian mansion. Now they had nothing but their jewellery to live on, and writs were served on them almost daily for debt, but they did not know how to live economically. Their house in Petrograd had been stacked with precious things like an art museum. Now it was occupied by Germans, who were by way of being unofficial representatives of the German government, feared and coddled by the Soviet communists.

Youssoupoff also discussed with me the chances of the Czar being alive. He did not believe the newspaper stories of the murder of the Imperial family, pointing out that there was no cellar in the house at Ekaterinburg; that it was peculiarly easy to escape from, since it had numberless doors, and that the next house belonged to a Royalist. The Czar could not have carried the Czarevitch downstairs because the boy was taller than his father. The newspapers had said that the Czar had carried the Czarevitch down to the cellar, followed by the whole family; that they had all knelt in prayer and were shot by the

Red Guards while so kneeling. In confirmation it was stated that when the Whites entered the town they found a line of blood splashes on the cellar wall about the height of kneeling people and were shown in a wood the place where the bodies were burnt, and there they had picked up clothing and relics known to belong to the children.

Against this was the fact that neither the Russian nor the British officers could find any eyewitness or glean any information. On the whole, Youssoupoff thought then that the Czar and the Czarevitch must be dead, but that possibly the Czarina and her daughters were alive either in some remote monastery or in Germany. He was convinced that the Bolshevik rising was controlled by the Germans, and related how one afternoon at the Grand Duke Michael's house in the Crimea, where the Court then was, he went out walking and met a German general coming back from the Palace almost inarticulate with rage. He spluttered out that he had been sent by the Kaiser with a message to the Grand Duke; that he could make nobody hear, and when at last a dilatory servant had taken in his name, one of the Montenegrin princesses sent out word that he could not be admitted. These princesses were known to be violently anti-German. Youssoupoff thought that from that time the Kaiser ceased to interest himself in the safety of the Imperial family.

At the beginning of December in 1919, Williams, of the American embassy, called on me and handed me a note approved by the ambassador, setting forth the American attitude towards Bolsheviks. They were satisfied, he said, that the Bolsheviks were really alarmed by the wholesale secession of the workmen as well as the peasants and must come to an understanding with the Allies. Under no circumstances would the American Government consent to treat with them, even though they took in representatives of other parties. All this fitted in with Litvinoff's urgency in pressing for a conference on prisoners of war in Denmark. He used the safe conduct we got him from the Estonians to loiter in Reval and make peace with them. Later on he threatened that if England did not agree to Bolshevik representatives in London and Paris, the Bolsheviks would not give up their prisoners.

A well-known newspaper man from America called on me to discuss how he could help and to offer at any time to send a message

to the American press, which would be copied by our papers, and in order further to cover up the source he would arrange to date the message in the case of the famous Luxbourg telegrams, which were deciphered in London and given out as intercepted in America. He said that the Senate opposition to the League of Nations was merely a personal move against President Wilson, who did not know how to manage the Senate; they have all the prejudices of a select club and resent being dragooned.

Much of my work in the months following the Armistice was concerned with the Red propaganda from Moscow which had fascinated the Labour extremists in England. There lay behind it, of course, a yearning appetite for a share of the Bolshevik fund which was being spent in western Europe to foment the "world revolution" so ardently desired by the Moscovite Jews in Moscow. Certainly at that time there was cause for alarm, and a considerable body in the House of Commons was apprehensive. It is amusing now to remember how I was called over to No. 10 Downing Street, where Mr. Lloyd George was receiving a deputation from Conservative members of Parliament. When I arrived the deputation was in the garden with the Prime Minister. One of the private secretaries went out to announce my arrival, and Mr. Lloyd George brought the deputation into the cabinet room where I was waiting. "Now," he said, "here is the man who is my authority for what is going on. You have only to keep in touch with him and everything will go well." This seemed to satisfy them, but it added considerably to my daily correspondence; most of these members were my personal friends.

The routine of the "Home" section of my staff was to attend subversive meetings all over the country and to obtain evidence of money passing from Russia to the extremist section of Labour.

I learned on December 1, of a plan for a railway strike just before Christmas. The leaders thought that a dislocation of the Christmas traffic would bring their grievances home to the public and that the holidays would have dislocated the Government plans for breaking the strike. The Transport Workers were ready to join in it, but it came to nothing.

Not long after, I learnt from what I believed to be a trustworthy source that a native rising in Egypt was planned for the 13th. Lord

Milner sailed secretly with his Commission. The press did not know the date, so his arrival was a surprise to the natives.

I dined with the Prince [now Duke of Windsor] a week later. He was a charming host. He knew exactly the moment for leaving the table, and when I was taking leave and asked him whether he would care to read my confidential reports in the Egyptian matter, he said, "I wanted to ask you that, but I did not like to." It was characteristic that he followed me to the main door to see me off. This was at York House, St. James's Palace.

Next night Sir Nevil Macready dined with the Prime Minister (Lloyd George), just back from making his Manchester speech. The Prime Minister was in great spirits. He said that all this talk of reviving party divisions was absurd. He had been more struck by the resemblance between the policies of the two parties than by anything else. In fact, of the two, the Conservatives were the more liberal in their views. The real difference does not come until you reach the Labour Party. He was convinced that the future struggle would be between Labour and some kind of coalition. He cited the case of Bonar Law, who wanted to go further in settling the Irish question than he did. All this seemed to dispose of the talk about Lloyd George becoming leader of the Labour Party.

George Lansbury called on me, and in the course of conversation said that he disliked the Soviet, but that the capitalist had got to go in favour of industrial control. I asked what was the matter with the Whitley Council* and Co-partnership, but he swept that airily away and said that the State must own everything.

At the invitation (not to me!) of the Sinn Feiners I dispatched an agent to Dublin who had commission from them to stir up mutinies among police and soldiers. My agent was to frequent canteens and pretend to be doing this nefarious work, but he had instructions from me to point out that if the Sinn Feiners would obtain the support of the police, it was not a good beginning to shoot them in the back. I hoped this would have the effect of checking the frequent murders.

My man was a certain Irish soldier, at one time concerned in fomenting unrest among the troops, after the Armistice, who had, from time to time, given valuable information about revolutionary move-

* A form of factory management by committees representing employers and workers.

ments. He got into touch with the Sinn Feiners, who had then invited him over to Ireland to corrupt the loyalty of the troops. He went as an agent for Keith Prowse, the theatre-ticket broker, which gave him access to the barracks. He was blindfolded and taken to a baker's shop and was clever enough to find his way there again the next day. There he saw a man described by his lieutenant as the greatest man Ireland had ever produced, far greater than De Valera. This man was already suspected by the Dublin police of having organised the murders of police and attempts on the life of the Viceroy, Lord French, and to the soldiers they bragged about it, intimating that they were preparing a new rising of men to seize the barracks.

He returned to England with his report, but went back to Ireland in two days on a fresh urgent invitation. From this second visit he returned, having again twice seen the leader, the second time in his own house, after the most meticulous precautions.

In January, 1920, the American Government still refused to recognise the Bolsheviks, however great might be their triumph over Kolchak and Denikin. The state of things in Siberia was incredibly confused. It was a phantom army under a phantom Government, flying from another phantom army. Disorganised bands of Whites in retreat were looting and murdering as they went. Whites and Reds exchanged a few shots, and then both ran away. There were scarcely any casualties, except those inflicted by looters.

At this same time forgeries of notes were detected in Germany amounting to no less than forty million marks. Two hundred and fifty clerks were employed at the Reichsbank to scrutinise notes.

I met Isham late one night. His informant was just back from consultation with the Sinn Feiners in Dublin. They were preparing for something big; in my opinion, an attack upon the Royal Barracks. The informant heard a man condemned to death as follows:

One Sinn Feiner said to Michael Collins that A—— was getting dangerous; he had better have a ticket. Collins glanced at the report and said, "Right, send him one. I'll fix him."

They were immensely pleased with the code telegrams brought them, as indeed they should be, since I myself composed them. Incidentally they said they were never concerned about my being in Dublin. They always got ample warning.

Not long before he died, I received from Prince Max of Baden, the last Imperial Chancellor of Germany, an invitation to go out to Salem to spend a few days with him. I consulted the Home Secretary and the Permanent Under-secretary of the Home Office, who undertook to ask the Foreign Office whether I ought to accept the invitation. The reply being in the affirmative, I put myself into the hands of Prince Max's secretary, who arranged for my transport.

After crossing the Baden lake, I was driven in a horse carriage to the Castle—a mediæval building of vast size—and was received by the Prince, who came out on the steps to greet me. He spoke English fluently and with very little accent; moreover he proved to be a charming host. It was not until dinner-time that I met the Princess and her sons and daughters.

My bedroom was very large and ill lighted by its antique windows, and there were two or three mysterious doorways with tapestry curtains over them, but I had no time before dinner to explore the room fully. During my stay of four or five days I never encountered a servant, yet the room was kept scrupulously clean, though there was no attempt at valeting.

Dinner was a family party only, and it was not until the next day that three or four of the socialist Ministers arrived from Berlin.

During dinner the ante-room was transformed by unseen hands, and when we entered it from the dining-room I found that the heavy Renaissance furniture had been arranged in a semi-circle facing the enormous log fire. On the left of this semi-circle was a throne-like arm-chair and beside it a stool. The Prince made a sign to me that my place was to be on the left, and I moved towards the stool.

"No, no," he said, "the stool is for me. You are to sit in that arm-chair. We are going to ask you to tell the children stories of the war."

Unprepared as I was, the task was a little difficult, for many of my stories might well have wounded German susceptibilities. There was nothing for it but to take the plunge. I told them stories of spies, making the most of one of the German heroes of the war, Karl Hans Lody, for whom I had both respect and admiration. Prince Max was the most fluent and efficient interpreter that I have ever worked with.

I learned nothing from the German socialists that I did not already know, and they learned nothing from me. In that respect the visit was

a failure. But it was interesting to note that they all belonged to what the French call the bourgeoisie—lawyers and other professional men: I am not sure that Herr Hitler would have passed them all as pure Nordics!

On the other hand, I learned from Prince Max himself much about the last days of the Kaiser's reign. What he told me left a picture in my memory of the strenuous days of his chancellorship. One had an almost pathetic impression of the pricked bubble of the vanity which had till then sustained Wilhelm II. Prince Max had telephoned from Berlin demanding speech with the Kaiser himself. He could hear the clinking of spurs at the other end of the wires as his message was conveyed to the autocrat. At length came a message, "His Majesty *will* abdicate as Emperor, but *not* as King of Prussia."

Another almost peremptory message was carried by the wire, to the effect that, unless his complete abdication could be proclaimed, there would be an armed rising in Berlin and Prince Max could not undertake to keep order. Indeed he added that in the interest of the Kaiser himself he would on his own responsibility proclaim the abdication unless he received by six o'clock some reason for delaying it. No such message came. It was not until afterwards that he heard the result of his ultimatum—as usual with vain and weak men such as Wilhelm II., his staff, realising the danger he ran at the hands of his own soldiers, who were now quite out of control of their officers, brought round a car and helped him by the elbow unwillingly but unresisting into it. The car was driven over the Dutch frontier without a stop: so ended the reign of the Hohenzollerns.

During my visit to Salem, Prince Max told me an interesting story of the Armistice. One of his cousins was a member of the German delegation which came to Marshal Foch to ask for armistice terms. When these were read to them the German officers could scarcely believe their ears and went cold with dismay. When the reading ended, their leader stammered, "But—there must be some mistake. These are terms which no civilised nation *could* impose on another."

"I am very glad to hear you say so," replied Foch gravely. "No, gentlemen, those are not our terms. You have been listening to a careful translation of the terms imposed upon Lille by the German commander when that city surrendered. Here are my terms." And he handed to them the written armistice conditions.

Prince Max said that his cousin felt bitter shame for his countryman who had been in command at Lille.

On November 7, 1921, there was a debate in the House of Commons on my retirement. Sir Reginald Hall moved the adjournment of the House in order to discuss "the grave danger to the public safety consequent on the fact that the position vacated by Sir Basil Thomson is still vacant." Mr. Shortt, the Home Secretary, acting on instructions from his chief, Mr. Lloyd George, misled the House by stating that my retirement was due to disagreement between me and General Horwood, the new Commissioner. The real facts were never allowed to transpire, and no publication of them was permitted. It is right that they should be known.

On the last Sunday in October, 1921, four young Irishmen tramped out to Chequers, entered the grounds and chalked up in a summer-house the words, "Up, Sinn Fein." All were arrested by the police guarding Mr. Lloyd George and were brought down to Scotland Yard to be interviewed by me. I saw each of them separately and satisfied myself that their act, foolish as it was, was in the nature of a skylark, and after warning them of the danger they had been running I allowed them to go. But when their escapade was reported to Mr. Lloyd George he took a very different view of the matter; indeed he was severely shaken.

In the course of the day I was summoned to a room in the House of Commons where I found General Horwood, the new Commissioner of police, the Home Secretary, Mr. Shortt, and others. I saw at once that the meeting was the result of pre-arrangement. Mr. Lloyd George set forth the damning facts and showed considerable emotion. He commented severely on the fact that the men had been set at liberty, and General Horwood said that he was the officer responsible for Mr. Lloyd George's safety and that I had allowed the men to go without his authority. But it was evident that all this had been rehearsed beforehand, for shortly after the meeting had broken up I was summoned to the Home Secretary's room and was told that the time had come for me to retire (though I had still five years to run), but that a liberal pension would be provided for me. This was followed by a visit from Sir Warren Fisher, permanent head of the Treasury, who told me that, acting upon instructions from No. 10 Downing Street, he had worked out the most favourable rate of

pension that the rules allowed and that I must at once send in my resignation if the offer was to hold. In other words, if I did not do so I should be dismissed on a far less generous pension. I did not envy poor Mr. Shortt, who, after all, was merely obeying orders and was condemned to take upon his own shoulders the criticism which was bound to follow.

I was sixty years old, and I had been at work for four decades of those years—for part of them in the islands of the South Seas, for more of them in prisons and at Scotland Yard. I had seen as much danger and excitement as most men; I had been able to serve England in the days of her need. And so, for the last time, I walked through the great gates of the Yard on to the Victoria Embankment, into retirement and a long-denied peace.

This is the true history of my retirement. A little later it became General Horwood's own turn to retire into private life, together with my successor, General Childs.

It is perhaps fair to add that my weekly reports on subversive activities on the part of certain labour leaders had prejudiced them against me as a person who knew too much and I had reason for believing that these leaders had brought pressure to bear upon the Prime Minister.

INDEX

A

Aaronson, 308-9, 355
 Aberdeen, 34
 Abhakara, Prince of Siam, 178
 Addison, Dr, 314, 338-9
 Afghanistan, 282, 315
 Aitken, Max (Lord Beaverbrook), 337
 Albert, King of the Belgians, 239, 313, 382
 Alfonso, King of Spain, 313-4, 334
 Amesbury, 230
 Amory, Captain, 280
 Anthropological Institute, 98
 Apia, 144-5
 Argyll, Duke of, 177
 Arnold, Matthew, 8
 Ascot, 175, 343
 Asenatha, Andi (Lady), 161-9
 Ashe, Thomas, hunger striker, 354-5
 Asquith, H. H., 236, 243-4, 246, 283-5, 302, 305, 312, 325, 338, 368, 378
 Ata, Governor of Tonga, 128, 146, 202
 Athlumney, Lord, assistant provost marshal, 233
 Auckland, 56, 73, 102, 140, 143-4, 155, 157, 160, 188
 Australia, 55-6, 110-1, 118, 130
 Austria, 243
 Austrians, 235, 342, 346, 350, 371
 Autremont, Comte d', 9
 Avisai, youth from Vanualevu, 63-5

B

Ba, 63-4, 74, 76
 Baden-Powell, Captain, 86, 89-91
 Bailey, Casement's companion, 282
 Baker, Shirley Waldemar, 56-7, 72-3, 101-5, 109-11, 117, 120, 126, 131, 134, 136, 138, 140-2, 195-7
 Balfour, Arthur, 244, 248, 250, 256, 291, 315, 320, 333, 338, 366, 370, 378, 384
 Barbados, 17, 175
 Barrie, J., 176
 Battin, Dr., 265-6, 299, 320, 345
 Bau, 74
 Baxendale, 63, 70
 Beatty, Admiral, 292, 327
 Bemana, 51, 65-7
 Benckendorff, Count, 228-9
 Beqa (Mbengga), 170-1
 Bergson, Henri, of the Sorbonne, 321

Berns-dorff, Count, 260-1, 267, 273, 290-1, 309, 317, 320, 324, 374
 Bertie, Lord, 362
 Bethmann-Hollweg, Count von, 247, 266, 322
 Bezabel, Russian agitator, 351
 Biarritz, 17
 Billing, Pemberton, 373
 Birrell, Augustine, 236, 277-8
 Bishopthorpe, 7-9, 12, 21, 159-60
 Bismarck, 377
 Blackwell, Sir Ernley, 244, 302, 304, 322
 Blyth, James, 37
 Bodkin, Sir Archibald, 252
 Bochm, Captain, German agent, 317
 "Bolotu," 122-5
 Bourne, G. C., 14
 Boy-ed, German naval attaché, 260
 Bradbury, Sir John, 253-5
 Brandon, Lieut., R.N., 321, 327
 Brandt, Anna, 251, 257-8, 288
 Brantung, Swedish Socialist, 343
 Briand, 265-6, 325
 Brisbane, 96
 Briscoe, Major, 224
 British New Guinea, 34, 76-7, 94, 97-8, 119
 Brittany, 178
 Browning, Robert, 8
 Bruce, Admiral, 238
 Buckmaster, Lord, 244, 252
 Bulford Camp, 229-30
 Bullard, American correspondent, 239-40, 280-1
 Bülow, Friedrich von, 235, 270-1

Burchard, Adolph, 231-2
 Burdett-Coutts, Baroness, 13
 Burnham, Lord, 281, 375
 Butako, Mary, 123-4
 Byrne, Sir William, 245
 Byron, Lord, 135, 137

C

Cadorna, General, 304
 Caillaux, 349
 Cairo, 27-8
 Calcutta, 49
 Campbell, 110, 127-8
 Capetown, Metropolitan Bishop of, 157
 Cardiff, 215
 Carlyle, 10
 Carnarvon, Fort (Natuatuathoko), 40, 51, 61-2, 69, 73, 165

Carson, Sir Edward, 280, 337-8, 357, 367, 372
 Casement, Sir Roger, 241-2, 273-80, 282-3, 294, 296, 299, 302, 304-5
 Castelnau, General, 282
Catamaran, 92
 Cave, George, 252, 280, 282, 314, 357
 Cavell, Nurse, 289
 Cecil, Lord Robert, 292, 320, 333, 358
 Cecil, Lord William, 229
 Chaff-wax, 10
 Chalmers, Sir Mackenzie, 284, 289
 Chamberlain, Austen, 372
 Chamberlain, Joseph, 189, 206-7
 Chamberlain, Neville, 334
 Chandra, Harish, 250, 260-1, 286
 Charlotte of Tonga, 57, 105, 107
 Chattopadhy, Indian revolutionary, 251, 257-8
 Childs, General, 393
 Christiansen, 90
 Churchill, Winston, 236, 239, 246, 256, 327
 Circular Quay, 28
 Claud (Kubu's brother), 150
 Clayton, Major, 225
 Clemenceau, 380
 Clerk, Sir George, of the Foreign Office, 370
 Close, Benson and Company, 19, 22, 25
 Coalition Cabinet, 243
 Colenso, Bishop of Natal, 157
 Collet, Wilfred (later Sir Wilfred), 103
 Collins, Michael, 246, 389
 Connolly, James, Irish rebel leader, 284
 Constantinople, 240
 Cook, Captain, 58, 128, 191, 197-8, 201
 Cooktown, 76, 80, 82, 97
 Cooper-Key, Major, Chief Inspector of Explosives, 243
 Corsica, 98
 Craddock, Admiral, 306
 Crete, 98
 Crewe, Lord, 8, 236, 302
 Croft, F., 14, 16
 Cromer, Lord, 28
 Crowe, Sir Eyre, 315
 Crown Prince of Siam, 178
 Currie, Lady Mary, 16
 Curzon, George Nathaniel, 12-3, 383
 Cust, Harry, 176
 Custance, Admiral, 238

D

Daily Herald, 11
 Dambea, Jonathan, 170, 172-3
 Dartmoor, 183-4, 215, 219-20, 223

"Dartmoor Shepherd, the," 220
 Davis, Lady, 258
 Denmark, 238
 D'Entrecasteaux group, 84, 86
 Deputy Chaff-wax, 10
 Derby, Lord, 314, 383
 De Valera, 362, 371, 389
 Dinghra, murderer of Sir Curzon Wyllie, 225
 Disraeli, 238
 Djemal Pasha, 308-9, 355
 Donald, of the *Daily Chronicle*, 359
 Donnington Hall, 235, 283, 332
 Dover, 241
 Dublin, 232
 Dufferin, Lord, 12
 Duffy, Gavan, 283, 304
 Du Bois of Tuskegee University, 383
 Dupr^s, Professor, 243, 326
 Du Toit, German spy, 301

E

East Cape, 80
 Easter Island, 31
 Edinburgh, 231-2
 Edward VII., King, 377-8
 Egypt, 27, 99
 Ekaterinburg, 385
 Enver Pasha, 238, 309
 Essen, 236, 318, 336
 Eton, 12-4, 16-7
 Ewing, code expert, 234

F

Falcon Reef and Island, 58-9, 195
 Falkenhayn, General, 264, 268
 Fashoda, 100
 Fayer, Sir Joseph, 97
 Ferguson Island, 84-6
 Fiji, 27, 29, 31, 33, 49, 55, 59, 60, 65, 68, 73, 76, 94, 99-101, 113, 118-9, 121, 129, 137, 146, 160-1, 185-6
 Finau, George, aide-de-camp, 149
 Finau, Tevita, Wesleyan martyr, 204
 Finau, Ulukalala, hereditary chief of Vavau, 136-7, 191
 Fisher, Sir Warren, 392
 Fitzclarence, Hon. Harold, 224
 Fly River, 96-7
 Foch, General, 374, 376, 379-80, 391
 "Fono," 128, 142-3
 France, 10, 100
 Frederick, Empress, 177
 French, General (later Lord French), 246, 312, 349, 366-9, 371-2, 389

G

Gallipoli, 175, 242-4, 248, 258, 280
 Gaunt, Admiral Guy, 190-1, 196, 201, 272,
 277
 Gaza, 308, 358-9
 Geographical Society, 98
 George I., King of Tonga, 56, 58, 101-3,
 111, 114-5, 118-9, 130, 134, 138, 141,
 146, 148-9, 187
 George V., 219, 228, 291, 310-1, 349-50,
 377-8
 Germans, 10, 56, 134, 145, 185-6, 228, 230,
 234-6, 247, 273-4, 277, 279, 284-5, 292,
 294, 296, 304-5, 307, 310, 326, 330, 333,
 337, 342, 348, 360, 363, 375, 379-80,
 386
 Gladstone, W. E., 12
 Goltz, von der, 264-5, 269-70, 273, 289
 Goodenough, 86
 Gorahi, 81
 Gordon, Sir Arthur (see STANMORE, LORD).
 Graham, Stephen, 241
 Grenfell, Edward, 345
 Grenville-Grey, 14
 Grey, Albert, 238
 Grey, Sir Edward, 251, 266, 270, 292, 378
 Grimthorpe, Lord, 17
 Guarigohai, 89, 90
 Guernier, deputy for St. Malo, 333-4
 Gullick, Donald, 257-8, 288

H

Haapai, 55, 73, 109-10, 113-4, 135, 190
 Hagn, Alfred, suspected German spy, 341,
 352
 Haig, General, 325, 359, 368
 Hall, Captain, Director of Naval Intel-
 ligence, 240, 248, 257, 265, 269, 272-5,
 278-9, 290-2, 326, 332, 342, 345, 360,
 372-3, 377, 392
 Halsbury, Lord, 238
 Hamilton, Lord George, 238
 Harcourt, Viscount, 236
 Harden, Max, 291
 Hardinge, Lord, 284, 334, 358, 378
 Harmsworth, Cecil, 244
 Harris, Lord, 177
 Havea, Lord of Haapai, 152-3
 Hawa, 31
 Hawaii, 185
 Healy, 91, 92
 Heligoland, 238-9, 321, 327
 Heller, Dr. Krumm, 280-91
 Henderson, Arthur, 338-9

Hendon, 11
 Henley regatta, 13, 14
 Henley, W. E., 144, 176
 Henry, Prince of Prussia, 239
 Henry, Sir Edward, 226, 244-5, 258, 312,
 331
 Herschell, Lord, 15, 291, 306-7, 309, 313-4,
 325, 327, 334, 337, 366
 Hindenburg, 238, 319, 328
 Hitler, 391
 Hoare, Sir Samuel, 376
 Hobbs and the "long glass," 15
 Hodges, John, 338
 Holland, 239, 343, 357, 364, 375
 Honolulu, 175
 Hornby, Dr., 12
 Horwood, General, 392-3
 House, Colonel, 382
 Howsin, Miss Hilda, 248, 251
 Hungra submarine cave, 137

I

Inoke, 138
 Iowa, 19, 22-3
 Italy, 243

J

Jackson, in Fiji, 71
 Jackson, convict at Dartmoor, 219
 Jackson, Mrs., convict at Dartmoor, 220
 Japan, 316
 Jellicoe, Admiral, 292, 335
 Jerusalem, 362
 Joffre, Marshal, 282
 Jutland, Battle of, 290

K

Kaho, Chief jailer, 114, 125
 Kaiser (De Keyser), foster-brother of
 Countess Landi, 305-6, 318
 Kaiser, German, 237-9, 245-6, 249, 264,
 267-8, 271, 275, 290-1, 311, 328, 343,
 377-8, 386, 391
 Kandava, 30, 47
 Kava, how prepared, a ceremonial drink,
 37-8, 105, 109, 114-5, 118, 125, 136,
 162, 173, 210
 Kemp Welsh River, 79
 Kerekerere, 99
 Kerensky, 342, 360, 362, 371
 Kiel, 379
 Kitchener, Lord, 243, 246, 251-2, 281, 325
 Koro, 73

Korolamalama, 40
 Kowald, naturalist, 84-5
 Kronstadt, 331-2, 334
 Kubu, Minister of Police, 110, 132, 136,
 146-8, 188-9, 194, 212
 Kühlmann, von, 270, 310, 364, 374
 Kut, 280, 282, 298

L

Lakemba, 52, 54
 Landi, Countess Zenardi, 304-6, 318
 Lansbury, George, 388
 Larkin, James, 284
 Laté, 59
 Lau province, 50, 53-4
 Law, Bonar, 244, 312, 320, 338, 370, 388
 Lawley, Sir Arthur, 15
 "Lawson, Captain, R.N." 77
 League of Nations, 382-4, 387
 Leefe, Vice-Consul, 102-3, 211-2
 Le Mars, 19, 23, 25
 Lenin, 370
 Leopold, King, 9
 Levuka, 30, 65
 Liebknecht, German Socialist, 288, 291,
 300, 304
 "Lijiate," 57, 61, 66-7, 72
 Litvinoff, 386
 Liverpool, 175, 182, 232
 Lloyd George, 220, 238-9, 244, 256, 283,
 312, 325, 333, 335, 337-40, 347, 356,
 368, 370, 372, 382-3, 387-8, 392
 Lody, Karl Hans, German spy, 231-4, 390
 Lomaloma, 50, 54-5
 Long, Walter, 366-7, 369, 372
 Lonsdale, Lord, 245
 Louise, Princess, 177
 Louisiades, 80, 84, 86
 Ludendorff, 354
 Ludlow, Lord, 176
Lusitania, 242-4, 246, 264, 266-7
 Luxmoore, H. E., 176

M

Maafu, 50
 Macgregor, Dr. (afterwards Sir William),
 32-5, 71, 76-8, 80-2, 91, 93, 97
 McKenna, Mrs., 244-5
 McKenna, Reginald, 226, 236, 239, 243-4,
 250, 255, 338
 MacLachlan, Arthur, 257
 MacLennan, Dr., 194-5, 198, 207, 211, 213
 Macready, Sir Neville, 388
 Maefauiaiki, William, Chief Justice in
 Tonga, 107-8, 208

Mafi, 50
 Mafieo, Junia, 104, 128
 Malay Archipelago, 77
 Malietoa, King of Samoa, 129
 Malinea Island, 73
 Malolo, 168
 Manase, Governor of Vavau, 134, 136, 138
 Manchester, Bishop of, 158
 Mariner, William, author of *Account of
 the Tonga Islands*, 114-5, 134-5, 137
 Marriott, Sydney, 39, 51, 61
 Mary, Queen, 219
 Masaryk, Professor, 300, 334
 Masawe, 170, 172
 Matabules, 114-5, 119, 125, 146, 150
 Mataka, clerk to Parliament, 150
 Matealona, Tongan chief, 108, 213
 Matthews, Sir Charles, 252, 277-9
 Maurice, General, 368, 370
 Max, of Baden, Prince, 235-6, 390-2
 Mbalolo, a natural almanac, the wonder
 of its reappearances, 42; the great
 annual feast, a fishing described, 43;
 Mr. Whitmee's investigations in
 Samoa, 44
 Mbuli, Mongondro, 70
 Melanesians, 29
 Mendelssohn, 10
 Messany, Adalbert, 321-2
 Mexico, 17
 Milne Bay, 86-8, 95
 Milner, Lord, 339, 388
 Milnes, Monckton (afterwards Lord
 Houghton), 8
 Minnesota, 19, 26
 Mitchell, Sir Charles, 73, 76, 102
 Mom Siddhi, later Siamese minister in
 Paris, 175
 Mongoose in Fiji, 50
 Mons, 230
 Montagu, E. S., Secretary to the Treasury,
 236, 239, 250
 Moresby, Admiral, 77
 Morgan, J. Pierpont, 256
 Morrison, Stinie, 180, 182, 219
 Motulevoti, Corporal, 64-5
 Mount Owen Stanley, 76, 97
 Mua, 57, 59
 Muncaster, Lady, 10
 Muncaster, Lord, 10

N

Naivilauata, 170
 Nakauyema, 170
 Namoliwai, 170-1, 174
 Nandi, 161, 165, 169

Nandonga, 36-7, 40, 44, 49
 Naples, 27, 99
 Naselai Island, 33
 Naselai Reef, 32
 Nausori, 49
 Navakaisese, 170
 Navatusila, 70
 Navua district, 72
 Nazrullah Khan, 316
 Neiafu, 135
 New Caledonia, 28-30
 New College, 16-7, 21
 New Hebrides, 30, 35
 New Zealand, 55, 59, 101, 103-4, 160
 Niuafou, 59
 Niue (Savage Island), 191-3
 Nivelle, General, 333, 335
 Northampton, 181, 184-5, 200, 215
 Northcliffe, Lord, 176, 246, 313, 326, 338,
 352, 361, 370, 383
 Nouméa, 28-30
 Nuku, member of Tongan Parliament,
 155
 Nukualofa, 55, 58-9, 72, 101, 105, 108, 125,
 130, 142-3, 186, 190, 194, 206

O

Olier, Father, of the French Catholic
 Mission in Tonga, 207-8, 211
 Olympia, 235
 Omaha Indians, 20, 24
 Orr, Lieutenant, 212
 Osbourne, Lloyd, 144
 Ostend, 373-4
 Ouless, 160
 Ouse, 7

P

Page, American Ambassador, 260, 276,
 290, 305
 Papen von, 260, 264-5
 Paraguay, 19
 Paris, 10
 Pedraza, Señor de, 267-8, 281, 292
 Peru, 17
 Pétain, Marshal, 333, 335
 Plumer, General, 368
 Plunkett, Sir Horace, 280, 283-5
 Polynesians, 31, 35, 50, 58, 191
 Pompeii, 27
 Portal, Sir Gerald, 28
 Port Moresby, 76, 81, 93-5, 97
 Prince Imperial, 17
 Princetown, 184

Przemysl, 241.
 Putumayo, Colombia, 241

Q

Quinn, Superintendent with the King at
 the front, 349-50
 Quorn, Iowa, 21-4, 26

R

Ra Undreundre, 71, 72
 Raemaekers, Dutch cartoonist, 308
 Rakiraki, 71
 Rarotonga, 146
 Rasputin, 385
 Ravenhill, Captain, H.M.S. *Porpoise*, 206-7,
 211-2
 Reading, Lord, 256, 371-2
 Redmond, W., 278
 Red Sca, 97
 Repington, Colonel, 246
 Reventlow, Count, 277
 Rewa district and river, 49, 50, 68, 99, 172
 Ribot, French Prime Minister, 333
 Rice, Spring, Ambassador at Washington,
 304, 314, 320
 Rintelen, Captain von, 243, 332, 352-3
 Roberts, Lord, 228
 Roberts, Mr. and Mrs. of Nukualofa, 194
 Robertson, Sir William, 358-9
 Robinson, Captain, 22, 24
 Rome, 27
 Rossel, Island of, 82
 Rosyth, 232
 Ruggles-Brise, Sir Evelyn, 183, 226, 244,
 331
 Runciman, W., 338
 Rukua, 172

S

Saba, 31
 St. Aignan, 83, 85-6
 Salisbury, 229-30
 Salisbury, Lord, 189
 Salonica, 259, 282, 301, 358
 Samarai (Dinner Island), 77, 79, 80, 86,
 88-9, 91, 93
 Samoa, 44, 129, 143, 145, 185-6
 Samuel, Herbert, Home Secretary, 304
 Sanders, Liman von, 309
 Sarrail, General, 282
 Sateki, Auditor General in Tonga, 132-3,
 146, 187, 190, 195-8, 206-7
 Sawana, 123-4

Sawau, 172
 Serajevo, 228-9
 Servia, 228, 252, 302, 311
 Sewell, Dr., 16-7
 Shaw, George Bernard, 182
 Sheffield, 158
 Shepheard's Hotel, 28
 Shortt, Chief Secretary, 367, 372-3, 377, 392-3
 Siam, King of, 178
 Silivanoff, Russian secret agent, 318
 Simon, Sir John, 244-5, 280, 315
 Singatoka, 51, 62, 168
 Sinn Fein, 302, 347, 352, 354-6, 367, 369, 371-2, 374, 377, 388-9
 Sisodia, Indian conspirator, 248-9, 304-5, 309-10
 Smith, Admiral Aubrey, 290-1, 306
 Smith, F. E. (later Lord Birkenhead), 252, 280, 338-40
 Solomon Islanders, 29, 35
 Spender, J. A., 250
 Spooner, Dr., 16
 Stamfordham, Lord, 377-8
 Stanmore, Lord, 27, 33, 40
 Steed, Wickham, 325, 335, 348, 358-9, 370
 Stephanoff, the airman, his services to Italy, 302-3
 Stephenson, Guy, 338
 Stevens, 23
 Stevenson, Robert Louis, 143-5
 Stewart, James, 34
 Stinnes, Hugo, 293
 Stockholm, 231, 326, 343
 Straight, Douglas, 282
 Stuttgart, 232
 Suakim, 27
 Submarines, 238, 323-8, 331, 335, 337, 343, 345, 351, 354, 370
 Sudest Island, 80, 82-3
 Suez, 27-8
 Sultan of Turkey, 238
 Sun Yat Sen, 316
 Suva, 30-2, 35, 37, 44-5, 48-9, 63, 69, 72, 74, 100, 108, 160
 Sydney, 28, 30, 118-9, 131-2, 149, 186, 188
 Symonds, Mrs., 109, 112-3
 Symonds, Vice-Consul, 55
 Swinburne, 10

T

Tabu, belief in, 62, 67, 72, 80, 112, 166, 172
 Tahiti, 100
 Tait, Archbishop of Canterbury, 8
 Talaat Bey, 309
 Tamavua river, 30

Tapa, native Fijian fabric, how prepared, 39
 Taufaahau (later George Tubou II.), 149, 187, 189-90, 194-5, 199, 200, 203, 207, 212
 Taveuni, 36
 Tavistock, 184, 221
 Telefua, 119, 120
 Tel-el-Kebir, 27
 Tennyson, 10
 Thakombau, King, 33, 35, 118-9
 Thakombau, Lady (Andi), 74-5
 Thikombau, the land crab, its method of capture, 47-8
 Thomson, Archbishop of York, 7, 26, 98; death, Victorian quarrels, the Colenso controversy, 157; the Miles Platting case, 158; mission in Sheffield, 158-9
 Thomson, Mrs., wife of Archbishop, 7, 8, 98
 Thomson, paymaster, 31
 Thomson, Sir Basil, travelling to school, 11; life at Eton, 12-6; at Oxford, 16-7; ranching in America, 19-26; the South Sea Islands, journey to Fiji, 27-31; customs, buildings and life in Fiji, 31-5; "indescribable somethings," 35; appointed magistrate, 36; native drinks and delicacies, 37; superstitions, 40-1; risks of travelling in native vessels, 44-5; turtle fishing, 46-7; the land crab that escaped, 48; coolies in Fiji, 49; swimming in Tonga, 50-1; aquatic sports at Fort Carnarvon, 51-2; what a cyclone is like, 52-3; wailing at a cricket match, 54; a holiday in Tonga, political and religious squabbles, 55-7; Tongan reforms, 58; earthquake, 59, 60; trapping a native thief, 61; life at Fort Carnarvon, 62; native justice and native dress, 63; practice of witchcraft, 65-6; massage, 67; sulphur for ringworm, 67-8; canoe building, 68-9; Jubilee celebrations, 69, 70; early cannibalism, a ritual act, 70-2; faking of ancient weapons, 72; troubles in Tonga, 72-3; short service in Ba, 74; ball to natives and Europeans, 74; life in New Guinea, 76-7; exploring the country, hornbills, bread baking, alligators, sharks, 77-80; whites and natives, 80-1; methods of justice, 81; the mosquito net, a gold rush, 82; gold-field warden, 83; purchasing specimens of birds, beasts and insects, 84; lake of boiling mud, rare birds

of New Guinea, 85-6; making friends with natives, 87-8; wreck of the *Star of Peace*, 88-9; arresting a prisoner, 89, 90; hunting murderers, building a lock-up, 91-3; native beliefs, talking without words, 94; a trial and execution for murder, 94-5; the hornbill and cassowary, 95-6; ague and return home, 97; home after six years, marriage, 98; back to Fiji, Commissioner of Native Lands, complicated unwritten laws, 99, 100; troubles in the government of Tonga, the King, Baker and Chief Commissioner, 101-4; King George releases prisoners, Baker is expelled, King asks for an adviser, 105; I am offered the post of adviser, the many difficulties, 106-7; return of Tongan exiles, news of trouble, 108-9; native Ministers dispirited, 110; finances and tax-collection, 111; presents from the exiles, 113; the king's *kava* party, 114-6, 119; a Privy Council, Budgets explained, 117-21; a meeting of officials, 125; interview with Watkin, 126; troubles over tax-collection, a Cabinet meeting, 127; prison scandals, press attacks, 129; a suit against the King, 130; I act as police magistrate, 131; a transaction in postage stamps, 132; log-rolling, 132-3; deputation from the "Chamber of Commerce" in Vavau, 136-7; raid on the sub-treasury of Vavau, 137-9; code making, the Constitution, land reform, 140-1; political dinners, an election, 142; a visit from Stevenson, 143-5; King George's illness, 146; preparations for the opening of Parliament, 147-9; members sworn in, 150; the Parliamentary dinner, 151-2; Parliamentary pitfalls, 153-4; my farewell of Tonga, 155-6; tribute to the Archbishop of York, 157-60; my daughter is an adopted Tongan, 160; Native Commissioner, the "Keep 'Em Alive-O" Commission, 160-70; cooking the "masawe," 170-4; recalled home, charge of Siamese princes, enter Inner Temple, 175; literary friendships, writing books, 176; audience with Queen Victoria, 177; made deputy governor at Liverpool prison, a reprieved murderer, 179-80; prison routine, 181-3; deputy governor at Dartmoor, governor at Northampton, 184; mission to Tonga,

185-90; annexation of Niue, 191-3; delays in signing the treaty with Tonga, 194-5; memories of Captain Cook, 198; Tongan music, Tongan version of the treaty, 201; royal prevarications, 202-4; Tongan canons of beauty, 204-5; etiquette of flag hoisting, 206; more delays, 207-9; treaty signed at last, question of hoisting the flag, 211; leave taking, reading the proclamation, quitting the island, 212-4; from Northampton to Cardiff, from Cardiff to Dartmoor, 215; prison troubles, the collective conscience of a prison, a V.C. convict, 216-8; convict loyalty, malingering, 219; farming and factory work at Dartmoor, 220-1; clothing, feeding, the Conscientious Objectors, 222; Wormwood Scrubs, the prison mutiny 223-4; Secretary to the Prison Commission, 225; Criminal Investigation Department, 226; foreign espionage, interrogation of spies, 227; the weeks before the war, 228-30; spies arrested, story of Russian troops in England, 230; Lody, the German spy, 231-4; war diaries, 236; British officers arrested as spies, propaganda films, 237-8; excerpts from my diary, 238; division of opinion in Cabinet, duration of war, 239; the "wounded hero," 240; incidents of the war, 241; Sir Roger Casement, more war incidents, 241-2; fire bombs, Cabinet changes, 243-4; zeppelin raid, 245; *Daily Mail* attack on Kitchener, war rumours and my war views, 246; first appearance of the "Q" ships, forgeries of Treasury notes, 253-6; loans in America, 256; German foreign credits, 257; Gullick's scheme to get hold of Chattspadhy, 258; German-Indian plots, 260; lunch talk on German morale, 261-2; "the Mediterranean Creed, 262-3; panic on Berlin Bourse, Von der Goltz's papers, 264-5; Dr. Battin's account of feeling in Paris and Berlin, description of Von Tirpitz, 265-6; tales of plot to seize New York, trouble in Portugal, 267; Señor de Pedraza's intrigues, 267-8; operations in the North Sea, news from secret service agents, 269; German embassy just before the war, 270; politics in Belgium, Germany and Italy, Germany and Mexico, 271;

tension between America and Germany, 272; Casement captured, his examination, projected rising, 273-7; rising in Dublin, the captured German captain, 279; shootings in Ireland, 283; fraternising, 285-6; the Von Igel papers, the lost courier bag, 287; international spy, Russian refugees, 288; further news of Jutland, 291; economic condition of Germany, a transaction of Hugo Stinnes, 292-3; secret service in Spain, Casement's trial, 294-6; secret weapons, 297; foreign opinion of our troops, 299; air-fighting in Flanders, 300; Rumania to join in, 301; spread of the Sinn Fein movement, 302; Casement's execution, 305; Kaiser's father's career, 306; feeling in Spain pro-Ally, 307; Aaronson's news of near East, 308-9; Asquith resigns, Lloyd George Premier, 312; King Alfonso's feelings, 313; labour troubles on the Clyde, 314; Mohammedan question, secret societies, 315-6; scarcity of food in Germany, 317; explosion at Silvertown, 319, 322; shooting on the Turkish coast, 320; air-service, 323; Northcliffe causes trouble, 325; "Q" ship destroys submarine, 326-7; sabotage in aeroplanes, 328; espionage bureau in Antwerp, 329; sugar running short, Germany's lack of wire and steel, 330; scare about a German landing, mutiny at Kronstadt, 331; America comes into the War, 332; battle of Arras, talk of reprisals, 333; a tunnel boring machine, 334; situation in Russia, huge purchases of Argentine wheat, 335; labour discontent, engineering strike, 336; arrest of strike leaders, 337; fall of Asquith, King and Queen visit strike area, 338; prosecution of strike leaders, 339; strike called off, bus strike ended, 340; Hagn's examination, 341-2; "Q" boat sinks submarine, 343; daylight raid, Messines Ridge, future of aviation, 344; treachery of a Fleming, 345-6; Irish situation, 345; Vanguard blown up, 348; war tricks and weapons, 350; fear of submarines, 351; cross-currents in Spain, 352; "Q" ships' successes, Arklow explosion 354; Bolsheviks in Russia, 355; explosion near Preston, scarcity in Germany,

356; Holland gravel for Germany, 357; peace propaganda, 358; Robertson and the War Cabinet, convoy destroyed in North Sea, 359; conditions in Russia, 360; friction between Government offices, Boloism, 361; Hindenburg line broken, Jerusalem taken, wonderful inventions claimed, 362; Von Kühlmann and peace, 363; German guns and gas, Russian affairs, 364-5; German offensive begun, 366; Germans and Sinn Fein, 367; the "Maurice" debate, 368; Sinn Fein arrests, spies questioned, 369; Russian finances, 370; Sinn Feiners arrested, 371; Zeebrugge and Ostend, 373; Billing's trial, the "black book," 374; German peace offers, 375; Bolshevism spreading in Russia, socialism in Italy, 376; armistice terms, eve of armistice, 379-80; news of armistice in hospitals, 321; Bolshevik talk, 382; how the German wire-fence used to be crossed, 384; Rasputin's death, 385; fate of Russian royal family, 386; red propaganda from Moscow, 387; Sinn Fein activity, 389; visit to Prince Max of Baden, 390; the Kaiser's abdication, 391; the truth about my retirement, 393

Thornycroft, Hamo, 160
Thoroton, Major, 294-5
Thurn, Sir Everard im, 170
Thurston, Lady, 107
Thurston, Sir John, 30, 33-6, 76, 99, 101-5, 108, 147, 197
Tirpitz, Von, Admiral, 247, 266
Tofua, 58, 105, 114
Tonga, 18, 50, 55-7, 59, 72-3, 100-2, 106-8, 110-2, 114-5, 118, 120, 122, 124, 128, 131, 140, 143, 145-7, 151, 154-5, 160, 178, 185, 188, 190-1, 193, 195, 197, 199, 200, 208, 212, 214-5
Tonga, Josateki, Auditor General, 110
Tongatabu, 55, 58, 73, 134-5, 138, 146, 201-2
Totoya, 54
Trotsky, 370
Troup, Sir Edward, 244, 252, 277, 314
Tuapa, 193
Tui Belchaki (Fatafahi), Governor of Haapai, 112-21, 124-5, 186-90, 194-5, 197, 203-4, 209-12
Tui Nkualita, 170-2
Tui Thakau, 36
Tui Tonga, the Sacred Chief, 141
Tukuaho, native Premier of Tonga, 108

II, 114, 116-7, 120-1, 124-5, 127-8, 130, 132-4, 136, 141, 143, 146, 151, 153-6, 160, 187-8, 204
 Tungi, Lord of Hahake, 103, 109-10, 116, 128, 145-6, 148, 150, 155, 188, 203, 208, 210, 213
 Turtle fishing in Fiji, 46
 Tutawi, the hermit, 136
 Tyrrell, Sir W., 236, 257, 377

U

Unga, the surveyor, 56, 191, 201

V

Vaea, a Tongan exile, 112
 Vailima, 143-4
 Vala, a Tongan chief, 203
 Vancouver, 175
 Vanualevu, 63
 Vanuambalavu, 52
 Vatulele, 40-1, 43
 Vaturemba, 63
 Vatusila, 68
 Vavau, 55, 59, 73, 110, 126, 134-5, 138, 142, 145, 190, 194
 Venizelos, 246
 Verney, Frederick, Siamese legation, 175, 177
 Vi, Peter, 116
 Victoria, Queen, 13, 81, 177, 198, 377
 Vitilevu, 36, 161
 Voeux, Sir William des, 32-3

W

Wagner, 10, 147
 Waisoma, 170
 Wakaya, 41
 Wales, Prince of, 8, 9
 Wales, Princess of, 8, 9
 Walker, governor at Liverpool prison, 179, 183
 Warre, Dr., 14

Washington, Mount, 30
 Watkin, Wesleyan Minister, 57, 102-3, 125-6, 150, 194, 197
 Webb, Mr. and Mrs., 182
 Webber, Amherst, 186, 196-7, 201, 209-10, 213, 247
 Wellington Barracks, 233
 Wells, H. G., 176
 Wesleyan Conference, 56
 West, L., 14
 Westbury, Lord Chancellor, 9
 West Tholo, 61, 70-1
 Whibley, Charles, 176
 Whistler, James M'Neill, 176
 Whitehall, 226
 White-Ridley, Sir Matthew, 178
 Whitmee, Mr., 44
 Wilde, Oscar, 10
 Wilson, President, 314, 317, 320-1, 323, 372, 375, 382-4, 387
 Wilson, Sir Henry, 366
 Windsor Castle, 13, 177
 Windsor, Duke of, 311, 388
 Winter, Chief Justice, 94
 Wolsey, Cardinal, 7
 Woolwich, 17
 Women's Social and Political Union, 225-6
 Wormwood Scrubs, 223-5
 Worsley, 11-2
 Wrenfordsley, Sir Henry, 32-3
 Wyllie, Sir Curzon, 225

Y

Yame, Corporal, 64, 70
 Yarr, General Sir Thomas, 175
 Yasawa-i-lau, 137
 Yasawas, 41
 Youssoupoff, Prince, 385-6

Z

Zeebrugge, 327, 333, 348, 366, 373-4
 Zeppelin, 240, 243-5, 250, 308, 310-1, 318, 323, 345, 358

